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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

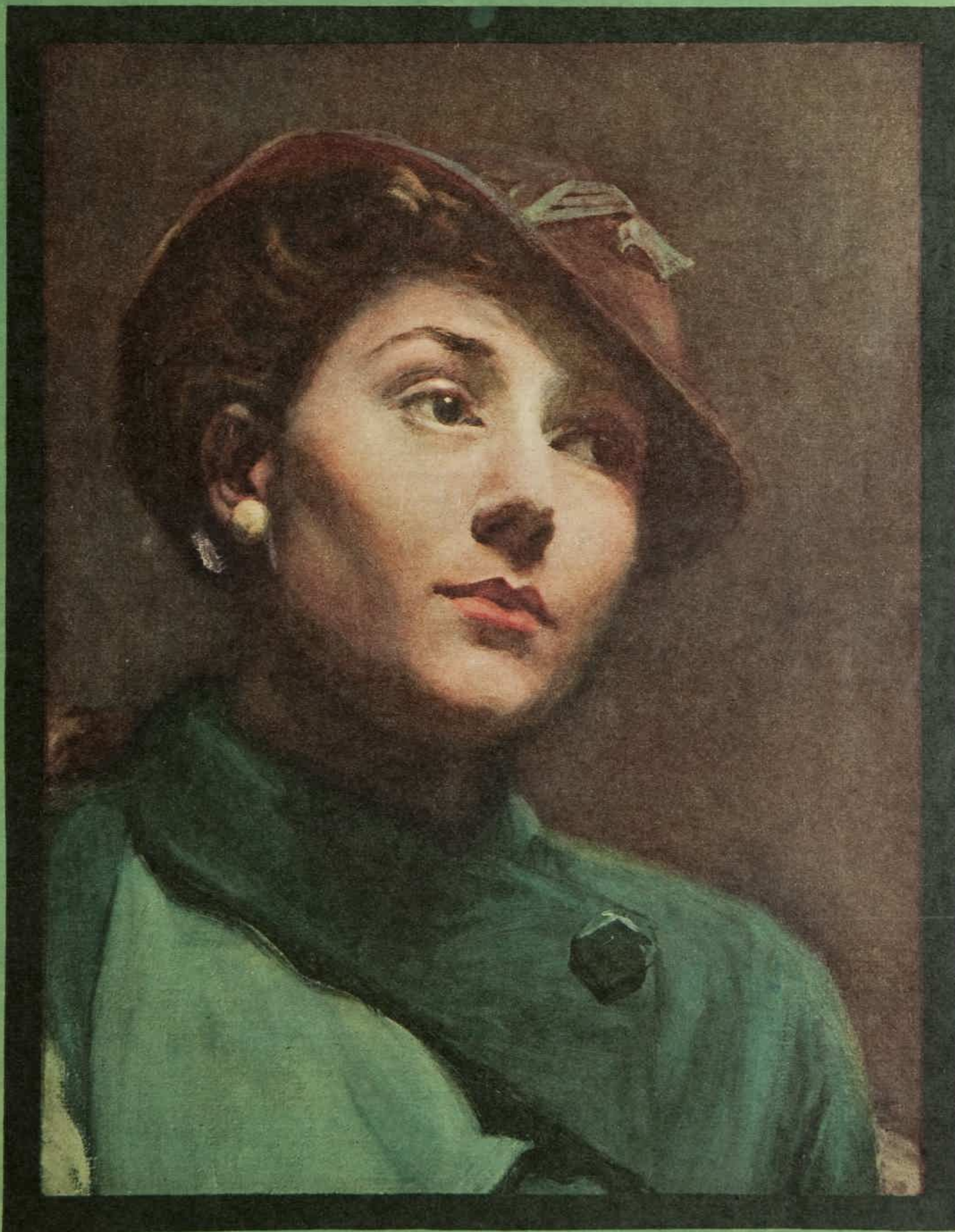
NOVEMBER 13, 1937.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for
transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE

3^d



"Portrait," by H. A. HANKE,
Noted Australian Artist and
Archibald Prize Winner

ARE You A Good WIFE?

If Your Marriage Fails—Will it be Your Fault... or Your Husband's?

Every marriage presents its own problems, naturally, because no two men or women are exactly alike.

But, just as most men and most women have lots of traits in common, so a remarkable number of the things that make marriages unhappy, and may in the end lead to divorce, can be, and have been, listed.

HERE is a comprehensive list, compiled from the expert testimony of psychologists, divorce lawyers, newspaper advisers on life's problems, and others all over the world who have had experience among unhappy married couples.

The first list of questions is framed to prove whether you are a good wife.

The second list makes it easy to decide if you have a perfect husband.

Study the list fairly and honestly and try to decide how many of these black marks may be put against your name.

DO YOU:—

1. Interrupt when your husband is shaving?
2. Worry your husband for house-keeping money while he's enjoying his breakfast?
3. Stay in bed and let him get the breakfast?
4. Leave things lying about on his desk or armchair?
5. Tidy away his things so thoroughly he can never find anything?
6. Insist on going out when he wants to stay home (or vice versa)?
7. Spoil his party from the start by warning him not to (a) Drink too

much; (b) Stay too long; (c) Neglect you; (d) Make a clown of himself; (e) Be solemn and heavy?

8. Do you spoil his stories by saying "That wasn't how it went, dear," or "Come on, come on, get to the point," or "Let me tell it, dear, you're getting all mixed up," or "My goodness, everybody knows that one," or "Now, dear, I don't think you'd better tell that one?"

9. Do you interfere when your husband is talking to an attractive woman?

10. Do you flirt to tease him?

11. Do you say, "Come on, we must go now," without considering whether he is enjoying himself or not?

12. After the party, do you hold post-mortems on his behaviour?

13. Do you eat biscuits in bed and drop crumbs?

14. Do you force him to keep jumping out of bed to get you things?

15. Do you make him do so many little things about the place that he never gets a comfortable rest?

16. Do you fuss too much about him and "run" him?

17. Do you buy his clothes?

18. Do you insist on approving or vetoing all his engagements?

19. Do you read his mail?



IF WE HAD matrimonial schools, young wives might have to answer questions like these.

20. Do you cross-question him about his doings when he goes out with friends?

21. Do you doubt him (without good reason) when he says he has a business engagement?

Those "Old Flames"

22. Do you plague him about girls he liked long ago?

23. Do you insist on talking about men you could have had?

24. Do you talk baby talk to him in front of strangers?

25. Do you nag him about (a) Money; (b) Your lack of clothes, or (c) Anything else?

26. Do you tell him in front of people he looks untidy?

27. Do you neglect to do the little renovating jobs that would enable him to be always well-groomed?

28. Do you praise your own family and criticise his?

29. Do you criticise women he admires?

30. Do you think vaguely of other things when he talks to you?

31. Do you chatter to him incessantly?

32. Do you sit all evening without speaking?

33. Do you insist on switching the radio from his choice to yours?

34. Do you insist on your own way in everything?

35. Do you quarrel over trifles?

36. Do you consistently and insincerely threaten to leave him?

37. Do you continually criticise him?

38. Do you keep him waiting while you take too long to dress?

The wife who doesn't do any of those things was never born.

Any wife who does only five of them is a wife worth having (husband's please note), but that doesn't say she mightn't try to correct any faults she recognises.

Now—Is Your Husband Perfect?

NOW let's consider the other side. Men, like women, are naturally inclined to look at things from their own point of view. It takes an effort for either party to see the other's—but surely a happy marriage is worth the effort.

Here are the chief petty crimes of the general run of husbands. How does yours measure up?

DOES HE:—

1. Make you get out of bed when (a) there's a light left on; (b) there's a noise; (c) the alarm rings?

2. Does he expect breakfast in bed every morning?

3. Is he hard to get out of bed?

4. Does he spend hours in the bathroom?

5. Does he leave the bathroom in a mess and scatter clothes everywhere?

6. Does he go unshaven when he doesn't have to see anybody but you?

7. Does he read the newspaper at breakfast and/or books at other meals?

8. Does he only half-listen when you talk?

9. Does he affect superior logic and laugh at your ideas and opinions (unreasonably)?

10. Does he borrow your comb or towel?

11. Is he mean with money?

12. Does he unjustly accuse you of extravagance?

13. Is he unduly mysterious about his affairs?

14. Is he always going out alone?

15. Does he put his feet on the sofa?

16. Does he expect good food and good temper when he is late for meals?

17. Does he insist on talking shop (beyond a fair thing)?

18. Does he interrupt your stories and insist on telling them himself?

19. Does he insist on being (a) petted (b) flattered (c) obeyed in every little thing?

20. Is he always looking back with longing to his bachelor days?

21. Does he speak of marriage as "getting caught" or "a life sentence"?

22. Does he say there's nothing to do in running a house, or "I could do it on my ear," or "If I ran my business as you run this house... etc."?

23. Does he compare your house-keeping with his mother's?

24. Does he boast about his old flames?

25. Does he boast about his nobility, popularity, or success?

26. Does he ignore household affairs altogether?

27. Does he make continued excuses for his failures?

28. Does he smoke in the bedroom or drop ash on the carpet, or throw matches in the grate in summer?

29. Does he tell lies about being kept late at the office?

30. Does he hold out an unfair share of his wages?

31. Does he tell you when you're on the point of going out that your dress makes you look fat?

32. Does he switch off the light when you're in the middle of the chapter?

33. Does he keep the light burning, reading for hours while you try to sleep?

34. Does he praise other women in a way to slight you?

35. Does he dance with you less than with other women?

36. Does he spoil your fun by being absurdly possessive?

37. Does he nag you about household details?

The same remarks apply as with the woman's list—if he does less than half-a-dozen of these things, he's a paragon. If he does more than half of them he's impossible.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Dickinson-Monteath.

Was Two Years Abroad

MISS JOAN HOPE WHITE (Toowoomba), a former State Secretary of the Queensland Country Women's Association. During her long stay in London she was general secretary of the Associated Country Women of the World, and represented this international body at Geneva on a Committee set up by the League of Nations. Miss White returned to her home last month.



Eminent Professor

PROFESSOR C. G. LAMBIE, who occupies the Bosch Chair of Medicine, Sydney University, graduated in the University of Edinburgh, 1914. With the R.A.M.C. during the Great War, and was awarded the M.C. Worked in Professor Banting's research laboratories in Toronto, Canada, and was with him when he discovered insulin. Prof. Lambie took the first bottle of insulin to Britain. Wrote a thesis for his M.D. in 1927, his subject being the "Locus of Insulin Action," for which he was awarded a gold medal.

Professor Lambie will leave shortly for a nine months' tour abroad, part of which will be spent in Germany and Belgium.



—Lafayette.

Enthusiastic Campaigner

MRS. T. FLINT, of Adelaide, has just retired from the presidency of the Travellers' Aid Society in South Australia, after helping to steer that body through a difficult course during her term of office, because of its lack of funds.

She was an ardent worker for the Federal elections, being the only woman on the campaign committee in South Australia for the Liberal and Country League.

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37. 37. 37.

DUKE OF WINDSOR'S Strange EXILE

*What Is The Part Played By
The Duchess?*

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

History holds many stories of exiled monarchs, but none with so many puzzling features as that of the Duke of Windsor—ex-King Edward VIII of England.

At the time of his abdication, the Duke publicly announced that it was his intention to live a retired life. In another announcement he spoke of a "useful life."

Actually, since his retirement, the spotlight of publicity has been increasingly focused upon him, and his activities seem to court rather than evade it.

THE sensational postponement of his American tour is a climax to a remarkable series of events.

What many people are discussing is the part played by the Duchess of Windsor in these dramatic happenings.

"Dramatic" is not the only word that describes the activities of the Duke and Duchess. "Mystery" is another word that is on everybody's lips.

The situation has all the elements of mystery that go to make an Oppenheim novel.

An exciting denouement was anticipated when the erstwhile Mrs. Simpson, daughter of a Baltimore boarding-house-keeper, would arrive in America to sit at the right hand of the President of the United States in the role of Distinguished Guest Extraordinary.

But the denouement turned out more exciting than even the American newspapers had anticipated. The passages booked on the Bremen were cancelled, and the trip postponed.

HOSTILITY of American Labor was the reason for the cancellation. And this hostility commenced in the Duchess's former home town of Baltimore. The Baltimore Federation of Labor condemned the tour as a "slumming party," and this attitude was endorsed by Labor organisations as a whole.

Exception was taken by Labor to the fact that Mr. Bedaux, who was to be host of the Duke and Duchess, was "an arch enemy of Labor." Mr. Bedaux was responsible for a system of speeding-up factory workers.

The Baltimore unionists said that when the Duchess lived in Baltimore she never showed any interest in social welfare, and they were consequently suspicious of it now.

BOTH the Duke and the Duchess have denied any connection with Nazi affairs.

However, his recent tour of Germany, his welcome by Hitler, and his proposal to travel by the German liner Bremen, aroused wide comment.

The Duke has stated that, in furtherance of his desire to live a useful life, he wishes to study housing and working conditions at first hand in various countries. What he proposes to do about it, after he has finished his investigations, has not been revealed.

The question is now asked in France, in England, and in America—"What does the Duke aim to accomplish?"

It is suggested that the Duchess could provide the explanation of the Duke's activities and peregrinations.

Possibly she would like the Duke to loom as large in the affairs of the world as he would had he remained on the Throne of the British Empire.

The Duchess of Windsor has a brilliant and fascinating personality. She can hold her own in that strange, suave manoeuvring that is associated with the highest European diplomacy.



GERMANY



HUNGARY



PARIS



VENICE

CITIES' CROWDS, public appearances—or a private life? What is the Duke of Windsor's choice? Here are some glimpses of his Continental tour. Top right shows the Duke and Duchess in Hungary, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedaux, their American friends.

Duchess would loyally share the feelings of the Duke in this respect.

WHAT is quite on the cards is that, in order to prevent the Duke feeling himself a homeless exile, an invitation to take up private residence in England may be made.

The Duchess, however, may prefer the more varied life she has been enjoying in Europe.

Another puzzling aspect is the fact that for some years before he ascended

the Throne, Edward, then Prince of Wales, had somewhat withdrawn himself from the public and official life of England.

He was living a social life, mostly in the South of France.

Upon his brothers fell the many duties of attending the official functions which make up so much of English Court life and public affairs.

Continued on Page 36

WIDOW to Conduct MEN'S ORCHESTRA

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE

Daisy Kennedy, the well-known Australian solo violinist and widow of John Drinkwater, is returning to the stage as London's only woman conductor of a men's string orchestra.

She is planning to take it to Australia next year.

LOOKING slim and attractive in her lounging clothes, consisting of slacks and a red jersey, she told me the story of her return to the stage.

"I gave up my career when I married so that I might be able to help my husband and accompany him on his travels," she said. "Then I had just decided to restart work last winter when my face was badly cut in a car smash, and, on top of that, my husband died."

"I thought I would never be able to appear in public again on account of my injury, but the famous plastic surgeon, Sir Harold Gillies, patched up my eye and I appeared with Law-

rence Tibbett at the Queen's Hall in March.

"What really gave me the idea to conduct a men's orchestra was reading in a newspaper that I was going to do so. The consequence was that I set to work and now the orchestra is a reality."

"There will be six members, all playing several instruments. The chief violinist is a famous Australian, but I cannot give his name as he has not yet completed the contract under which he is working."

"After our opening in London in December, we will set off for Australia and the United States."

"We will definitely not play jazz or musical comedy, but will concentrate on opera, waltzes, tangos, and Rus-

"House of Dreams"
Special Issue
Next Week

AN outstanding feature of next week's enlarged issue will be the spectacular section devoted to home and garden. Every avenue of home decoration will be presented in artgrature, many pages being in glorious color.

Next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly will inspire home-lovers and interest all readers. Make sure of your copy!

slan and Spanish music. We also hope to do film work."

Although it is 17 years since she left Australia, Daisy Kennedy is particularly keen on revisiting her old home town of Burra Burra and enjoying once again Australia's sunshine.

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MR. LYONS *Helps with* FAMILY CHORES



THE LYONS HOME in Devonport, Tasmania. Mid pleasures and palaces though they have roamed, the Lyons family enjoy life best in this weatherboard cottage, the surroundings of which enshrine all the great experiences of the family. Right is a glimpse of Mrs. Lyons in her garden. See other picture on Page 17.

Prime Minister and Dame Enid enjoy simple holiday down on their selection



By Our Special Representative

Down on their selection in Devonport, Tasmania, the Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, and Dame Enid Lyons are enjoying a simple, well-earned holiday.

The large weatherboard home in which they live in Devonport is dearer to the Lyons family than the palatial Canberra house into which political life often moves them.

THE only Prime Minister whom Australia has returned three successive times to head the Government of the nation is at the moment a plain family man, cheerfully sharing the family chores with Dame Enid. There are no servants in their Devonport home.

In a spell of rare domestic activity he proposes for a few days to forget triumphs and trials alike. He is at home, and very firm about orders that for the period of this respite home is not to be half-home and half-office, which usually it is when he manages to get there.

Dame Enid Lyons has threatened, should he waver, to move a vote of censure before the Full House. And no Prime Minister would take the risk of an overwhelming defeat of 12 votes to one.

There is no sign that he will be diverted from his strict holiday plan. Cabinet met in Melbourne on the eve of the Cup. Few of the Ministers missed this golden opportunity of filling in time at Flemington before Tuesday's trains took them home.

But Mr. Lyons was flying over Bass Strait when The Trump won the Melbourne Cup. He had left Melbourne at noon on its day of days.

Such strength should be proof against possible importunities of impatient officialdom.

Fixing the Garden

THE late afternoon found him in shirt sleeves in the garden of his home at Devonport.

Before he makes those decisions about the future of Cabinet, another important reconstruction must be carried out in the beds where his favorite rhododendrons grow.

As the brilliant crowds were moving away from Flemington, Mr. Lyons and Dame Enid drank tea on their own lawn near the flowering cherry tree that fronts Home Hill, Devonport's loveliest home.

"I should like to have seen the Cup if I could have gone on the flat," he told me. "But I am too tired just now for full dress parades."

A sandwich in his hand, he let his twinkling blue eyes range over the Bass Strait horizon. There is no seaside home on the Mainland with a finer vista.

"What do you think, Ug?" One discovered that "Ug" is none other than Dame Enid herself. "I just think it is wonderful to find such peace for a little while," she said.

AS sunset nears, the Devonport scene from this height is richly mellow, with the straggling old township, half hidden by the pines around the Lyons house, bathed in color.

You can't see the drab limestone bins or anything of the port except the mast of some ship. Just the tan-brown hills with their patches of green cultivation, trees everywhere, and the Mersey broadening as it winds out to the Strait.

Home of Romance

HERE in this weatherboard bungalow the Lyons couple have spent most of their married life. All of their eleven children have grown up there, finding endless fun in its spacious two acres or so.

There is part of that area for a big garden, and part of it for a small orchard.

There is room for extensions to the back of the house, which are now being made—temporarily depriving Dame Enid of her kitchen.

In one corner more building is going on. Mr. and Mrs. Burnell, parents of Dame Enid Lyons, are making a new home so that they may leave Burnie and spend their declining years with their daughter and their grandchildren.

But most of the ground is untouched grassland, purposely uncultivated to give the children ample playing space.

FOR their father and mother this Devonport hillside enshrines all the great experiences of their common life. For the children it is all their life.

Even the younger ones, who have seen little of it, think longingly of it when they are at school on the Mainland, or at the Prime Minister's Lodge in Canberra.

The official residence in Canberra, daily the object of reverent gazings by tourists, has a very secondary place in their affections.

When he set out from Canberra on his election tour, Mr. Lyons had a solemn warning from little Barry. "Dad," he said, "if you win this election, I'm going to commit suicide!"

Continued on Page 28

			
Mrs. Grace Hughes "Reduced waist inches" writes Mrs. Grace Hughes, Trained Nurse (full address on request), "BonKora also took off 2 1/2 lbs."	Miss B. A. Zimmerman "I lost 20 lbs. in 2 1/2 weeks." writes Miss B. A. Zimmerman, Trained Nurse (full address on request), "Thanks to BonKora."	Miss Lola A. Sharp "I lost 45 lbs. in 8 weeks." writes Miss Lola A. Sharp, Trained Nurse (full address on request), "I wear dresses 4 sizes smaller since taking BonKora."	Mrs. Francis Rudolph "I lost 40 lbs. in 6 weeks." writes Mrs. F. Rudolph, Trained Nurse (full address on request), "I look 10 years younger, thanks to BonKora."

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One of them, Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse (full address on request) writes: "Other remedies failed to reduce me. But I lost 40 pounds in 6 weeks taking BonKora. It improved my health too. I look 10 years younger than I did."

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Dr. S. P. Blumenberg, head of the famous San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin County, Calif., says he lost 7 pounds in the first 10 days, taking BonKora. So he began to advise it for stout patients at his sanatorium.

Loses 70lbs. in 14 weeks.

Mrs. F. W. Moran (full address on request) writes: "I took BonKora and lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks, or at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I used to weigh 210 pounds, now weigh only 140. My health has improved too."

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W.W., 12/11/37

TALKING of GOLF

The golf "rabbit" decided to go big game hunting but changed his mind in favor of the little white ball

A...
Complete
SHORT
STORY



TALKING of golf, said the young man in plus fours who occupied the corner seat of the railway carriage, I maintain that the people who say lady golf champions are putting machines without human emotions are exaggerating. At least, they ought to add with one exception. The exception I mean is Diana Bredon. Yes, the Diana Bredon. The one who walked off with the European Ladies' Open for the third time last July.

Did you know she was married? Well, as a matter of fact she is. She still enters the championship as Diana Bredon, but she's really Mrs. Something-else. And concerning how she came to change her surname, there's a story in which I personally was involved.

You see, I knew Diana pretty well before she got married. She was a member of the Ryl-on-Sea Golf Club, of which I was honorary secretary, and my wife was her bosom pal. That's how I got to know what Diana's views on matrimony were. She'd told Molly and Molly had passed them on to me.

Even when you allowed for the facts that Diana was pretty as they make 'em, and had five hundred a year in her own right, to say nothing of being the holder of the European Ladies' Open, I thought she'd fixed her standard a bit high. What she'd told Molly was that the only man she would consider marrying must be tall, clever, charming, wealthy, fond of animals, have had an adventurous life, and be able to beat her at golf.

No one who didn't answer every one of those particulars need apply, she'd told Molly.

At that time there was only one suitor on the horizon who answered even one of Diana's necessities. My pal, Bertie Pickering. The solitary condition he did fill was that he was fond of animals. He kept rabbits and I've seen him miss a hole because he didn't want to disturb a sheep that was having a siesta on the fairway.

Apart from that he was about the direct opposite of Diana's ideal. He was shortish, wore glasses and was inclined to stammer. His income was about the same as Diana's, and the biggest adventure of his life had been when the Ryl-on-Sea police warned him for parking on the wrong side of the High Street.

But what ruled him utterly out of count was his golf. It—well, it simply wasn't golf. His stance would have made an Epstein statue seem graceful, and his progress from tee to green was like a hockey player doing a slow motion dribble.

And as if all that weren't bad enough there was the fact that he and Diana had known each other all their lives, and most of the time she'd treated him like a baby not quite right in its head that made her want to laugh although she was sorry for it. Don't mistake me—she liked him all right, at least so Molly said—but the only use she had for him was to let him carry her clubs when there wasn't a caddie handy.

Well, Molly and I agreed that whoever Diana eventually married it would not be Bertie Pickering. And we weren't a bit surprised when he rolled up latish one evening at

our house—we were practising putting on the lawn. I remember—looking like something that had been under a steam-roller all night.

Presently he told us the reason for his visit. He said in a listless sort of way that he'd come to say good-bye because he was just off to the Malay States to hunt seledang. I said why seledang, and he said because he'd been told they were five times as dangerous as lions. They came back on their tracks and laid ambushes. Very few men, he said listlessly, who went to hunt seledang ever came back alive.

"So I'll say toodle-oo," he concluded. "If—er—anything happens out there I'd like Molly to have the grey doe with the pink ears as a keepsake. Give her plenty of water and comb her regularly. Good-bye."

He was striding off when Molly called him back.

"Bertie, stop. What did Diana say exactly?"

Bertie jumped as if he'd heard a seledang at his heels.

"Diana! I never said anything about Diana. What's she to do with it?"

HE didn't know much about girls, you see. For the last six months Molly had been betting Diana that Bertie would propose that week-end, and Diana had been taking the bets because she maintained he hadn't enough nerve to propose to a guinea-pig.

"How did you guess?" Bertie bleated.

"Oh, I just guessed," said Molly. "What did she say?"

Bertie colored. It was evident the poor fish was feeling pretty sore.

"She seemed to find something highly humorous in the suggestion she should become my wife. When she'd stopped laughing she told me she was very sorry, she liked me very much and would always think of me as a sort of younger brother, but she'd decided never to marry a man who couldn't beat her at golf. That, of course, was her gentle way of telling me to clear out. I took the hint and I've wired for a passage on the Chindwin."

Then Molly began to give tongue. I can't remember all she said, but what it amounted to was that Bertie would be an outside in mutts if he went to Malay. Diana's refusal wasn't really a refusal at all. She was challenging him, testing his

By
G. RADCLIFFE

mettle so to speak. If Bertie cleared out without taking up the challenge he wasn't fit to mingle with his own rabbits.

Bertie gaped at her and I could see her words were making an impression.

"Have you ever seen me play golf?" he got out at last.

"No," said Molly. "I've seen you club-swinging for exercise on the links and that's all. You've got nothing to unlearn because you don't know anything, which is all to the good. Why not make up your mind this minute to learn to play golf? Look on it as a test of your love for Diana. If only you want her enough you'll succeed."



Illustrated
by
**WYNNE
DAVIES**

It was quite an oration as Molly delivered it. Bertie's eyes gleamed, he stuck out his jaw, threw back his head, and grabbed the putter out of my hand. "I'm going to start now," he said.

And when Molly and I went to bed he was still practising putts in the moonlight.

That evening, went on the young man in plus fours, marked a turning-point in Bertie Pickering's career as a golfer. From being a bored dilettante strolling round a links for exercise, he applied himself to the game with what I can only call ferocity. During the next few months neither Molly nor I saw much of him. When we did glimpse him he was either crawling about a green on all fours studying lies or reading "Vardon on Approach Shots" in the clubhouse, and we used to remark to one another what a wonderful power for good true love can be.

For four solid months barring intervals for meals and sleep he lived on the links. He'd always one pro. In attendance, sometimes two. In short, he left no stone unturned to make himself a good golfer.

Then one evening he asked me to play a round. I accepted like a bird

for I was curious to see how he'd progressed, and I can tell you that when we'd finished the round I was the most surprised man in England. From being the most complete duffer who ever mistimed a swing, he'd made himself a player above ordinary club standard.

My handicap's seven, and I was playing up to it, but I only just beat him. At the end I shook his hand, congratulated him, and told him to take on Diana any day he liked. If he didn't actually beat her, he'd give her a jolly good run for her money.

Bertie shook his head. "I don't feel I'm ready yet," he said. "In another two months when I've eradicated my tendency to

over-drive at the short ones I'll consider taking her on. But I feel it would be a mistake to hurry matters."

He was quietly confident and very happy, as he'd every reason to be. As we walked back to the clubhouse I remember I was cogitating to myself what present to give when the marriage took place. And I expect Bertie's thoughts were running on much the same lines. He was whistling like a blackbird in spring when we came within sight of the clubhouse and saw what Fate had been hiding up her sleeve. And I bet Fate had been sniggering, too!

The first thing was a long cream-colored super sports car that might have materialised out of a Frankau novel. The sort of car you see at shows, but seldom on the streets. One of those silky, streamlined cars that spell money.

The lucky owner was on the verandah talking to Diana and Molly. He was at least six foot three with broad shoulders tapering to a narrow waist. From the back he reminded me of Clarke Gable, only taller. But his profile was more like Ivor Novello's. As we came up he was speaking in a modest sort of way while Diana never took her eyes off his face.

"... Yes, it was after my return from fighting in Abyssinia I went to the Arctic," he was saying. "The Hunter Aerial Expedition were short of a pilot, so I offered. No, I'd no adventures there worth speaking about. Only one night when I'd to make a forced landing on a floe and found five polar bears in possession. Luckily my engine frightened them off."

Then he saw us and stopped. Molly did the introductions. From what she said I gathered his name was Victor Camelot and that he wanted to become a temporary member of the club while he was staying in Ryl-on-Sea.

"And now go on with your story," Diana cried. "What happened after the bears jumped off? Oh, it must be wonderful to be a man and do things!"

Diana hit a perfect screamer that came to rest within an easy mashie shot of the green.

Victor Camelot laughed and went on. It was pretty clear he enjoyed telling things to Diana as much as she enjoyed listening. And I can tell you I felt deuced sorry for Bertie having to stand by and watch those two.

I think Bertie was thinking much the same, for before Camelot had properly finished his story, he blurted out in a sort of strained voice:

"I say, do you play golf?" "Oh, just a little," said Camelot. Bertie gave a relieved snigger and asked what his handicap was.

THE year I beat Sarazen in the Californian Open I was rated minus six by the A.A.G.U.," Camelot said quietly.

We all gasped. Bertie a little louder than Diana. In fact, you might almost describe his gasp as a moan. I felt so sorry for the poor old fish that I put a question to Camelot myself. I asked him if his wife was also going to join the club, hoping the reply would put Bertie out of his misery for good and all.

"I'm not married," Camelot said. "I've led too adventurous a life to think about matrimony. People tell me I ought to settle down now and if—er—I happened to meet anyone who attracted me very much I might be tempted to do so."

His eyes went to Diana, who blushed. Bertie tottered away, leaving his expensive golf clubs lying on the verandah floor.

And that, continued the young man in plus-fours, was what Fate had been keeping up her sleeve for poor old Bertie. A dirty trick, I call it.

On the way home Molly gave me the works about Camelot, and what she said made me feel there was nothing left to decide except what present to give Diana when she married him.

Please turn to Page 42

Our Serial Sensation

By . . .

A. J.
CRONIN

The Citadel

This Week's Highlight

● A crash in the Aberlaw mines. Injured men, danger, and Dr. Manson summoned to descend the pit and operate. Amputating with the knowledge that at any moment the whole mine may cave in . . .



DR. ANDREW MANSON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career as assistant to Dr. Page in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales.

He discovers on arrival that Dr. Page is a hopeless invalid, and his wife really controls the practice. Conditions are appalling in Blaenelly, but every move he makes for reform is met with blank disinterest.

He makes a friend of young Dr. Denny, who practises in the same town, and helps him with his work. Andrew meets Christine, a school-teacher and falls in love with her. Shortly afterwards, he has a quarrel with Mrs. Page and resigns.

He applies for a post at Aberlaw, a neighboring town, is successful, and he and Christine marry.

The first months at Aberlaw are unhappy ones for Andrew. There is a competitive spirit among the doctors, and he feels the lack of co-operation. He tries to create a sense of friendliness among his colleagues, but fails.

Later, Andrew meets Con Boland, the local dentist, who inspires him to make a united effort with his colleagues against the impositions of the town's Medical Superintendent, Dr. Llewellyn. They call a meeting, but Andrew realises more than ever his isolation.

Christine tells Andrew he is jealous of the other's qualifications, and urges him to take a higher medical degree. He becomes enthusiastic, and begins to study foreign languages for a start.

He works strenuously for six months, when suddenly Christine is called away to attend a sick aunt.

NOW READ ON.

SHE went, unwillingly, at the end of the week. Before she had gone twenty-four hours he found out his mistake. It was agony without her. Jenny, though working to carefully prepared instructions, was a perpetual aggravation. But it was not Jenny's cooking, or the lukewarm coffee, or the badly-made bed. It was Christine's absence; knowing she was not in the house, being unable to call out to her, missing her. He found himself gazing dully at his books, losing hours, while he thought of her.

At the end of a fortnight she wired that she was returning. He dropped everything and prepared to

receive her. Nothing was too good, too spectacular for the celebration of their reunion. Her wire had not given him much time, but he thought rapidly, then sped to the town on a mission of extravagance. He bought first a bunch of roses. In Kendrick's the fishmonger's he was lucky to find a lobster, fresh in that morning. He seized it quickly, lest Mrs. Vaughan—for whom Kendrick primarily intended all such delicacies—should ring up and forestall him. Then he bought ice in quantity, called at the greengrocer's for salad, and finally, with trepidation, ordered one bottle of moselle which Lampert, the grocer in the Square, assured him was "sound."

After tea he told Jenny she might go, for already he could feel her youthful eye fastened inquisitively upon him. He then set to work and lovingly composed a lobster salad. The zinc bucket from the scullery, filled with ice, made an excellent wine pail.

AT last his preparations were complete—the flowers, the food, the wine upon the ice, his eye surveyed the scene with shining intensity. After surgery, at half-past nine, he raced to meet her train at the Upper Station.

It was like falling in love all over again, fresh, wonderful. Tenderly he escorted her to the love feast. The evening was hot and still. The moon shone in upon them. He forgot about the intricacies of basal metabolism. He told her they might be in Provence, or some place like that, in a great castle by a lake. He told her much more than that. By the end of the week he was telling her to fetch his slippers.

August arrived, dusty and scorching. With the finish of his reading in sight he was confronted with the necessity of brushing up his practical work, particularly histology—an apparently insuperable difficulty in his present situation. It was Christine who thought of Professor Challis and his position at Cardiff University. When Andrew wrote to him, Challis immediately replied stating, with verbosity, that he would rejoice to use his influence with the Department of Pathology. Manson, he said, would find Doctor Glyn-Jones a first-rate fellow. He concluded with a carolling inquiry for Christine.

"I've got to hand it to you, Chris! It does mean something to have friends. And I very nearly stuck away from meeting Challis that night at Vaughans'. Decent old bouncer. But all the same, I hate

CLINGING to him frantically like a drowning woman she said brokenly: "They told us the roof was down—that you wouldn't—wouldn't come out!"

asking favors. And what's this about sending tender regards to you!"

In the middle of that month a second-hand Red Indian motor cycle—a low, wickedly unprofessional machine, advertised as "too fast" for its previous owner—made its appearance at Vale View. There were, in the slackness of summer, three afternoon hours which Andrew might reasonably regard as his own. Every day, immediately after lunch, a red streak went roaring down the valley in the direction of Cardiff, thirty miles away. And every day towards five o'clock a slightly dustier red streak, moving in the opposite direction, made a target of Vale View.

These sixty miles in the broiling

A DOCTOR'S life
—its self-sacrifices, its dreams, its romance, its drudgery.

The high ideals of a man whose ambition is to aid the suffering; the temptations to swerve away from these ideals when success beckons.

These are the things dealt with in this serial—A. J. Cronin's latest and most courageous novel. Start reading it now!

heat with an hour's work at Glyn-Jones' specimens and slides, sandwiched midway, often using the microscope with hands which still shook from the handlebars' vibration, made heavy going of the next few weeks. For Christine it was the most anxious part of the whole lunatic adventure, to see him depart with a swift crackling exhaust, to wait anxiously for the first faint beat of his return, fearing all the time that something must happen to him bent to the metal of that satanic machine.

Though he was so rushed he found a moment occasionally to bring her strawberries from Cardiff. They saved these till after his surgery. At tea he was always parched from the dust and red-eyed, wondering gloomily if his duodenum had not dropped off at that last pothole in Trecoed, asking himself if he could

possibly manage before the surgery these two calls which had come in during his absence.

But the final journey was made at last. Glyn-Jones had nothing more to show him. He knew every slide and every single specimen by heart. All that remained was to enter his name and send up the heavy entrance fees for the examination.

On the 15th of October Andrew set out alone for London. Christine saw him to the station. Now that the actual event was so close at hand a queer calmness had settled upon him.

All his striving, his frenzied efforts, his almost hysterical outbursts seemed far away and done with. His brain was inactive, almost dull. He felt that he knew nothing.

Yet, on the following day, when he began the written part of the examination which was held at the College of Physicians, he found himself answering the papers with a blind automatism. He wrote and wrote, never looking at the clock, filling sheet after sheet, until his head reeled.

He had taken a room at the Museum Hotel where Christine and he had stayed on their first visit to London. Here it was extremely cheap. But the food was vile, adding the final touch to his upset digestion required to produce a bad attack of dyspepsia. He was compelled to restrict his diet to hot malted milk. A tumblerful in an A.B.C. tea-room in the Strand was his lunch. Between his papers he lived in a kind of daze. He did not dream of going to a place of amusement. He scarcely saw the people in the streets. Occasionally, to clear his head, he took a ride on the top of an omnibus.

After the written papers the practical and viva voce part of the examination began and Andrew found himself dreading this more than anything which had gone before. There were perhaps twenty other candidates, all of them men older than himself, and all with an unmistakable air of assurance and position. The candidate placed next to him, for instance, a man named Harrison whom he had once or twice spoken to, had an Oxford B.Ch., an outpatient appointment at St. John's and a consulting-room in Brook Street. When Andrew compared Harrison's charming manners and obvious standing with his own provincial awkwardness he felt his chances of favorably impressing the examiners to be small indeed.

His practical, at the South London Hospital, went, he thought, well enough. His case was one of bronchiectasis in a young boy of four-

Illustrated
by
Fischer

(3)

teen, which, since he knew lungs so intimately, was a piece of good fortune. He felt he had written a good report. But when it came to the viva voce his luck seemed to change completely. The viva procedure at the College of Physicians had its peculiarities. On two successive days each candidate was questioned in turn, by two separate examiners. If at

the end of the first session the candidate was found inadequate he was handed a polite note telling him he need not return on the following day. Faced with

the imminence of this fatal missive Andrew found to his horror that he had drawn as his first examiner a man he had heard Harrison speak of with apprehension, Doctor Maurice Gadsby.

Gadsby was a spare undersized man with a ragged black moustache and small, mean eye. Recently elected to his Fellowship, he had none of the tolerance of the older examiners, but seemed to set out deliberately to fail the candidates who came before him. He considered Andrew with a supercilious lift to his brows and placed before him six slides. Five of these slides Andrew named correctly, but the sixth he could not name. It was on this slide that Gadsby concentrated. For five minutes he harassed Andrew on this section—which, it appeared, was the ovum of an obscure West African parasite—then idly, without interest, he passed him on to the next examiner, Sir Robert Abbey.

ANDEW rose and crossed the room with a pale face and a heavily beating heart. All the lassitude, the inertia he had experienced at the beginning of the week was gone now. He had an almost desperate desire to succeed. But he was convinced that Gadsby would fail him. He raised his eyes to find Robert Abbey contemplating him with a friendly, half-humorous smile.

"What's the matter?" said Abbey unexpectedly.

"Nothing, sir," Andrew stammered. "I think I've done rather badly with Doctor Gadsby—that's all."

"Never mind about that. Have a look at these specimens. Then just say anything you think about them," Abbey smiled encouragingly. He was a clean-shaven, ruddy-complexioned man of about sixty-five with a high forehead, a long, humorous upper lip. Though Abbey was now perhaps the third most distinguished physician in Europe he had known hardship and bitter struggles in his earlier days when, coming from his native Leeds, with only a provincial reputation to sustain him, he had encountered prejudice and opposition in London. As he gazed, without seeming to do so, at Andrew, observing his ill-cut suit, the soft collar and shirt, the cheap, ill-knotted tie, and above all the look of strained intensity upon his serious face, the days of his own provincial youth came back to him. Instinctively his heart went out to this unusual candidate and his eye, ranging down the list before him, noted with satisfaction that his markings, particularly in the recent practical, were above pass level.

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THE LADY JASMINE

Another Savaran
Story By....
DOUGLAS
NEWTON

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

THE Arabs rode not at their usual gallop but at a jog-trot. It was a pace calculated to give the full benefits of a last torture to their prisoner. The prisoner was not mounted. He ran amid the horse-men—had to run.

A halter stretched from his neck to the saddle-bow of one of the riders. Should he trip on the rough ground or tire in his stride, he would be jerked off his feet. Half strangled he would be dragged along the ground until his strength or nimbleness got him on to his legs again. His hands were free to help him and add to the fun. The Arabs waited eagerly on the comedy of his fall. He did not fall. The Arab with the halter tried every trick of horsemanship to bring him down. The prisoner remained upright.

A remarkable man. He was quite sure of it himself. He was also certain his captors knew it. They were wary as well as ready to enjoy his discomfiture.

The dirty shreds of a jibba revealed this man as tall, spider-spare and of that leanness of sinew that tells of a strength like drawn steel. His fiercely aquiline face was dark, darker than some of those around him, yet despite this and the dirt on him, it had the force and distinction that belongs to a white conqueror, and an extra touch of bravado few white men have.

Across the stony pan beyond the walls of a white Arab town the party trotted until it halted near a broad and shallow stream, the Wadi Jmia, the frontier line between the Sultanates of Durshan and Al-Zahal.

The man was cast loose, a dozen hands tightened on whips in the hope of at least a minute's pleasure as the fellow made his dash for freedom.... And the prisoner stood still!



He stood easily, hands on hips, studying the faces of the escort. The big Cadi in charge sidled his horse forward, cried mockingly: "Begone, thou conqueror of conquerors! Safety for your noble skin

lieth beyond the Wadi. Why tarry, O terror of Africa? Haste ye, or I may forget the respect the Sultan, my master, has for an Inghiliz, and treat thee as the common dirt thou art."

There was a cackle from his companions at this jibe, but it was not easy laughter, for the dark eyes studied each face so coolly. Then, with fine teeth flashing in a cheerful and ferocious smile, the prisoner said in good Arabic:

"I merely mark your faces, O Cadi of Durshan, so that when I return at the head of ten thousand swords I shall know whom to hang first."

The Cadi clucked angrily, spurred forward, slashed with his whip. In a flash the man was submerged in a fog of dust, fluttering robes, cracking whips, snorting horses... that was the end of him, it seemed. There was a shout! Lean arms had plucked the Cadi right out of his saddle and flung him among the hoofs.

As the Arabs wheeled to let their leader scramble to his feet, a strong, easy voice came from the middle of the Wadi.

"Get thee back to the Sultan, O

"Franzi," she softly called. "Franzi... behind the hangings in my tent. Quick, O man of men..."

Cadi. Take my message. I am Savaran, soldier of fortune, known in deeds of war from the High Atlas to the Zambesi, and I bid you tell that kusah (scant bearded man) that I, who have crushed nations and dethroned kings, will return and teach him that my sword which he has so contemptuously rejected has a sharp edge for puppet princes... Until my hangman deals with thee, O Cadi, may Allah blight thee."

The ragged fellow, standing thigh deep in water, uttered his seemingly absurd threats with the wave of a lean and contemptuous arm and went splashing towards the Al-Zahal bank.

From among the hills came tumbling a body of Al-Zahal Arabs. They fell upon Savaran with scant ceremony. Neither large gestures nor attempts to fight saved him. In a trice he was rolled in the dirt, a prisoner once more. He was tied, as before, by his neck to a saddle-bow. With bellows of laughter and the waving of friendly arms from both sides, Savaran the boaster went off as he had come, at a jogtrot amid a knot of mounted men eager to see him fall.

The Sheriff Ali Agha, fierce-eyed and young, presided over the Sultan's Court in the kasbah of Rais, the capital of Al-Zahal. He glared death at Savaran. The unconcern of this tattered ne'er-do-well added fire to his hatred of all white men.

Ali Agha, who sat in that place because a woman, his cousin, might not dispense justice to men, dreamed dreams of heaven, hours and glory to be won by sweeping the Infidel whites out of Africa. He rather fancied himself as the man for the job. He was proud in cunning, war and sheer young Arab vanity, Ali Agha.

He was therefore contemptuous of anything so degraded and ragged as this prisoner before him.

"What race of dogs art thou?" he snapped. "Franzi?"

"English," said Savaran pleasantly.

HE had no personal objection to being French. He had quite often been French, and Italian, and Spanish when it suited his book. He knew it did not now. He knew all about Ali Agha's political ambitions, as he knew most things about Africa in his strange, acute way.

"And you are called Savaran," Ali growled. "I have heard of you."

"Who in Africa has not?" said Savaran with a superb shrug. "Savaran—the conqueror of the Zeb! Savaran who forced the Portuguese to free the Kardorengo..."

"Also that Savaran who deposed the Sheriff of Nenussi and vanished with the pearl of his harem and all his treasure," said Ali dangerously.

"A career so comprehensive as mine naturally has human interludes," Savaran said. "A command over women obviously goes with so great a spirit as mine."

"A veritable Saladin of the kennels," said Ali, his contemptuous eyes upon his prisoner's rags and dirt.

"And what brings you here, O redoubtable ragman knight?"

Savaran's face darkened. He was not liking the high-stomached Ali.

"What I did for the Zeb and the Futtra I can do for Al-Zahal."

"Lead us poor Arabs in war, lead us even against your brother Franks?" jeered Ali.

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Savaran the boaster, tied by his neck to a saddle-bow, went off at a jogtrot amid a knot of mounted men.



The picture was called "The Sisters," and the subjects two girls, charming and vivid.

The STOLEN MASTERPIECE

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

AILSAD
ADAMS



JUST how long ago occurred the incidents which make up this story doesn't matter; any time between 1920 and 1930 will serve. Nor will the names under which the characters appear help the curious to find out anything more than they should know, for the names are false; and too many scandals have screamed their way of recent years across the pages of our newspapers for the resurrection of this one, even though the facts have not been changed one iota, to bring further notoriety to a family branch of which still occupies a respected and considerable position in English society. This by way of prelude; now for the tale itself.

You know Lippincott's, of course. Even if you've never been inside and mixed with the amateurs and dealers from all over the world who come to the old place to bid for the pictures, the period furniture, old silver, pottery, the hundred-and-one species of artistic treasure for which wealthy collectors are willing to pay big sums—even if you've never done this, you've surely read of Lippincott's. It's a bad year for the firm when six or eight stories of the sale of this or that, at prices which make news, even to hard-boiled editors who know little and care less about Art, are

not flashed from London to every town of any importance on this globe.

At the time of which I write, I was what might reasonably enough have been called a habitue of Lippincott's. Not that I was a buyer—the rare small trifles I picked up for a few guineas, whenever a windfall happened to come my way, would hardly place me in that exalted rank. But, as a young barrister with far too few briefs to keep me busy, and with a slight facility for augmenting my income by writing, I spent a lot of time in the big sales-rooms. There, surrounded by a cosmopolitan crowd of all degrees of wealth and social position, I saw sights, had displayed before me in moments of excited bidding most of those passions which form the flesh and blood of fiction and of Life; cupidity, covetousness, greed, hatred, love, and, yes, even lust.

It was in Lippincott's that I came upon this story. That I have not told it before is due to the promise exacted from me by old Gelatly, to whom, indeed, I am indebted for most of the details which follow.

I remember the day perfectly. There was a fairly big crowd in the

auction-room; Lippincott senior was to take the hammer, and this in itself, without even a reference to the catalogue, was enough to bring the cognoscenti flocking. Quite apart from the people, however, I found a lot to interest me. I recollect there was a small collection of French miniatures over which I lingered for a long while, a lovely little piece of old cloisonne for which I half made up my mind to bid. And then I came upon the Du Bois.

Nowadays, every dilettante knows the picture; of recent years, the critics have discovered it, with the result that now it seems to be well on the way towards being reproduced ad nauseam. But at that time, for reasons which will be plain enough later, it was unknown.

Not that there could have been any doubt, to a true lover of painting, as to who had painted it. Every brush stroke bespoke Du Bois. Even I recognised that; as my eyes fell upon it, I stood still, forgetting all about miniatures and cloisonne, and wondering how on earth I had failed at least to hear of the existence of this work by a man whose skill and

artistry I admired as much, I suppose, as that of any craftsman of the past hundred years.

The title, I noticed, was "The Sisters," and the subjects, two girls, as charming and vivid as the painting which had put them onto canvas. The elder I took to be about fifteen at the time the portrait was painted, the other a year or two younger. Both were brunettes, both lovely, although the elder had an imperious quality about her, an indefinable air of hauteur lacking in the softer features of her sister. There could be no doubt of their relationship; they were very alike, and, as I have said, both beauties.

I was still standing there, feasting myself on this new discovery, when a voice spoke behind me.

"So you like it?"

I swung round to find old Gelatly regarding me benevolently, blue eyes twinkling behind the glasses from which fell in dignified fashion a black silk ribbon, bald head shining, black coat, white-edged waistcoat, spotless linen and striped trousers giving him, even in that well-dressed throng, an immaculate air.

"You do like it?" he pressed. "Like it!" I began.

"Well, don't imagine for a moment that you're going to buy it," he said, looking up at me, head cocked on one side in the way that always made me think that he had stepped straight out of the pages of a Dickens novel.

I was about to tell him that he knew jolly well that I was in no position to buy this or any other Du Bois, but he cut me short with a wave of his beautifully rolled umbrella.

"Young briefless barristers," he said, "struggling penny-a-liners, should have more use for their time than goggling like small boys at a sweet-shop window at things destined for their betters."

As if this were a terrific piece of wit, he burst into a series of rich chuckles, prodding me with his forefinger and gasping out, between spasms, repeated references to briefless barristers and penny-a-liners.

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MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

PLAY CLOTHES



● **FOR YACHTING.**
Grey kasha slacks and red-and-white striped jersey top. It is smarter to wear your shirt over the top of your trousers.

①

● **MARINE-BLUE** seaman's jacket in light-weight wool—a great comfort in the cruise wardrobe.

②
LEISURE-HOUR
clothes should be practical, smart, and comfortable. For yachting, slacks retain their popularity, for the tennis court, shorts and slacks tie in favor. If your figure is slim you can safely choose shorts, a little longer than beach shorts, and fuller.

③



● **WHITE PIQUE SHORTS** with wide pleats on the crease. Top of burgundy jersey with monogrammed pockets.

④

⑤

● **TENNIS FROCK** featuring low, square neck cut and very full-gored skirt. The shoulder-bows which catch up the sleeves are spotted blue tie silk and match the sash and the band round the visor.

⑥

⑦

● **TWO COOL FROCKS** for summer golf. One is yellow shark-skin worn with a brown cravat and a brown suede belt from which is suspended two flap pockets. Dull pine-green jersey makes the other dress, which has gores let in the skirt for fullness and wide, double seaming to give an added sporty look to its appearance.



FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

The JACKET SUIT

... WITH
Variations



● THE ENSEMBLE above comprises tailored black skirt with blouse of crepe bias striped in gay candy shades. The jacket is lined with the same biased material. Duncie's cap in black felt with quaint felt quill.



● THE VERY SMART outfit at the centre top comprises a one-piece front of black matt crepe, and a jacket of dull matt crepe. This jacket is a modish example of the new trend for soft shirrings. The smart little hat is of black summer felt with self trim.

● FLORAL CREPE enlivens the two-piece at the top right. The frock is of Arab-brown sheer, and the cape is patterned in tones of yellow and brown with a binding of the frock fabric. Brown bag, hat and gloves.

● PLAID TAFFETA makes the suit at the right. The skirt is pleated, and the coat features bias cutting and a flared bias frill. In tones of brown, earth-red and yellow. The little sailor hat has a brown crown and yellow brim and trim.

● A COAT of white uncrushable linen is a feature of the suit at the extreme right. Note the new type of pockets and the leather button fastenings. Cravat of gaily striped silk and hat of the same linen as the coat.



The Fashion Parade

sketched by
Petrov

THOUGHTS About FABRICS

By ALISON SETTLE, famous English fashion expert. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

YOU cannot class fabrics now as woollens, silks, cottons, or linens. There are the strangest and most successful blends now, successful because the blend is usually best liked, since to produce it thought must have been given as to a woman's reactions.

The shopping woman wants all the silks, woollens, cottons, linens, blends, and what-have-you's grouped as to color and color combinations first and foremost, so that she can decide on a color-scheme and its relative blends then and there. She wants them grouped by texture next, nubby or smooth, hairy or corded.

Above all, she wants fabrics, no matter whether they are dear or cheap, displayed as news and telling the news so that she may be assured that she is not missing some good thing.

She happens to want a little dress with a coat over it, and does not care if her dress is of silk or wool, tweed or a blend provided that it looks like what she has in her mind (but cannot explain in words) and that the dress colors can be compared with the coat colors, the two fabrics put together.

Why should she ferret and worry and scuttle to compare the lightness of her fabrics, their colorings, their contrast, being given little scraps of fabric, from which she can tell really nothing, to take from counter to counter?

Rayons (artificial silks if you prefer to call them that) have made the greatest possible changes in our dressing, not only in giving us silky fabrics at a low price, but in giving us clear whites where formerly we only knew creamy white, and in giving us a close drape like that of Greek statuary.

What the Empire period in days gone by did by damping muslins to get a look of statuary, these fabrics do for us in the simplest way.

History in Fabrics

JUST as you look at the clothes of the great designers and you get the feeling of the history of your own day, so when you look at the best fabrics you know at a glance the story of dress for the period.

That is why the fashion scouts and reporters hurry to see the fabric collections before the dressmaking giants have yet even thought out their collections.

If a fabric is bordered with flowers then you may know at once that peasant dresses and tunics will be included in the collections.

If fabrics are stiff, then dresses will be short and close.

When fabrics are supple dresses will be trained for the evenings, draped, too, tending either to the full-skirted line or to the Grecian line with bound draperies and pleatings. There are lines which can only be carried out when fabrics are thin and pliable, others to which you will feel inspired through rich, stiff fabrics.

Moreover, design has forgotten that it once felt itself to be prisoner of nature. Once the fabrics were only designed with flowers. Then timorously they spread waves, clouds, birds on to silks and cottons.

Since there was no outcry against this bold action and women seemed to like to be clad in a cage of birds as much as in a field of flowers, they went even further and introduced the familiar things of contemporary life, some actual, some sentimental, some amusing.

Postboxes, jugglers, dancers, buttons followed the more sentimental feathers, which, after all, at a distance might well be mistaken for flower patternings.

The discovery of the charms of peasant life, taken from the rather self-conscious Tyrol and Bavarian hill-sides, helped to build this newer feeling, making fashion gayer and brighter, less set and formal.

COLEVER Finishing TOUCHES!



1—UNUSUAL WAISTCOAT of navy taffeta striped in white, white buttons.

2—BROWN-AND-WHITE WAISTCOAT, mustard-yellow dress.

3—BANDEAU OF HYACINTHS in three shades, necklet to match.

6—ENAMELLED WHITE KID SHOES and bag, red eyelets and black laces.

4—ZIPPED OXFORD in perforated white kid, gloves to match.

5—OPENHEELED SANDAL with mesh front of colored string.

7—FABRIC GLOVES, plain palms and plaid backs.

8—FOR EVENING. Black net gloves adorned with chiffon zinnias in natural colors.

9—FOR THAT PEASANT FROCK. Multi-colored twists of wooden beads for neck and wrist.



'Tell me,
doctor ...

Are you sure? I can't believe that all this should have started with a tiny cut on the finger! There must be some way of preventing such awful results ... Tell me, what ought I to do?

The smallest cut or scratch is enough for the germs of blood-poisoning to enter. There is only one way to prevent their invasion: they must be killed—at once. 'Dettol,' the Modern Antiseptic, can be applied immediately. 'Dettol' is gentle and tender on human tissues, non-poisonous and non-staining to the skin—yet death to germs. Your chemist has 'Dettol,' Price, 2/-.

DETTOL THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC



RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LTD. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT.), SYDNEY, F.599.5

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 13, 1937.

RUNNING AMOK WITH AN AXE



AUSTRALIA'S pioneers, past and present, deserve the highest tributes that can be paid them. They have conquered the hostile wilderness and turned it to one of the world's richest fields of primary production.

But there's one legacy of the pioneering days of which we should rid ourselves.

That is the habit of mind which says: "When you see a tree, chop it down."

It is natural that men who have to make their living from the land should make earning capacity their first consideration. But need it be the only consideration?

Farms and grazing lands in England and on the European continent are far more intensively exploited for profit than ours, yet they are generally places of beauty.

This habit of destroying trees has been passed on to our generation.

Even in the cities, suburban councils are constantly seizing on absurd excuses to chop down beautiful trees that have fought a lone fight against ugliness around them.

If we do not want Australia to become one of the ugliest countries in the world, with the inevitable effect of ugliness in the minds of its people, we must all unite in a campaign for more and more trees to be planted.

The Australian gum is California's most popular decorative tree. There it is regarded with pride as a Californian native!

Yet here, with few exceptions, cities, towns, and countryside look on the gum-trees simply as an excrescence to be chopped down at the first opportunity.

American critics, appalled by the frequency of shootings, call their countrymen "gal-goofy." Don't let Australians get the name of being "axe-goofy."

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

A Chieftainess

WHEN the Honorable Henrietta Loder, daughter of the Governor of New South Wales, Lord Wakehurst, arrived at Perth, on her way to join her parents, her travelling companion excited as much interest as she did.

This companion was Miss Catriona Maclean, who has created history by being the first woman ever to be claimed as chieftain of a Scottish clan.

Women have succeeded in breaking into almost every department of male activity, but no one would have dreamed that the old traditional father-to-son succession of the Scottish Chiefs could have been challenged by a girl.

But times have changed in Scotland, as elsewhere—the duty of the Laird is no longer to lead his men into battle against inimical neighbors. The peaceful duties of modern chieftainship might just as well be carried out by a woman as the medical, legal, and financial mysteries that women have already taken over.

Girls Will Be Girls

BISHOP FITCHETT, of Otago, New Zealand, has discovered that under the rouge, mascara, and flimsy clothes the modern girl is really a good girl, and a good prospective wife and mother.

This fits in with the efforts of all the modern novelists, who have been so busy proving that under the curls and crinolines the girl of Victoria's day was often quite a minx.

Fashions change—in manners as well as in clothes—but we remain always sisters under our skins.

Silent Publicity

RUMOR predicts a wedding for Greta Garbo.

The most striking thing about the story is that it is, and is likely to remain, purely a rumor until the actual wedding, if any. Can you remember one of the legion of stories about Greta that was confirmed by the star herself?

Garbo never talks, and, whether intentional or not, this has proved the most successful publicity stunt ever achieved. In a city where everyone is shouting his or her affairs to the world in order to keep before the public, the silent Swede is still the most provocative and interesting of personalities.

LYRIC OF LIFE

OLD LETTERS

Your letters take me back across the years
By ways that only lovers ever know;
I've cherished them, these tender souvenirs,
The letters that you wrote me long ago.

I live again in that delightful past
When love was unexplored and sweetly new
And days slipped by in laughter, far too fast,
And all my thoughts were thoughts of only you.

Your letters . . . why, I know them all by heart,
I've kissed the very pages half away,
Because, you see, from their inspired start
Our love has grown to what it is to-day.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

She Showed the Men

MISS DOROTHEA O'SULLIVAN, of Perth, travelled hundreds of miles through wild country, sailed on a pearling lugger, and mixed with men roughing it in the north-west, just to prove that a woman could do anything a man could do.

Then she returned to Perth, and declared that slinky gowns and feminine daintiness were dearer to her than any adventure.

It's not a bad policy, ladies. First show them you are their equals, and then prove you are really their superiors by remaining feminine.

Quite right, too! The girl who insists on living the life of a man all the time is really admitting a sense of inferiority.



RICHARD TAUBER and his wife, Diana Napier, both of whom will visit Australia next year. See story column 4, this page.

My Country, 'tis of Thee

ITALIAN immigrants will fight for Australia if the need arises, declares Professor Yonna, distinguished Italo-Australian.

History supports him. The most fervent patriots in all lands have often been those of foreign birth, to whom the new land has offered a new and better chance.

The Law and a Kiss

THE Scots lassie who was sentenced to gaol by a Dublin Court for kissing a man in public should provide a warning to us all.

Not a warning to avoid kissing, but a warning that our free and easy modern manners are no more permanent than were the strait-laced conventions of our grandmothers.

The surest conclusion we can draw from a study of history is that mankind's manners and modes do not progress in a straight line, but move in cycles.

All through the times of which we have knowledge ages of personal liberty and freedom of thought have alternated with periods of rigorous suppression.

The new Irish laws, like some of those enacted in Europe's Fascist communities, suggest that there is a strong tendency to-day towards a reversion to disciplined and dictated morality.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



Vivid Romance of Tauber and Diana Napier

Richard Tauber, world-famous lyric singer, is being brought to Australia next year by the Australian Broadcasting Commission for a season of over 25 concerts, starting in July. With him will come his wife, the beautiful actress, Diana Napier.

BEHIND their marriage in June last year is a bitter background of blackmail charges, counter charges, violent words, scandal, a secret divorce hearing, alimony disputes, all of which crystallised from Tauber's unhappy former marriage.

In 1935, when he was 42, Tauber fell in love with Diana Napier, who was then 27. He wanted to marry her.

His first wife, Charlotta Vanconti, a notable singer in her own right, whom he had married in 1924 and divorced in 1928, just as he was flashing from obscurity to become a world-famous operatic virtuoso, came on to the scene.

According to his claims, he made her handsome alimony settlements. He gave her almost £30,000 in gifts, a luxuriously appointed flat, jewels, and a motor car. In five later years he paid her another £8000.

In 1930, he claimed, he arranged to pay her £120 monthly until 1940 if she would consent to a second divorce in Austria, for Tauber is an Austrian, and his German divorce was not valid in Austria. It was necessary that this be completed before he married Miss Napier.

Cross-actions

FRAU TAUBER denied the divorce agreement. Tauber ceased his monthly payments. He sued for divorce. Frau Tauber sued for the payments.

He also started proceedings to recover alimony money which he had given her in the last five years.

Tauber alleged Frau Tauber had threatened to publish an intimate account of their married life unless the monthly payments were continued. "It is blackmail," he said. She denied the threat.

Divorce proceedings in Vienna went on behind closed doors. Diana Napier waited outside the court.

Divorce was granted on the grounds of mutual "insuperable aversion," and Tauber and Diana Napier married last year when the decree became absolute.

Tauber's Success

TAUBER'S singing history is short. It is only a few years since his sensational appearance at Munich in a new operetta, "The Land of Smiles," by Franz Lehár, composer of "The Merry Widow."

Fat, monocled, genial Richard Tauber stood unknown before a critical German audience. Hardly had the echoes of his magnificent voice died away when the news flashed through the city that a successor to the immortal Caruso had come.

London followed. Success again. Paris, Berlin, New York . . . Lieder at Carnegie Hall, the gramophone records, the radio, the films, all in a few years. Tauber's voice became the delight of millions of men and women throughout the world.

Not so very long before he was educated as a conductor and an actor "because his voice did not show much promise."

He is a complete musician. His repertoire as a vocalist embraces grand opera, Lieder, operetta, and popular numbers.

He is a first-class conductor. He is more than a competent pianist. As a composer he has produced works for a symphony orchestra, operettas, and songs for his films.

He will have two appearances with orchestras in Australia, in Sydney and Melbourne.

WHEN L. W. LOWER *was* a MILKMAN



Soft-hearted Yodeller who went "broke," but collected some rare jugs

Did I ever tell you about the time I was a milkman? Because if I haven't told you, there's no need to start congratulating yourself.

I'm going to tell you now. And it's a cow of a story.

MILK is very good for children, and the first week I was out on my cart I felt like Florence Nightingale, romping about succoring people.

After that, I became embittered, like all milk-carters.

The main trouble was that I had to get up when I should normally have been going to bed. Still, I got a certain amount of enjoyment out of it.

I would imagine everybody peacefully asleep in bed, and then I'd get annoyed and start

By....
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

bashing cans about and yelling "WHOA!" to the horse, and clinking milk bottles together until I had the whole street awake.

The afternoon delivery was better. I could yodel, then. You very rarely hear a milkman yodelling these days. I think most of them have had all that rot knocked out of them. Either a customer wants milk or she doesn't and bellowing won't make any difference. The only thing is that it's a relief to one's feelings.

If you've got a milk cart you can sit on top of it and yodel to your heart's content. If you haven't got a milk cart and start yodelling you're likely to get pinched. You try standing on the Post Office steps and having a bit of a yodel, and see how long you last.

I learnt a lot while I was doing my rounds. I opened countless doors for fellows who had just arrived home and couldn't find the key-hole.

I've seen women in curling-pins and kimono and with shiny noses. And fellows in vile tempers and pyjamas who ask you to hold the baby while they go and get the jug. And I've stood there holding them while the kids bawled their heads off, and then they'd come along with the jugs and hand them to me, and I'd hand them the babies. Blooming good swap, too.

Too Soft-Hearted

YOU hear a lot of talk about watered milk. I think it improves the flavor if it's not overdone. About half water and half milk is a fair thing. Of course, there are some unscrupulous tradesmen who put in more than that, but when I was watering my milk I'd turn the tap off when I thought I'd got enough water.

Thinking of the little children, that's why I did it. I must have lost pounds being soft-hearted like that.

Personally, I don't see why people get so enthusiastic about milk. It's all right with rum, and I believe that it's necessary for oyster soup. But as a drink it strikes me as quaint.

After I'd been working for my boss for some months he went broke, and I bought him out. He was a bit suspicious about where I got the money, but he couldn't afford to say anything.

I lasted a month before I went broke, and then he suggested going into partnership so that everything would be fair and aboveboard.

The trouble was that we spent so much time watching each other that the business suffered and we both went broke.

We wrote out references for each other, highly recommending each other for our ability and personal integrity, and regretting that as we were going out of business we were forced to lose our services.

"If you've got a milk cart," says L. W. Lower, "you can sit on it and yodel to your heart's content."

My partner got a job as a bread-carter, but he could never get out of the habit of trying to jam the bread into the milk-jug, and he didn't do any good. I stuck to the milk business and got a position as manager of a milk-bar.

I did very well, too, for the first few months. So well that the owner decided I should have some assistance. I didn't know that the assistant was a private detective, and shortly after that I lost my position as manager.

There was some talk of prosecutions for petty larceny and embezzlement and fraudulent misappropriation or something like that, but I'd been in the milk business too long to fall for threats like that. I just mentioned the Pure Foods Act, and he shut up.

There's really no money in the milk business. I have tried driving a herd of cows from house to house and milk-

ing them direct into the jug. But they always seemed to put their feet in the jugs, and while I was milking one the others would wander off down the street.

I tried roping them together, but it's awkward trying to get fifteen cows up the stairs to a small flat.

I asked my customers if they'd mind putting their jugs out on the pavement, but none of them would agree. I then had a go at milking them—the cows, not the jugs—into the letter-boxes, but they were all too high up—the letter-boxes, not the cows—so at last I had to give in.

I went my last round with a heavy heart. The milk business gets a grip on you after a while. But I'm glad I did that last round.

I've got the finest collection of milk-jugs in the State. You must come up and see them some time.

To make your Teeth Naturally White

TRUST YOUR DENTIST
— he says
use Kolynos



Try Kolynos. Discover for yourself just how amazingly effective it is. Used on a DRY brush morning and night it will improve your teeth at once. They will feel cleaner. Soon they will look naturally white—whiter than you believed possible!

This remarkable dental cream foams into every

tiny crevice and kills millions of germs which are the cause of stain, tartar and decay. It cleans every tooth surface and enters every nook and cranny. Your teeth are cleaned perfectly—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Try it. Get a tube to-day.

DENTISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD RECOMMEND KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

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REDUCED PRICE
STANDARD SIZE
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How did she get her LOVELY FIGURE

HER problem was how to get rid of Winter fat and without taking risks with her health. She was delighted when she found that Bile Beans safely and surely removed surplus fat (which was spoiling her looks and figure) and made her attractively slim, without dieting or fatiguing exercises.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

You, too, can get a lovely slim figure, keep in glorious health and always look your best, if you take Bile Beans nightly.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU SLIM AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH



"As I continue to take the nightly Bile Beans my figure is improving all the time. What I liked about Bile Beans is that one gradually gets rid of the surplus fat without having to diet or do without the foods that one likes. I am happy better, too, as regards my general health."
—Mrs. C. Burton.

"I confidently recommend Bile Beans to all who have a tendency to put on weight. Bile Beans not only remove surplus fat in a perfectly safe manner, but they promote vitality and keep one fit and in splendid health."
Nurse F. Kerslake.



"What's that stuff?" was Johnny's remark when breakfast was served on his first visit away from home. "I want my Rice Bubbles!" Mother, frightfully embarrassed, tried to hush him up.



"What are Rice Bubbles?" asked Cousin Jim. "They're good," replied Johnny. "They 'SNAP,' 'CRACKLE' and 'POP' when you pour on the milk! I have two bowls full every morning." "Well, Johnny, you shall have Rice Bubbles tomorrow," said Auntie Martha, "and so can Jim. I think a change would be good for him. He hasn't been looking too well lately."



"I find Kellogg's Rice Bubbles best of all for our family breakfast" said Mother. "Everyone knows rice is one of the best foods there is and Rice Bubbles are so nourishing and easily digested. They save me lots of work, too, for they're all ready to serve from the waxtite packet—fresh and crisp and delicious." Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are sold at all grocers—order some today.



WINNERS OF THE KELLOGG'S RADIO CONTEST

Here they are! Three more lucky people whose 25 words have won for them a beautiful Fisk Radiola!

MRS. COOPER, 193 Bondi Road, Bondi, N.S.W.

"They give the maximum of health and contentment with the minimum of work and expense, which is the aim of every housewife for her family."

MISS LOLA P. EDWARDS, 10 Mitford St., St. Kilda, S2, Melbourne, Victoria.

"The 'Pop' suggests Life! The 'Crackle'—Laughter! The 'Snap'—Zest! What Brighter Breakfast could one have?"

FRANCES M. PAYNE, 44 Eric Street, Northbridge, N.S.W.

"As summer days advance my family becomes dissatisfied about foods, but these wonderfully nutritive tasty products are always welcome for breakfast and with stewed fruits."

The STOLEN MASTERPIECE

Continued from Page 8

AND since you may imagine jests of this nature to be a trifle on the side of bad taste, I suppose that, before going any further, I had better explain about Old Gelatly: I should hate anyone to get a wrong idea of the dear old boy.

John Dewar Gelatly was, and still is, although now he is in his seventies, the firm of Gelatly and Gelatly, solicitors. Once, no doubt, there had been a partner of that name—John Dewar's father—but, in all the time I had known him, he had carried on with the assistance of two middle-aged clerks and a male secretary, without calling in another partner to share the confidences of his clients.

I had come across him while I was still reading for the Bar. For some unaccountable reason—Heaven knows what, for I was a very raw youngster—he had taken a fancy to me, and after I was called he was kindness itself, briefing me whenever a junior counsel's opinion was needed in the affairs of his clients, and, in general, doing a great deal in an unobtrusive way to help me.

This, then, was the man who now stood chuckling and prodding me. At that time, he was in the fifties, so why he was always known as "old" Gelatly, I can't explain; it wasn't even as if he was the kind of prematurely aged fellow to whom the adjective is usually applied.

But to get on. I let him have his laugh out. When he'd finished, I said:

"You know very well I couldn't even dream of buying a thing like that. But what I'm wondering is: where did it come from? I thought I'd heard of all the principal Du Bois that are extant. And this is no minor work."

He cocked his head again, and twinkled knowingly.

"Ahah!" he said.

And by the way he said it, I knew that he had something up his sleeve.

For a moment, he stood like that, looking at me. Then he seemed to come to a decision.

"Come over here."

He led the way to a small alcove at the side of the auction room, a place from which the whole floor could be observed, but in which a conversation could be carried on in privacy. Arrived there:

"I KNOW I can rely on your discretion," he said. "And I want you to regard what I'm going to tell you as a professional confidence. Agreed?" I nodded, and he went on.

"The reason I am telling you is because I know you come here to pick up the kind of stuff you literary fellers rehash into the rubbish you call fiction these days, and even although you won't be able to use this particular story—at any rate, for a long time—it'll interest you. Yes, by Jove! I'll bet a fiver it'll interest you."

I may as well admit that I was interested already, not only by reason of his mysterious manner, but by his very presence. Old Gelatly was no connoisseur, and for him to be at Lippincott's... I waited impatiently for him to go on. He obliged.

"Know why I'm here?" he demanded.

I shook my head.

"Not the faintest idea."

"Just to watch the sale of that picture you've just been admiring."

"But what...?"

He paid no heed to my attempted question.

"Yes, just that. And I can tell you, too, why you've never seen that Du Bois listed. It's the Stolen Masterpiece."

Frankly, I goggled. Old Gelatly paid no heed.

"Yes," he went on. "Much as it sounds like something out of one of your own penny novelettes—how on earth he got the idea I wrote penny novelettes, I don't know—that's what it was dubbed thirty odd years ago when it disappeared. Coming as it did, so soon after the scandal, the theft created quite an amount of interest."

This was all just a bit too much for me. Respectfully but none the less firmly, I cut him short.

"Excuse me," I said, "but all this talk of stolen masterpieces, scandals and thefts is a bit too mixed for my youthful brain. Elucidate."

He took it well enough.

"Well, perhaps I could be clearer," he said. "You'll remember, of

course, the great Breckenridge-Du Bois scandal."

"Breckenridge-Du Bois!" I exclaimed. Then, "Look here, take it that I know nothing, absolutely nothing, and commence at the beginning."

"Dear me!" murmured Old Gelatly, "if anyone had told me when I was a young man that the echoes of that affair would ever die down..." He shrugged and cleared his throat. "Well, well. Time buries all things."

"You dig this particular thing up again," I prompted.

"All right. To get to the beginning, one has to go back forty years. As a follower of the late Du Bois, you will know that at that period he was a man in the late twenties, a very young painter still, but one already on the threshold of recognition as a portrait man."

"Oddly enough, also as you are no doubt aware, it was from the English that he received his first remunerative commission. The Countess of Drumstable admired his work in Paris, sat to him, brought the portrait back to London, and so started a vogue that very soon resulted in Du Bois removing himself from an attic in Montmartre to a comfortable studio in Chelsea. His first commission, after his arrival, came from the Mr. Frederick Lonsdale Breckenridge, a gentleman of considerable social prominence, who desired a portrait of his two daughters, Diana and Beatrix."

"Du Bois accepted. And since, quite apart from all questions of satisfying his artistic conscience, the picture would, if praised by the critics and by potential patrons, serve to establish him in this new country, he took considerable time and pains over it. I think you would be the first to admit that he succeeded in painting a portrait that is at least as fine as anything in his earlier manner."

"As fine!" I exclaimed. After a short silence, "So the sisters were the Misses Diana and Beatrix Breckenridge," I said half to myself. Then, to Gelatly, "The name still means nothing to me."

"Be patient," he said. "Well, to resume, by the time the job was finished, Du Bois found himself on terms of friendship with Breckenridge. The latter was a widower and a man of some culture; Du Bois, as you may have read, or heard, had an engaging personality with all the charm of his race plus the added quality of something which came very near to being genius. This friendship continued, went on, in fact, until Breckenridge died suddenly, about four years after the portrait had been painted."

"When death so unexpectedly deprived the two girls of their father, leaving them orphans, Diana was a shade over nineteen, Beatrix eighteen. You have seen them as Du Bois painted them, and will not deny that they were lovely then. But four years later, when they were just entering on womanhood..." Old Gelatly kissed his fingers, and, strangely enough, the gesture was neither affected nor ridiculous, "they were superb; I knew them then. I knew Du Bois, too, in fact—Gelatly and Gelatly handled, and still handles, the Breckenridge family affairs—and I can honestly say that I have never seen two more beautiful creatures."

"AS a very junior member of the firm, I saw quite a lot of the sisters following the loss of their father. Naturally, there was a lot for us to clear up, even although he had left a will. And, I suppose, at this stage I may as well say that his estate, no inconsiderable one, was divided, as one might expect, between the two daughters."

"Diana had just come out, and had all of London's eligible bachelors at her feet. And, by Jove! there were some who weren't bachelors who'd have thrown their caps over the windmill for her. Beatrix was home, school behind her, but hadn't made her debut at the time her father died. Du Bois was very much the family friend. I remember, both girls, somewhat to the horror of my father, who, I think rather resented it, insisted on his being present at certain of the interviews we found it necessary to have with them."

"Naturally, there was a period of mourning. Diana had to cut short

her round of gaiety, Beatrix to postpone her coming out. They both seemed to take it quite well for high-spirited girls; after all, one can't expect youth to wear sackcloth and ashes for more than a short time."

"But, when the twelve months of mourning was up, came the bombshell: Diana, who could have had the pick of England's young, moneyed aristocracy, announced her engagement to—Philippe Du Bois!"

OLD Gelatly stopped, and stood back with the air of one who has cleverly approached and carried off the climax to the story he has been telling. Taking in his eager expression, his general attitude of triumph, I strove hard to fight down the feeling of anticlimax which, I felt, must be apparent in my face.

"Great Scott!" I said with false heartiness. "Society heiress engaging herself to a foreign dauber! That must have been a scandal in the early nineteenth century."

Gelatly regarded me tolerantly. "My dear boy," he said, "don't try so hard to be condescending. That, although it certainly did cause a lot of talk, was not the scandal."

"Well, the months passed. There was the usual excitement about the trousseau, and so on. Diana, even I could see on those occasions when I had to call on her in the way of business, was passionately in love. The wedding day was fixed, presents came pouring in, the bridal gown made and bridesmaids' frocks all nicely done—you know, all the usual trappings."

"The big day itself arrived. The couple were to be married in a fashionable West End church. I had been invited and was there, so was all of London that mattered."

Please turn to Page 16

Softens your face in hard sunlight—



NEW

"GLARE-PROOF" SHADES

Bright sun casts a hard light on your face—sharpens its lines with hard black shadows.

But—see how Pond's "glare-proof" Powder changes that! Blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun, Pond's Powder softens your face in brightest light. Never shows up harsh and "powdery". Fine in texture, Pond's spreads smooth and even—clings, flattering, for hours.

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. X 28 Box 11311, G.P.O. Melbourne.

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Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"Hey! How did you like the new preacher?"



"Anything new in the paper this morning?"
"No! Only the same old thing happening to different people."

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Gee, she's WALKING in her sleep—and she's got six cars, an aeroplane, and a yacht!"



"So you're going around with that young man from the service station?"
"No; he's given me the air for the last time."

END ALL YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

With

Zam-Buk

DO you realise how much healthier and happier you would be if only your feet were free from the aches, swellings, and pains caused by standing and walking, tight shoes or chafing? Know what real foot comfort means by following this simple precaution.

Each night after bathing the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly, then rub Zam-Buk ointment into the soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin and thus reach the seat of the trouble in the underlying tissues.

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints, ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again wear shoes in comfort. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. All Chemists & Stores



"Honesuck made my feet painful and tender. Even standing caused suffering. Zam-Buk wonderfully strengthened my feet and enabled me to get about in ease and comfort."—Mrs. L. Collins.

"Soft corns and swollen feet caused me agonies of pain. Rubbing in Zam-Buk, after first soaking them in warm water, put my feet in fine condition."—Mrs. A. Harding.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HE had bought a very old car and felt he owned the road. When another driver, whom he had kept behind him for a mile, yelled, "Get your old iron out of the way!" he was furious.

"Look here!" he cried, pulling up. "I demand an apology!"

The other looked pityingly at the dilapidated car. "You've got it!" he said.

"HOW are things, Bill?"

"Rotten, old boy. If they keep on like this, it looks as if my last income tax return will be correct."

"I'm going to give you a cheque for your birthday, George," said Mrs. Newlywed.

"Indeed!" replied her husband. "Yes, here it is—all made out and ready for you to sign."

HUSBAND: Thirteen people out of nineteen need glasses, according to specialists.

Wife: Yes, and the other six drink out of the bottle.

THE big game hunter was at a dance. "I killed four lions in one day," he boasted to his suffering partner.

"How wonderful!" she replied. "Did you tread on them?"

"YOU say your mother-in-law threw a chair at you?" said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir." "And then your wife threw a table at you?"

"Yes, sir." "And what made you leave the house?"

"I saw my daughter looking thoughtfully at the sideboard."

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OR 5 FOR 1/-

The STOLEN MASTERPIECE

Continued from Page 14

"BUT," and here old Gelatly paused impressively before going on, "the guests were the only ones who did put in an appearance. Neither bride nor bridegroom, best man, nor bridesmaids turned up. We were informed that the marriage had unavoidably been postponed. Later that day it leaked out that the bridegroom was missing; had, indeed, left London. The same applied to one of the bridesmaids."

"The most terrible part of the whole thing was that the missing bridesmaid was Beatrix Breckenridge."

Once more Gelatly stood back to observe the effect of his words. What he saw this time must have convinced him that the effect he had been striving for had not failed to come off. I was thinking of that Du Bois painting, seeing in my mind's eye those two girls, both of extreme loveliness, but the elder with a look of pride which augured ill for the effect of such a blow as that.

And the younger one! What forces could have led that child, but five years later, to deal such a blow to her own sister? It was horrible even to think about it. Gelatly was speaking again, in a very subdued voice now.

"You can imagine, perhaps, the scandal. Polite society was shocked to the core, and said so in every drawing-room and boudoir of fashionable London. Conjecture was rife as to Diana's reactions to the blow, but it was only conjecture. She was not seen in public for over a year; even her closest friends were denied access to her."

"I saw her. I had to on matters connected with the estate. Believe me, I never want to see another woman of her calibre under similar conditions. It was not that she was violent; the trouble was that she was quite the contrary. From a high-spirited girl she turned overnight into a woman, beautiful as ever, but one in whom every warm impulse seemed to have been frozen."

OLD Gelatly drew a deep breath and shook himself, as if to rid himself of the memory. I became aware, for the first time, that in the auction room selling had begun, white-haired Lippincott, senior, was on his rostrum conducting business in his usual suave manner; bidding was going on. Strange how one can remain oblivious to activities so close to one. My companion, too, seemed to notice.

"Why, they're bidding," he remarked. "Shall we go out?"

But I was not satisfied. I took the liberty of seizing his lapel.

"Not yet," I said. "You still haven't told me the significance of the 'Stolen Masterpiece' part of it."

"Oh, that!" Old Gelatly shook his head. "It was rather strange really. A few years after the unfortunate occurrence I've just told you of, another misfortune overcame Miss Diana. The Du Bois painting was stolen. The maids went down to the drawing-room one morning to find it gone; cut neatly from the frame. And the strange part about it was that the theft took place on the night the news was published in London that Du Bois had died in Provence. Queer coincidence?"

"Very queer," I agreed. "But how does it come to turn up in Lippincott's?"

Gelatly shook his head.

"That's one of the mysteries of the art business," he said. "The story is that it was discovered in the shop of some tenth-rate dealer in one of the suburbs. Somebody saw it, recognised it as a Du Bois, and here it is. The question of property rights will be settled after the sale—Miss Diana has agreed to that."

"Oh," I said, "I'd have thought the insurance people would have had something to say about that."

He shrugged. "It wasn't insured at the time it was stolen, consequently there was no claim. I needn't remind you that Du Bois canvases have only been rated really valuable investments over the past twenty years."

Outside in the auction room there was a lull. Then came the drone of Lippincott's professional voice. Old Gelatly seized me excitedly by the arm.

"You hear that?" he demanded. "The Du Bois is up!"

I had heard. I made a step forward to go on to the room floor, but Gelatly seized my arm.

"Stay here," he urged. "You'll see everything. And there's something I want particularly to show you. Look!" He pointed. "See the group of chairs? Yes? Well, take the second row from the front, third from the other end. You see the dignified elderly person sitting there?"

"The oldish, handsome woman in black silk with the white collar?" I asked. "Grey hair, so far as I can gather and . . ."

"Yes, yes!" He cut me short impatiently. Then, without further preamble: "Diana Breckenridge."

If old Gelatly had been carefully planning this surprise he could not have brought it off with greater effect. There is something about a picture, a good picture, which seems to endow it with a timeless quality; even listening to his story of the two Breckenridge girls I had seen them in my mind's eye as the two young girls of Du Bois' painting; the thought of them ageing, of the years marring that fresh youthful loveliness, had not occurred to me. And now, Gelatly was pointing out a woman in her mid-fifties as Diana Breckenridge! It came as something of a shock.

BUT I recovered quickly—one does—and looked again to see that even now Miss Breckenridge retained something of the quality which Du Bois had put into her portrait. The wreck of earlier beauty was there, a distinction which set her apart from all those about her and certainly all the pride and imperiousness which had been hers as a girl. Life may not have dealt kindly with her, but she had not surrendered to it. Old Gelatly was speaking, very softly.

"Yes, that's Diana. Unchanged in essence. First she lost a lover who was on the eve of becoming her husband. Later, with the upset caused by the war and one thing and another—her own prodigal generosity, always anonymous, of course, played a part—she lost the greater part of what her father left her, too. You'd never guess it to look at her, would you, but she's actually in straitened circumstances."

I must have shown my bewilderment, for he went on quickly:

"I know, you're wondering why. In that case, she's here. You'll see in a moment."

I heard Lippincott intoning.

"... this fine example of the artist Du Bois' work, 'The Sisters.' Ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered? Will somebody commence the bidding?"

Gelatly's voice cut in again.

"Just a minute. The bidding won't get exciting for a while. Take a look to your left. About fifteen feet away. Can you see the well-dressed woman with the handsome escort, the woman who is gesticulating?"

I looked, and saw the person he was pointing out: a woman certainly past middle-age, but obviously striving to appear younger. Her dress and jewellery betokened very good circumstances, the haggard remnants of beauty remaining to her, a life that had been lived to the full, and which was still being squeezed for the last drop of sensation. A young man of, I should imagine, South American extraction, stood at her side talking just as animatedly as she. As I looked at her, realisation came.

"Not Beatrix Breckenridge!" I exclaimed.

"Mrs. Montgomery," Old Gelatly said, "widow of the late James Oden Montgomery, American chain store magnate, widow of the late distinguished artist, Philippe Du Bois, and originally Beatrix Breckenridge."

"Well, I'll be . . ."

"Yes, yes," he cut in quickly. "I know. Dramatic, isn't it? But wait; you'll see something more dramatic still."

To my astonishment, I saw that he was actually trembling with excitement. Old Gelatly, incredibly, but true! Moreover, he forgot me as soon as he had spoken, and leant forward so as to miss no detail of the scene before us.

Bidding was now brisk. Listening to my companion, I had not noticed at what price the Du Bois had been started, but when I turned my attention to the auction, I dis-

covered that fifteen hundred guineas had been offered.

"Fifteen hundred, ladies and gentlemen. Fifteen hundred guineas for this perfect example of Du Bois at his best. Surely, this picture will not be allowed to go for so ridiculously low a figure. Ah!"

Following the direction of his gaze, I saw Miss Breckenridge lean forward ever so slightly.

"Seventeen hundred and fifty," she said in a low, clear voice.

As soon as she spoke, I knew that this marked her entry into the bidding; I could not have failed to note those tones had I heard them before. Lippincott gave no sign of the pleasure he must have felt at having two hundred and fifty guineas added, in one bid, to the previous amount offered—that suave imperturbability was one of his major assets.

"Seventeen hundred and fifty guineas," he intoned. "I am offered seventeen hundred and fifty."

Out of the corner of my eye I caught a movement to my left. Even after this lapse of time I remember that I connected it with Beatrix Breckenridge, or rather Mrs. Montgomery, and remember, too, the conviction born at the same moment, that here was the drama Old Gelatly had forecast. As things turned out, my conviction was justified. I turned in time to see the handsome escort bend to catch the words Mrs. Montgomery murmured to him. Then:

"Two thousand," he offered.

Please turn to Page 18

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Prime Minister and Dame Enid Lyons in Their Garden



• **THE PRIME MINISTER**, Mr. Lyons, and his wife, Dame Enid Lyons, in the garden of their home at Devonport, Tasmania, where they are now spending a fortnight's holiday, the first they have had in a strenuous year. This intimate and exclusive picture was taken for *The Australian Women's Weekly*. The rhododendron is the Prime Minister's favorite flower, and his number one preference among rhododendrons is "Pink Pearl," which he is admiring. Dame Enid is smilingly endorsing her husband's choice. See story Page 4.

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The STOLEN MASTERPIECE

Continued from Page 16

THERE was a swaggering, challenging quality to his voice that seemed to be apparent to everyone in the crowd. I saw numbers of heads go round to look at him, and to take in the lady at his side.

Miss Diana was not among those who turned. I know, because I watched her. She sat there, very still and dignified, waiting until the excited buzz which followed that flamboyant bid had died down. When the room was quieter:

"Two thousand five hundred," she offered.

A gasp went up. I must admit that I came near to joining in it. I think that only Gelatly's presence at my side prevented me from showing my astonishment in the same way as the others had done.

But those who gasped might well have kept their display of amazement for later; things began to move now at a pace which made it difficult for the usually unruffled Lippincott to maintain his pose of Olympian aloofness. The salesroom was still agog when Mrs. Montgomery, the ravages of the years showing up even more plainly in consequence of the excitement under which she was obviously laboring, said something to the Latin-American. He nodded, smiling widely to show gleaming white teeth.

"Three thousand guineas," he called, and then stood preening himself under the battery of eyes turned upon him.

Strangely enough, no buzz of comment greeted this bid. The people at Lippincott's that afternoon were, in the main, connoisseurs, buyers who knew values, and at three thousand, the duel for the Du Bois had gone beyond the stage of muttered speculation. Even the duldest mentality there must have realised that there was more in this affair than the ordinary anxiety of a collector to buy a particular picture, and, as is usual in such situations, a tense stillness seemed to settle on the crowd.

The earlier bidders had dropped out—naturally enough. Attention was now divided between the drawn Beatrix Montgomery and her young attendant, and Miss Breckenridge. The latter gave no sign of being aware that there was anything unusual in the atmosphere. When she spoke again, it was in the quiet, cultivated voice in which she had made her first offer.

"Three thousand two hundred and fifty," she said clearly.

I SAW that the South American gentleman was about to cap it immediately. Beatrix, however, stopped him, laying a hand upon his arm. On his rostrum, Lippincott saw the gesture, too, and seemed to take it that she was not prepared to go further.

"I am offered three thousand two hundred and fifty guineas," he said quietly, "Is there any advance on that. Three . . ."

The South American cleared his throat. I saw Beatrix Montgomery shoot a look at her sister—a look more charged with venom than any I had seen before or have seen since, one of utter hatred.

"Four thousand guineas!"

A sigh went up from that tense crowd. At my side Old Gelatly stirred and muttered to himself. I caught the words:

"The end."

There was a world of feeling and pain even in them, but if they were wrung from him by pity for Diana Breckenridge, she gave very little indication of needing his or anybody else's sympathy. She sat quite still for a moment when she heard the bid, and then, without so much as a glance at her sister, or a negative shake of the head to Lippincott, rose and moved calmly from her seat, past rows of curiously-staring people, and out of the sale-room. It was a perfect exit: calm, dignified, self-possessed to the last. She must have heard Lippincott's voice declaring the Du Bois sold as she passed through the door.

Curiously enough, I recollect very little of the rest of that day. I remember Old Gelatly taking leave of me immediately after "The Sisters" went to Beatrix Montgomery, but beyond that, I'm a blank. This is queer when you come to think of how clearly the earlier events of the afternoon have stuck on my mind.

There is, of course, one logical enough explanation. Gelatly's story and the dramatic moments follow-

ing immediately upon it were so vivid as to make quite colorless anything that came after. And then, again, the succeeding morning brought another shock which, while it revived in clearest detail every particular of the Breckenridge affair, as I had heard it and seen it, naturally reduced to nothing anything which might have occurred in the intervening few hours.

The morning papers carried the whole story!

Not just an account of the highly successful sale at Lippincott's of Du Bois' "The Sisters," but particulars of the thirty-five-year-old scandal which was its prelude. The more sedate journals confined themselves to a discreet reference to the past; the yellow Press, on the other hand, went the whole hog, screaming across their pages lurid details of sisterly treachery, a broken heart, hatred long suppressed but glowing. And, of course, the ending was made to order for them, the picture they drew of Diana Breckenridge waiting, even at the expense of her remaining capital, to buy the picture by her former lover, only to be cheated of it by the sister who had robbed her of the lover himself, was everything that a sentimental public could have desired. One thing about it was that Beatrix must have been feeling deuced uncomfortable about the publicity.

The thing that puzzled me, however, was: where had the papers got all this stuff? Granted that some old-timer had heard of yesterday's sale, remembered the name Breckenridge, and searched old files for his material—granted that, he would hardly have been likely to share his scoop with every rival pressman.

Further, there were details in the cheaper rags, circumstantial items such as some of those I had heard from Gelatly, which could not have been known to the newspapers or public even at the time the Beatrix-Du Bois elopement took place. And yet, here they were appearing now, thirty-five years later.

At first, my reaction was one of plain astonishment. Then other implications began to rise up before me. Would not Old Gelatly be thinking along the same lines? And would it not be natural for him—knowing me to be earning money on the side as a writer—to suspect me of a horrible breach of confidence? Even before the thought had formulated itself properly in my mind, I had my hat on and was making a bee-line for his offices.

He was there when I arrived, and I saw, as soon as I was shown in, that he was aware of every wretched word that had been written—his room was strewn with papers. At his invitation, I sat down and plunged straight away into the subject which had brought me over to him. But my stammered remarks did not seem to interest him, I had not uttered more than a few sentences when he stopped me with upraised hand.

"My dear boy," he said, "save your breath; of course, I don't think for a moment that you have breathed a word of what I told you. No," he passed a hand over his bald head, "No, it is not so simple as that. Why, there are things here," his contemptuous gesture swept over the scattered papers, "which I did not tell you; one or two of which I even did not know myself, but which I can tell are the truth."

HE paused, and then, looking at me strangely, he concluded.

"It is all very puzzling, very puzzling indeed."

It was, I stayed some little time talking it over with him, and left. As I was going, his last words were:

"Perhaps, some day, we will discover how all this got out."

He was not to know how soon this knowledge was to come to him. Actually he was to learn everything about that extraordinary business within less than a week.

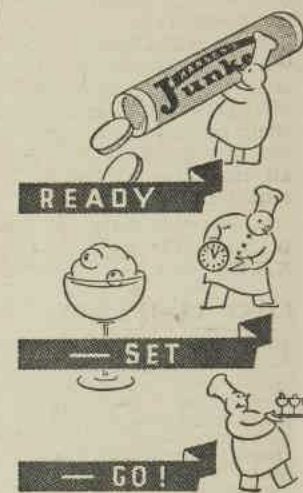
It was, to be exact, four days after the publication of that story—five after the sale—that enlightenment came. It arrived in the train of the final act of what I have always thought of since at the Breckenridge tragedy.

I was sitting over a chop at Smithers—it was my invariable rule in those days to lunch there—when George, the waiter, came to tell me

that I was wanted on the telephone. This was a strange enough thing; times were different then; a man could usually depend upon being allowed to enjoy his food in peace. But an even greater surprise awaited me when I reached the instrument; it was Old Gelatly who was calling me, Gelatly who abominated telephones as newfangled nuisances, and who refused to have one either in his office or his home. He wanted to see me immediately.

I lost no time in getting to his office. The senior of his two clerks, very grave of face, showed me in to him. I found him sitting slumped in his chair, and, for the first time in all the years I had known him, he looked as if the "Old" which always prefixed his name was apt.

Please turn to Page 20



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Coloured, flavoured Junkets are the newest solution to the hot weather dessert problem. All you have to do to have tempting, delicious sweets is to prepare junket in the usual way, flavour it with Chocolate, Coffee, Vanilla or Raspberry, place to set in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream and fruit, jelly or nuts. Serve this sensible summer sweet often.

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Normal weight means normal health and activity. If you are getting fat and slack, the cause may be a congested state of your intestinal tract. Overweight people are much troubled with constipation, which, through the absorption of waste matter into the system, causes sick headache, biliousness, pimply skin, bad breath, unhealthy fat and slowness.

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LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

SECRET OF CONTENT

OF all the millions of people in the world, each one is secretly striving to excel. In every walk of life we guard jealously the secret of our successes and watch the rising generation commit the same follies that saddened our own tender years.

What chance has the really talented person among us? The genius, whose place should be upon the topmost rung of the ladder of fame, is oppressed by his more fortunate "betters" who are too paltry to acknowledge talent in anyone but themselves.

We cannot all rise to the top. Why then should we not extend a helping hand to those of superior intelligence? Let them profit by our experience, for only in this way shall we all reap the harvest of contentment.

£1 for this letter to Lorna H. Jones, 134 Hall St., Bondi, N.S.W.

LOST PROPERTY

IT is startling to find that, in the great majority of advertisements for lost property, a reward is promised. Must it be accepted as the proper practice for a finder to withhold return, after the loser becomes known, unless paid to make restitution?

Certainly the owner may be expected to pay expenses incurred by the finder in returning the article, but the idea that the finder should be entitled to, or even expect, a share of the loser's property, implies either the actual existence of a very low standard of honesty on the part of the community or a remarkably jaundiced outlook on the part of the losers generally.

Miss H. Beer, Sherwin St., Henley, N.S.W.

BREATHING SPACES

WITH the return of summer, I think that all our parks should be well lit and thrown open to the public. After a scorching day in the house, many women would welcome a stroll there in the cool of the evening.

With our unrivalled climate, outdoor entertainments could also be staged, and would prove a boon to weary workers from airless buildings.

Our parks could be made very attractive with better lighting, and more facilities for obtaining light refreshments, but unfortunately those open at night are so badly lit that women hesitate to use them.

Miss Gladys Amey, c/o Mr. R. D. Douglas, Ann Street, Valley, Brisbane.

WHAT OF FUTURE?

ONE often hears young girls say: "I don't care what I look like when I am an old woman. It's now that counts."

Is this every modern girl's outlook? Do they all put their efforts into being lovely now, forgetting that the results of their labors may be rather terrible in later life?

When one sees how a well-cared-for-looking, middle-aged woman is admired one may wonder at the young girl's carelessness.

Miss S. Ryan, 72 Gipps St., East Melbourne, Vic.

GAIN POISE

WHAT a true saying, "Clothes make the man." Who does not feel more confident when arrayed in their best, knowing they look right, than when they are "caught on the hop," in working clothes, and perhaps untidy?

When well dressed you can face the world, but when you are not you lose your self-assurance.

O. Jenkins, 592 Lower Malvern Rd., Darling, N.S.W.

What of the "Kitchen Tea" Craze?

I DISAGREE with Miss Armstrong, who says that "Kitchen Teas" are becoming a nightmare (23/10/37). People are seldom invited to any of these teas unless they are friends of either the bride-to-be or her fiancé, and surely nobody minds giving some little gift to one of their friends.

If a bride is given seven or eight teas, as Miss Armstrong says frequently happens, she must be held in such high esteem by her friends that she deserves all the presents she receives.

Miss A. Parker, Box 21, Maryborough, Qld.

Doesn't Mind Friends

EVIDENTLY Miss Armstrong has been called upon to attend too many pre-wedding teas for mere acquaintances.

Personally, if a friend of mine is being married, I cannot attend too many teas in her honor. I don't mind the extra expenditure.

But, like Miss Armstrong, I resent being dragged into a "tea" for someone who is not a friend, just to swell the throng and increase the presents.

Katherine Brown, Angus Street, Adelaide.

Gifts Inexpensive

DON'T you think, Miss N. C. Armstrong, that you overstress the harm done by the "Kitchen Tea" craze?

After all, the gifts usually given at a kitchen or linen tea are inexpensive, and most girls are only too glad to give something to a bride-to-be.

M. Shoebridge, 21 Kennedy Street, Kingsford, N.S.W.

Unhappy Bride

YOU are right, Miss Armstrong. I am sure "Kitchen Teas" have proved embarrassing for more than one bride.

Apart from consideration of the donor's pocket, what of the bride-to-be, who knows the financial position of her friends and yet cannot do anything about it, as each "tea" is planned as a surprise for her?

More often than not, too, the gifts are duplicated.

Miss Janet Webb, 27 Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

Be Independent

YES, Miss N. C. Armstrong, the "Kitchen Tea" craze is being carried too far. It is just a conspiracy to get as many acquaintances as possible to contribute to the furnishing of the home. It is all the more insidious because it has the seal of social habit.

Why can't brides adopt a more independent attitude to marriage? The



Pity the donors!

quite commonplace fact that a girl is getting married should not enforce on her friends the need to open their purses or upset their bank accounts.

Mrs. D. A. Halbert, 34 Drake St., Elwood S3, Melbourne.

Happy Idea

OFTEN kitchen teas are a useful way of entertaining the bride-to-be's friends from the office or social club, who cannot be invited to the wedding.

One has good friends among young people, but owing to the numerous relations who must be invited, cannot afford to have them all to the wedding.

One is required to bring only a small present, after all, and I think the fun of "getting together" among young people is well worth it.

Miss Elma Eustace, Bayview Terrace, Claremont, W.A.

Wedded Bliss Versus Single Blessedness

NO doubt Mrs. Leask is right when she says (23/10/37) that the majority of women are happier when they are married—after they reach the 30 mark, anyway. Before that, young girls, on the whole, do not think of married life, or feel the need of a home at all unless they have always lived under very hard conditions, and never had any home life at all.

Then the need of love, companionship, and their own home asserts itself, for very few girls can be happy without these things.

Mrs. Henry, P.O., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

Sense of "Belonging"

A SINGLE girl can enjoy that sense of "belonging," which Mrs. Leask apparently thinks is the greatest happiness of a woman's life. She has her own family, her own friends, and her own important niche in the world—and, in addition, can live just as she chooses without being tied to monotonous, ungenial home duties.

How can one compare the exuberance of the average happy single girl

Man, the Optimist

HAS it ever occurred to readers just how much more optimistic and how much happier men are than women? There is the tendency to the brighter side of life. They overlook trifles which, to a woman's sensitive nature, would be of great importance. Their love affairs may be many and disappointing, but still they wear a smile and look with contempt on the easily-hurt nature of woman. They are in the enviable position!

Miss J. C. Clarke, 1st Floor, Kembla Building, 58 Margaret St., Sydney.

with the settled content of her married sister?

Vera Simmons, Margaret Street, Launceston, Tas.

Worries of Office

AS a business girl I quite agree with you, Mrs. Leask. There are times when one grows very weary of the office routine, and longs for the peace and quiet of a home of one's own.

But I think that after the busy office life "relaxing" at home would be rather boring. One gets so used to the hustle and bustle of a business that time would hang heavily on one's hands.

Miss J. Henry, Box 233B, G.P.O., Newcastle, N.S.W.

Never Satisfied

THE curious paradox exists in life that a woman never feels entirely happy until she is married, but often afterwards regrets the step that cost her her freedom.

I am afraid most women—and possibly men—are never quite satisfied with whatever life they lead, and are always longing for the unattainable.

And anyway, we cannot generalise as to whether women are happier, married or single. Different natures react in different ways.

Miss Fairfax, Seafield Ave., Kingswood, S.A.

True Bliss

MARRIAGE undoubtedly gives a woman a sense of fulfilment that she can never have when single, however busy her life. In the rearing of her children and the caring for her husband, she enjoys a deeper happiness than she does leading the selfish, pleasure-bent life of a single woman.

The latter spends her life in a mad hunt for pleasure, but a married woman finds happiness in simple things and in being the mainspring of her family.

Mrs. Noakes, Heytesbury Street, Subiaco, W.A.

Advice On How To Keep One's Friends

THERE is some sound advice in Miss Cagney's letter on how to keep friends (23/10/37).

I agree with her that one should hesitate to ask favors from friends, and I think this is one of the rocks on which many a friendship has foundered.

But I think the sharing of confi-



At the end of her tether!

dences, joys and sorrows is the very basis of friendship.

Mary Mortlock, Walker St., Maryborough, Qld.

Essence of Friendship

I DO not agree with Miss Eileen Cagney's statement that we should be chary of asking favors from friends. A mutual exchange of favors is the very essence of friendship. Without this, friendship cannot thrive.

Of course, real friends are those who stand by and offer help when trouble comes. But even our closest friends cannot always be expected to anticipate our wishes.

Amy King, Curramutta, Cox's River, Burragorang, N.S.W.

Mutual Aid

I HAVE never found real friends hard to keep, but I am not chary of calling on their help. At the same time, I do not "maintain a certain reserve," as Miss Cagney advises. Were I not to call on their help—giving them thereby every right to call on mine—they would be hurt.

Such friendship brings the greatest happiness.

Augusta Hopmere, 32 Johnston St., Annandale, N.S.W.

STRANGE SPEECH

EVEN more irritating than the much-discussed grammatical errors and mispronunciations is the faulty vocabulary—due to laziness—of the average person.

Such adjectives as "lovely" and "nice" are lamentably overworked, being applied indiscriminately to anything from a sunset to a pudding. As an example of sheer incongruity, I quote the recent remark of a radio announcer: "I just love thunderstorms because the lightning is so pretty."

If we would take the trouble to choose aptly descriptive words and phrases, conversations and letters would be more colorful, varied—and entertaining.

Lilian Sutton, 76 Algernon Street, Oatley, N.S.W.

ARE FLATS UGLY?

WHY do modern architects show such a lack of imagination and of progressive ideas? Everywhere one sees blocks of flats being reared which are not only ugly, but very expensive as well.

The interior of the modern home is also too often designed with a complete lack of imagination. Instead of one large living-room, small bedrooms and kitchen, and plenty of verandah space we find the interior divided up with mathematical precision, and unnecessary space wasted on halls and passages.

Miss M. Berry, 17 Bond St., Sydney.

ANSWER THESE!

AN admirer of this lovely country, a Dutch woman would nevertheless like to ask you some questions:

Why aren't the power points in your houses out of reach of children; put as high as the points for the electric lights, for example?

Why don't your blind people carry thick, white-painted walking-sticks? Even in Paris, in parts where the traffic is most congested, you can see them walking alone, watched and helped by everybody.

Why aren't your front doors made with a little grille so that a woman alone has not always to open the door if she doesn't want to?

Mrs. G. Rentmeester-Wynman, 2 Holdsworth Ave., North Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.



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complete instructions for using these exquisite preparations as followed by salon experts in the Three Flowers Beauty booklet.

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(Face Creams in jars or tubes.)



"SIT down," he

said. obeyed. There was a heavy silence for a few seconds, and then: "Diana Breckenridge is dead," he announced.

"Dead!" he passed over my astounded exclamation. His fingers were turning and re-turning a few sheets of paper that lay in front of him.

"Yes, I've just come from the home." He looked up at me suddenly. "I'll want your help," he said.

"Of course," I stammered. "Anything I..."

"You don't understand," he went on in a curiously flat voice. "It's suicide. I think some of the family have enough influence, combined with what little I possess, to be able to get the more, er, reputable papers to keep quiet about that aspect of the affair, and I thought that perhaps you, with your con-

The STOLEN MASTERPIECE

Continued from
Page 18

nections among editors and journalists, might be able to assist with some of the other journals which might be inclined..."

"Of course," I said. "I can't promise anything, naturally. But I'll..."

He waved me to silence. "It may not be necessary," he said, still in that flat voice, "but I'm glad to know that you'll do what you can if it should be."

There was nothing to say to that. I sat there wondering whether I should go or not, and was just beginning to feel for my hat when Gelatly spoke again.

"Not that I think Diana would have cared one iota, whether all the papers in the world announced her suicide, but there's the family to consider—cousins, you know, of the

same name. Well thought of people, Sussex."

He seemed about to go into another fit of brooding, but roused himself to say, quite casually:

"She's left the Du Bois to the Tate Gallery."

"She's what!"

I goggled. There's no other word for it.

"But," I stammered when speech became possible, "surely Mrs. Montgomery didn't part..."

"Mrs. Montgomery never owned it," Old Gelatly said.

The utter bewilderment into which I was plunged by this astounding remark seemed to stir the old boy, there were even signs of a sardonic smile about the corners of his lips as he leant forward and tapped the papers on his desk.

"I only knew myself an hour ago," he said. "Diana left me this letter. The picture that was sold at Lippincott's was a copy, painted by Du Bois himself, but not the original." For quite a few seconds he sat forward like that, watching my mental floundering. Then, as if speech would perhaps help him overcome his own feelings, he began to talk.

"Old Breckenridge, when Du Bois painted 'The Sisters' had a copy done. He purposed that, after his death, the original should go to Diana, the copy to Beatrix. I, of course, was aware of the existence of the second picture; it differed from the first only in one particular. You know that sometimes Du Bois signed his canvases, sometimes he put his mark on them: a tiny swallow in one corner. Well both these are signed Du Bois, but the original has the swallow as well. I can swear to that."

"Even before Beatrix and Du Bois eloped, the two girls were quarrelling about the ownership of the original. I thought at the time that it was merely a matter of each of them wanting to possess a Du Bois original, but after events convinced me that it was really jealousy over Du Bois himself that led to the wrangles for possession. Beatrix got the man, but she failed to get the picture."

"AS for Diana, I am convinced that, up to the time of Du Bois' death, she had an idea that he might come back to her, deserting Beatrix as he once deserted her. She kept the picture in its place on the wall as a kind of symbol of proprietorship, something to cling to. When he died, the significance of the painting went with him; the night she heard the news, she tells me in this letter," he tapped the papers, "she went to the library without anyone seeing her, cut the canvas from its frame, and locked it away. The maids, coming down next morning, assumed it to have been stolen. Seeing that it was not insured, and not wishing to explain her true reasons, Diana was content to let the world accept that story."

"All this time, you must understand, there had been no talk of the copy. I myself thought that Beatrix had taken it with her when she left with Philippe. It passed out of my mind, forgotten until, to-day, in fact," Old Gelatly said, "I'm sure that Diana herself had forgotten about it until she read in the papers that Beatrix was back in London. That news must have brought every detail of the past back to her."

He stopped for a moment, drumming his fingers on the table. "Just how the idea occurred to her, I don't know," he resumed. "Women think along queer lines. But Beatrix had ruined her life, had triumphed over her, made her the object of derision when they were both young women. She determined to turn the tables, banking on the fact that the old feeling about the Du Bois picture, symbol of the man over whom they had contended, would still be alive in her sister's breast."

"She had the copy sold to—and planted on, I suppose, would be the better phrase—a dealer who would be sure to recognise its supposed value and to buy it for a song thinking to make a whacking profit. Well, he's made his profit all right. Where she had to gamble was on the possibility of Beatrix not getting to hear of it being put up for auction."

"But even there she was on fairly sure ground; ever since her association with Philippe, Beatrix has posed as a patroness of the Arts, and has kept in touch with that world. She's had the money to do it."

"At all events, Beatrix fell into the trap. She came to the sale. If she even remembered the copy, she must have dismissed it from her mind when she saw Diana there at the sale, and heard her bid. As for Lippincott and his experts—well, there was no ground for them to think that they were selling anything but what they thought they were selling. The picture, as you yourself saw, was an obvious Du Bois and signed to boot."

"Well, you saw what happened. Diana forced the price up to four thousand and then let it go. It seemed that Beatrix had triumphed again."

"Then next day, those newspaper stories. Yes, Diana again. Once a woman sets out to get her own back, she'll sacrifice anything: personal pride, family name, anything at all. It was all part of her plan. The

whole world was made to know the story of that picture and the Breckenridge sisters. Beatrix was made out to have achieved another victory; she was put right into the limelight."

"Yes," Gelatly said softly. "In the limelight. She's still there; it was only four days ago that the papers were full of the sale of the picture and its history."

"It will be in the news again tomorrow. Only this time, Diana will be the victor, Beatrix the dupe. Beatrix will be shown as the woman who used every effort to get what she wanted, who spent four thousand guineas as others would spend four thousand pence to thwart her sister, and who, from all this, emerges with something that is worthless. You can see the subtlety of it, can't you?"

I nodded. Yes, I could see the subtlety of it. My mind went back to that scene in Lippincott's. I saw again the look of flaring hatred Beatrix Montgomery had darted at her sister, the vengeful triumph with which she had watched that sister leave the sale-room, apparently defeated again, and again, after thirty-five years, publicly. And I imagined how Beatrix Montgomery would feel when she learnt of the way in which she had been tricked."

Old Gelatly caught up the thread of my thoughts.

"Yes," he said, "she'll take it hardly. It would be bad enough if she were to be the only one to know of the outcome of this rivalry, but the publicity, coming as an anticlimax to that of the other day..."

"The publicity?" I said. "Strangely enough, that aspect of the matter had not occurred to me. Old Gelatly nodded."

"Diana's willing of the picture to the Tate will be made public. And do you think there's a newspaper being published which won't play up a story like that?"

I nodded. It needed very little imagination to picture the headlines. Gelatly was speaking again.

"The whole story, unabridged except for the suicide, will make fine reading at millions of breakfast tables."

"The whole story!" I said incredulously. "But how will the papers get that? With Diana dead, who's going to give them the details that you've just given me?"

Old Gelatly looked at me sombrely.

"I am," he said, "you!"

The idea was incredible. Gelatly, irreproachable family solicitor, a man who loathed the popular Press, voluntarily laying bare to reporters the final secrets of the feud between Diana and Beatrix Breckenridge! I couldn't swallow it. But he nodded again, and shuffled the papers on his table.

"I AM," he said again. "It was the last thing she asked me to do. Here in this letter." He tapped the papers. "I served her for nearly forty years," he went on, "and I'll carry out her last wish. She knew I would. Before she died, I'm as certain as I am that you're sitting opposite to me that Diana Breckenridge knew that her final gesture of triumph would be publicised as she wished it to be publicised. You see," he said, "it's what I felt to be touching pride, I'd never failed her. I couldn't start now, however repugnant to me might be the thing she has written down for me to do. Beatrix won't escape one jot of the humiliation Diana planned for her."

He fell silent. I sat there striving to get this new Gelatly into focus. It was hard. Even now, the man's actions were contradictory; on the one hand, he was striving to protect the Breckenridge name from the stigma of suicide; at the same time, he was willing to drag that name through the mud by giving out still further details of sisterly hate and rivalry."

I looked at him and noted the age which had fallen upon him so suddenly.

"For her to be so sure of you," I said, "you must have served her very faithfully."

It was then that Old Gelatly gave me the shock which transcended all the others of that morning.

"Served her faithfully?" he repeated, and laughed. It was not the kind of laugh one likes to hear on the lips of one's friends. "Why, you fool, I loved her!"

I just sat there. What was there to say?

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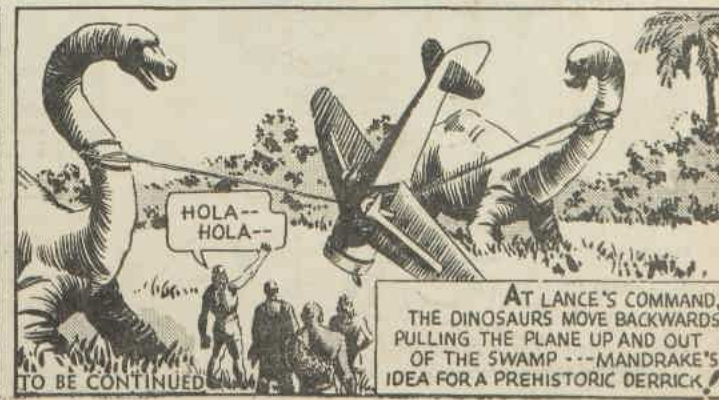
Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and his Nubian servant, **LOTHAR:** Go to the South Pole to rescue **MOLLY BRUNSWICK:** Airwoman. They walk through a wall of steam into a prehistoric world, find Molly living there, and meet **LANCE:** Member of the super race of ero-magnons, who tells them his race has been enslaved by a gang of ruffians, led by **CLEM STONE:** Former American pilot. Stone tells Man-

drake that there is a solid lake of oil under the country, and that he intends to get all he can of it before he leaves. Mandrake leaves the camp, stealthily followed by **BARNEY:** Vicious henchman of Stone, and tells Molly and Lance that the country is doomed—that if Stone continues to drill oil wells the land will freeze over. Molly and Lance are in despair. At that moment one of Lance's pet dinosaurs appears. NOW READ ON.



"WHAT matter as long as it is war," said Savaran. "A soldier must use his sword."

"Are we so feeble that we turn to a thing of the gutters?" said Ali. "I hear you made the same pretty offer to the Sultan of Durshan. And I hear his opinion of you was no higher than a halter round your braggart neck, and a whipping to the border."

"His opinion will change," said Savaran, his face dark. "I am remembering Bir-Hiriri of Durshan, and the memory of Savaran is no pleasant thing."

"Then add me to your memory, offal dog," snarled Ali Agha, and slashed his face with a whip. "We Arabs need no scum of Christian dregs to teach us the art of war. Away with you. To-morrow I send you to the rock quarries of the mountains, we will see then how thy great spirit conquers the mountain sun and the overseer's lash. That is all I think the great Savaran is fit for, slave work."

"I think," said Savaran, with a hard light in his eyes, "you are going to change your opinion, too."

Thus did Savaran, that free-lance adventurer, that Francois Villon of Africa, whose many strange adventures on barbaric thrones and in stinking prisons, in jungle and desert, would make a book as incredible and as entertaining as the "Arabian Nights," come to Al-Zahal.

As he sat in a corner of the swarming, smelly gaol-yard of the carcel, he kept his usual brazen front, but inside he was not so happy. Mula-Grim, brigand, his companion there, was disheartening.

"Yea, they guard us loosely enough," said Mula-Grim. "It would be easy to break one of this kasbah, but what would it avail, O spawn of Infidels? West and south are the Tauregs and their desert, and both mean death to a fugitive. North and half the border to the east are the Durshans, for the moment friendly to Al-Zahal. It will not be a halter but a knife they will apply to your throat if you return. For the remainder of the eastern frontier are the French. And I recall the French have put a price on your head."

"They, as well as others," shrugged

THE LADY JASMINE

Continued
from Page 7

Savaran. "What of Al-Zahal itself; are the people so friendly to Ali Agha?"

"Not so friendly, but his sword is over them. And he has given them licence to hunt Christian dogs, and that is always a pretty pastime for the Arab. He wants them to be friendly to the Durshans, whom they fear. That was a bad mistake of yours, threatening Bir-Hiriri."

"How so? I thought Al-Zahal hated him and his tribe?"

"Yea, in their hearts," grinned Mula-Grim. "Maybe with their swords, too, if Ali Agha's plan succeeds, but now they are lip-brothers. See, this young milk-eagle, Ali Agha, dreams of himself as Khalifa, the leader of a Holy War that will make him a conqueror instead of the mere mouth of a girl. Bir-Hiriri is to be the first stepping stone to it."

"THAT beardless girl-man!" scoffed Savaran. "How can he lead anywhere but to the sherbet cups?"

"That is it," said Mula-Grim. "Bir-Hiriri is a soft fool leading a powerful tribe. That tribe has been taxed by the French and groans for revenge. Bir-Hiriri will be forced into war, but he is not so eager. Ali Agha wants war for it will mean glory. He is trying to persuade Bir-Hiriri to war by promising the aid of the Al-Zahal. He feels that a man of his fighting craft and fire will make him the natural leader in the field. Bir-Hiriri will then be pushed into the background, presently to be pushed out of the world altogether. Ali Agha will become Sultan of both Al-Zahal and Durshan by the right of might. He will be a great man at last—not the servant of a woman."

"And will he succeed?" asked Savaran.

"It is a pretty problem," grinned Mula-Grim, "for it balances on the whim of that woman, Ali's cousin, the Lady Jasmine, who rules the Al-Zahal."

"A woman," said Savaran, his eyes brightening; he always felt happier

when there was a woman in the case.

"Yea, the daughter of the old Sultan," Mula-Grim went on. "A lotus for looks, they say, yet a serpent for brains. . . . Yea, a pretty situation. Bir-Hiriri wants her. He will link up with Al-Zahal and fight the French if he can marry her. Ali Agha is not so foolish; he knows that with the Lady Jasmine goes the mastery of the Al-Zahal, and that is what Bir-Hiriri is really after. Ali plans to marry the Lady Jasmine himself. So, suspended by a woman's hair, the plotting hangs for the moment."

"Yea, a pretty situation," said Savaran, "and the maid is lovely, you say? A situation after Savaran's heart. I would I could get to the Lady Jasmine."

"You will get to the mountains and be dead in a month, instead," grinned Mula-Grim. "Think not of follies, but of your sins, Savaran."

"That is so," sighed Savaran, "time presses. I have only enough to plan my escape from this accursed lair of a prison."

"And even that is a folly beyond happy issue," said Mula-Grim. "You cannot get free."

"There is no folly beyond Savaran," said the tattered conqueror. "None that cannot give him a stepping-stone to triumphs. You will see, Savaran boasts, but he makes good his boasts!"

Savaran felt that was true next morning as he dived out of the main street below the kasbah of Rais, into a narrow and noisome alley. He had not been able to choose his own time for his escape, yet here he was—escaping.

He was not even daunted when he found that the alley he had doubled into was a cul-de-sac, closed by a high wall at one end, the tall, windowless backs of Arab houses on either side. He stopped dead before the wall, hands on hips and his panting lips grinned.

It was an Arab wall; that is, its roughness presented no difficulties to a determined climber. Also it was the wall of some great garden, for many trees rose beyond it, and

great Jamelon olives dropped masses of leaves over it. There was his hiding place. In a flash he was lying flat along the top, a thick screen of foliage hiding him from sight.

In another moment a mob of Arabs poured into the alley, still poured in when the first of them reached the wall, turned and cried: "Not this way! He is not here! He could not have come this way."

Savaran grinned as he saw how sure they were he could not have climbed the wall. He watched them suck and eddy out of the alley with complete satisfaction at his own cleverness.

"They will go down hill like a flock of sheep," he decided, "and will exhaust all their intelligence searching the bazaar quarters. In half an hour I will walk back up the hill past the kasbah and escape by the desert gate."

He had no sooner thought this than shouting broke out again down the hill. He saw men by the head of the alley stop running. Heard them catch up the shout, repeat it: "The Franz had not gone down hill. The Sheriff's guard coming up has not seen him. He is between the kobba and the kasbah."

The kobba was no more than fifty yards down the hill, so Savaran knew at once that the area of the search would be unpleasantly limited, and, with so many on the spot anxious for his blood, every inch would be examined.

SAVARAN looked down on the wrong side of the wall. He saw sleek sanded paths shaded by scent trees, glimpses of grass and flowers like jewels. . . . He saw the fretted arabesques of a distant building. A Pasha's or Cadi's palace, he thought, and that meant an extra touch of the bastinado if he were caught. . . . But what were a few bamboo cuts here or there when fanatic daggers thirsted in the alley?

He did not hesitate. He heard a blood-hungry shout: "The wall, he might have climbed

GIRLIGAGS



"THE TROUBLE with most short-lived marriages is that the only suit he or she worries to scrape up the cash for is the divorce suit."

the wall!" He slid his long legs over and dropped—face to the garden and possible enemies, as was Savaran's way.

Too late did he see bright silk cushions blazing on the grass, and beside them, as though dropped by a hand tired of needlework, a saltah of velvet and silver. Only one sex wear that kind of jacket in Africa . . .

Savaran knew he was coquetting with death in its most violent and painful form. He was entering a garden belonging to a harem.

He reached the ground with the lightness of a great cat. Gave a bare second to deciding which would be the least homicidal route of escape; then, as the mob roared close against the wall, he took a line away from it, away from the silks on the grass, doubled round a great hibiscus bush heavy with flowers and fragrance—and found his arms about a woman.

Please turn to Page 38

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What Women Are Doing

New Novel

G. B. LANCASTER (Mrs. Edith Lyttleton) has had her new novel, "Promenade," accepted by an American publisher, who anticipates for it a success equal to that achieved by "Pageant." "Promenade" is an historical novel, with a New Zealand setting.

Mrs. J. H. Octoman to Contest S.A. Elections

THE election of Mrs. Clarence Weber, of Victoria, to Parliament seems to have been a stimulus to women in other States to nominate, too. It is likely that several women will contest the South Australian State elections early in 1938. Already the nomination of Mrs. J. H. Octoman, in the electoral district of Flinders, Eyre Peninsula, has been received. As a country woman, she supported the Country Party before the formation of the Liberal and Country League in South Australia, and now her political interests are bound up in the L.C.L.



Mrs. Octoman
—Dickinson-Monteth

Sydney Artist to Visit New Caledonia

MISS MARY EDWARDS, of Sydney, who has been holding an exhibition of her pictures in Adelaide, is making plans now for a working trip to New Caledonia next month. The Adelaide exhibition attracted much attention, and one vivid oil painting, "Samoa," will probably be hanging in Adelaide Art Gallery soon. The exhibition showed Miss Edwards' fondness for brilliant coloring, and for the simple, yet exotic, native life of Fiji. Outside her painting she has another interest—crocheting—which she does with remarkable skill.



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Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking food, only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN SODA before each meal. If taken regularly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/6 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.

Distinguished Visitor

THE Marchioness of Sligo is expected to arrive in New Zealand towards the end of the year, accompanied by her cousin, Miss Helen Maclean, of Ardgour, and will not return until the end of March. Some time is to be spent visiting the South Sea Islands, and on the return trip calls will be made at Australia and India. In Bombay she will stay with her son-in-law, Lord Brabourne, who has been Governor since 1933.

The Marchioness is anticipating her visit to New Zealand with the greatest of pleasure. She is a keen fisherwoman, and is looking forward to "some sport with the large trout." An enthusiastic gardener, she is also preparing to enjoy the horticultural attributes of the Dominion.

Is Expert in Art Of Rug-Making

THE Evolution of Hand-Made Floor Coverings" was the unusual title of a talk which Mrs. B. A. Sheppard, of Adelaide, broadcast from Station 5CL, in the Countryman's Session recently. Mrs. Sheppard found some interesting points for her talk from the novels of Cecil Roberts. The covering of floors of English cottages in the 16th and 17th centuries, and the rugs made by the Persians and Turks are just two of the details she is able to discuss.

Mrs. Sheppard, who is a member of the handicrafts committee of the Country Women's Association, is making arrangements to leave for various south-eastern country centres at the end of November, to demonstrate rug-making to the C.W.A. branches. To teach the country members to make something out of nothing is her aim; even old motor tyres are usable for making floor-mats.

Relinquishing Y.W.C.A. Work for the Church

MISS HILDA TAPLEY SHORT, associate general secretary of Melbourne Y.W.C.A., is relinquishing her work with the Y.W.C.A. shortly, for the Church. She will join the staff of the Goulburn Cathedral at the end of the year, and work under the direction of Bishop Burgmann in an official capacity. Her work will be quite distinct from that usually done by women as deaconesses.

For sixteen years Miss Short taught at many of Victoria's secondary schools before joining the staff of Melbourne Y.W.C.A. as assistant general secretary. Shortly afterwards she went to Newcastle to open a Y.W.C.A. there, and later established a centre at Canberra. Another achievement to her credit was the establishment of a Y.W.C.A. hostel for the fruit workers at Kyabram and Mooropna.

New Zealanders Arranging Country Girls' Week

INTRODUCING a new idea to Australia the Y.W.C.A. in South Australia is organising a Country Girls' Week from November 17 to 24, when 100 girls from 50 different country centres will be entertained in Adelaide.

The plan was proposed by Miss G. E. Scott, who has seen such weeks run successfully by other organisations in New Zealand, and another former New Zealander, Miss C. R. Ashton, is arranging the programme.

The chief aim of the week is to train the girls in leadership and organisation and short courses will be given on these subjects as well as handicraft instruction and educational talks. The girls will also have a chance to add to their knowledge of city life by excursions to the telephone exchange, the fire brigade station, a newspaper office, various factories, and possibly Parliament House.

A picnic, and picture and garden parties are other items in the week's programme.

To Give Recital At Conservatorium

VERY busy with preparations for her recital, Miss Dora Norris, Sydney soprano, is finding the days passing all too quickly.

In company with George Phillips (baritone) she will appear at the Sydney Conservatorium Hall on November 16, in a programme that will include operatic arias by Verdi, Donizetti, Mozart, Gluck, Wagner, and also Lieder and art songs. Miss Norris has appeared in the operas "Orpheus" and "Shamus O'Brien," produced by the Conservatorium Opera School. Formerly a pupil of Mrs. Percy Bates, Miss Norris studied opera with Madame Goossens. She had a season of 16 weeks with the A.B.C., during the time when d'Abbravanel was conducting.



Dora Norris

Social Worker Promoting Charity Fete

"CORONARIA" is the unique name that supporters of the McBride Maternity Hospital, Medindie, South Australia, have chosen for the garden fete to be held in aid of that institution on November 17. The hospital, whose charitable work is carried on by the Salvation Army under the supervision of Brigadier Charlotte Scott, will be the scene of the fete which is to be opened by the Mayoress of Prospect, Mrs. A. S. Horne.

This institution is one of the seven supervised by Brigadier Scott in her position as secretary to the social service department of the Salvation Army in South Australia. Other organisations which have been under her care during the past nine years are the Rescue Home, the Reformatory School for Girls, the Probation School for Girls, the Aged Women's Home, the Army Hostel, and its relief centre.

President of Chinese Women's Relief Fund

TO assist their war-stricken countrymen overseas, Chinese women resident in Sydney formed into a committee some weeks ago, and have already sent two shipments of medical supplies, old clothing, and blankets overseas. Further supplies will be purchased as funds permit.

The organiser of this movement, known as the New South Wales Chinese Women's Relief Fund, was Mrs. Chuey, wife of Mr. J. A. Chuey, a retired wool-buyer and Grand Master of the Chinese Freemasons of Australia.

Mrs. Chuey hails from Tasmania, where her father, Mr. J. Chung Gon, and other members of the family, still reside. She is president of the relief committee, and has always taken a keen interest in Church and charitable activities. For the past ten years she has been president of the Chinese Club, Sydney.



Mrs. Chuey
—Dayne

Sees That Visitors Are Entertained

MAKING arrangements for the entertainment of tennis players from other States, from Germany, England, and America, will be the first big task of Miss Joan Loan, the attractive new honorary secretary of the women members of the South Australian Lawn Tennis Association.

Her work in this capacity will consist mainly in arranging for luncheons, teas, and social functions during important matches. She has belonged to the association since she left Woodlands Church of England Girls' Grammar School (where she was in the school team) and has since played B Grade tennis. This will be her first year in A Grade play. Miss Loan has been elected to the secretaryship in succession to Miss Thelma Plinn.

Won High Renown as Ice-Skating Champions

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Nancy Thompson, who holds the splendid record of undefeated ice-skating champion of Victoria for four years, easily won the State quarter-mile title for the season at Melbourne Glaciarium recently.



She also won the Australian championship on two occasions. But her greatest success was achieved this season when she Miss Thompson—Broothorn received the gold medal of the National Ice-Skating Association.

A former pupil of Melbourne Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Nancy is a keen tennis and hockey player and represented her school in these sports.

Another Melbourne girl to receive the much-coveted gold medal this season was Alison Lyons, pair-skating champion of Victoria and Australia, 1936.

Alison put up a record by gaining the award after only five years' skating.

The medal, the highest award for ice-skating, is held by only four women in Australia, and puts Nancy and Alison in line with leading overseas champions.

Matron Returns to Her Post in Perth

AFTER six months' travelling in England and the Continent and three weeks in South Australia, Matron J. A. McDonald has resumed her duties at the Lemnos Military Hospital, Shenton Park, Perth. Chosen as one of the nurses to go to England with the Coronation contingent, Matron McDonald stayed abroad after the programme of formal engagements was completed and travelled all round England, Germany and the Hebrides.

While in England she did a short post-graduate course in psychology, and also visited numerous hospitals which treat nervous diseases. That is the branch of nursing in which Matron McDonald is particularly interested, as the Lemnos Hospital, which has been under her charge since it was opened ten years ago, was established for the care of returned soldiers suffering from nervous diseases.



TO-DAY

Those Awful Pains
After Meals

TO-MORROW

Eat what you Like and
NO PAIN

This pleasant transformation can be brought about by the use of De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Made specially for correcting and relieving faulty working of the digestive system, this Powder works thoroughly and methodically.

FIRSTLY, it immediately relieves the pain or discomfort of excess acid, flatulence is eased and heartburn disappears.

SECONDLY, the fine colloidal kaolin spreads on the stomach walls, protecting them from the acids

which have inflamed them. But the powder is so fine that the work of digestion goes on perfectly.

THIRDLY, one ingredient actually digests a portion of your food.

FOURTHLY, the digestive organs are toned up and helped back to health, so that excess acid is no longer produced. You then have regained a real healthy digestion and can eat what you like.

You start your happiness the day you start using

DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Of all chemists and storekeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6



Savages At Australia's Front Door

Life in the New Hebrides, where a Pig will Buy a Murder

Gunmen aren't the monopoly of Chicago. . . vendettas are carried on outside Corsica. Australians have both at their front door.

In the New Hebrides, the natives are still armed with the old-fashioned muskets they bought from the blackbirders of the 'seventies; somehow they manage to get ammunition; and every now and then one of their number is "bumped off" in good old gangster fashion.

THERE isn't much one gathers in the way of law and order in the New Hebrides, outside the settled centres of civilisation.

Pigs are currency. You can buy a "slap-up" murder with a pig. And the pig-proud tribal bosses aren't above doing it, either. Also, you pay for your pécadilloes, marital and otherwise, with pigs.

It was the study of pigs . . . and birds . . . and lizards . . .

that took Dr. John Baker, of Oxford, and a party of scientists to Sakari, in the New Hebrides.

Among them was A. J. Marshall, a young Sydney man. He was interested in birds and lizards too, but fortunately decided that, after all, the proper study of mankind is man.

As a result, he has produced a remarkably interesting book in which, under cover of a racy story of his island experiences, he gets off an unanswerable case against the Condominium and a system of government.

Somebody really anxious to do a good turn by the human race has an

Books To Read

"THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT." Humphrey Gilkes. Uncommon story of the reactions of a group of friends to a little boy's illness.

"GENESIS." Martin Tree. Convincing study of a family's vicissitudes through three generations of changing moral standards.

"THE MASTER COMES HOME." Eveline Amstutz. Unusual novel whose theme is a modern woman's venture into Continental hotel management.

outstanding opportunity to-day in the Pacific. It is necessary only to convince the Commonwealth Government, or powerful financial interests in Australia, that there is great gain promised by Australia taking over the Administration of the New Hebrides. That the New Hebrides and their Kanaka population would benefit by such an innovation there seems to be no possibility of doubting.

Hope of Salvation

MR. MARSHALL makes no bones about it. The Condominium—the joint British and French system of administration in the New Hebrides—he says, is known throughout the Pacific as the "Pandemonium" . . . and little wonder.

There exists none of that idealism and regard for national rights which distinguishes the Australian administration of Papua and New Guinea.

After all, civilisation depends for life and death on the Kanaka.

Copra, for instance, is skyrocketing in price to-day, because the nations are firing



THESE GUNMEN have their place in the social life of the New Hebrides.

their grim hoards of high explosive at one another. Yet who pauses to think that the humble coconut in the lazy Pacific is essential to those messengers of destruction?

On the missionary, says Mr. Marshall, lies the New Hebridean's sole hope of salvation at the present time.

The missionary is the only person who tries to guard his interests. It is the missionary who gives the injections, distributes the bandages and sews up the gaping wounds which the bushmen bring in from time to time.

It is the missionary who reports the individual who unduly "sweats" his labor or stints them in food or cheats them of their pay or liberty. That is why he has earned such a "bad" name—among individuals of a certain type.

"Many times I have been asked: 'And do you think missionaries are really

useful?' My reply has invariably been that in the New Hebrides they are not merely useful but essential."

The Government has apparently neither time nor ability to inspect plantations or patrol the bush in the New Hebrides.

At the same time, missionaries would do well to instruct natives more fully in mundane things, such as hygiene; to urge the retention of every possible old craft and custom; and above all stimulate a desire for children.

That the missionary has played his part in introducing diseases such as measles, tuberculosis, influenza, into the Pacific; that he has deprived the native of many cheerful social practices such as the dance; that the missionary has made mistakes which have ended in tragedy . . . all these things the young scientist admits.

But in whom, if not in the missionary, lies any hope of redeeming the savage from the horrors of civilisation?

"THE BLACK MUSKETEERS." By A. J. Marshall. London: Heinemann.

KELLOGG'S
BLINDFOLD TEST, NUMBER 37.



MEET THE BUCKLEY FAMILY, of 29 Slade Street, who have made Kellogg's sensational blindfold test in their own home. Each member of the Buckley family, whilst blindfolded, tasted four different breakfast foods. They were asked to vote "Yes" for the breakfast food which had the most delicious taste. They all voted "Yes" for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

VOTES YES REAL FLAVOUR

"I can make a meal of Corn Flakes any time. I like a crisp, flaky, breakfast food, and that flavour of corn is on its own."

Mr. E. L. Buckley

VOTES YES
"WHOLE FAMILY LOVES THEM. My family has its little likes and dislikes in breakfast foods, but they all went for Corn Flakes in this blindfold test."

Mrs. G. Buckley, of 29 Slade Street



Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.

—vote 5 out of 5
in the Buckley Family
of 29 Slade Street

Unless you've tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes you can't imagine the extra richness of that delicious malted corn flavour. Corn Flakes get that extra-richness because they are the only breakfast cereal made with corn—a specially grown white Australian corn. And corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain. Kellogg's pack this natural flavour into every big crunchy Corn Flake. As soon as you taste Corn Flakes you'll endorse the Buckley family's verdict. Kellogg's Corn Flakes are on their own.

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MAIL ORDERS TO P.O. BOX 497 A.A., SYDNEY. TELEPHONE M2405.



PLAYSUITS 15/11

Splashed with carefree colour.

For happy-go-lucky frolics on the beach you'll love the free and easy lines of this washing silk playsuit, fresh as paint. Sparkling pastels make you look cool as a periwinkle and show off your bronzed skin. In all sizes from 32 to 38.

Sportswear, Second Floor.

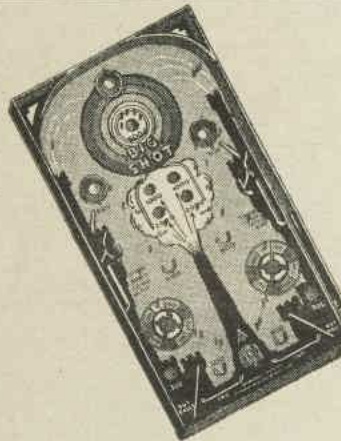


New hair glory

"The Court" rises

"The Court" is a floral ornament to add charm to your hair. All colours for day or evening. Attached by hair clip. It's one of the grandest ideas we've had. **2/-**
Haberdashery, Ground Floor.

The Peasant Milk Bar is Sydney's most pleasant spot for your summer drinks. Any amount of flavours to choose from.



The "Big Shot"

For indoor fun

The "Big Shot" is one of the most fascinating of all indoor pin games. Thoughtful Santas will lay-by now and save. And priced as low as **15/6**

Toys, Fourth Floor. Lay-by!



HELENA RUBINSTEIN

... famous beauty treatments are given at Farmer's, identical with those prepared in the London salons. Skilful hands smooth out lines and restore muscles to their former strength. Third Floor.

Coral Salon — 3rd Floor.

HOLLYWOOD REVELS

Festive sandals for evening!

Here with all the sparkle and irresistible glamour of Hollywood. Colourful and chic, comfortable and flattering, these sandals have heels high and slender, are in half sizes 2 to 7, and cost only **29/6**

(Left) High silver kid, side-buckle court. Natty!
(Right) Fine silver kid T-bar summer sandal.

THOSE FURS WERE HIS
WEDDING PRESENT...
ISN'T SHE LOVELY?



AND I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT
REVELRY FACE POWDER, IN
THE SHILLING BOX, IS ALL
SHE EVER USES!

She could easily afford the most expensive, now... But she goes on using Revelry... Well, she knows that's what first gave her that breath-taking look! Just shows how much money a girl can waste on face powder... Paying high prices like we did... And still looking just ordinary... Until that lucky day... The day we first discovered Revelry...

Revelry, the "balanced" face powder, goes through 3 more processes than other powders. So while most others are either too light to cling or so heavy they soon look "doughy"—not so Revelry! It clings—oh, yes, for hours and hours—but smoothly, imperceptibly. That is "balance"—that is Revelry!

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A microscope test would soon show you the difference between ordinary face powders and Revelry... the difference between sharp, jagged particles that tear the delicate tissues of your skin, and smooth, even, rounded grains. Revelry couldn't be softer to your skin if it were a baby powder.

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**Modes and Fashions
of the Moment**

The Latest Fashions for Madame, with melodies old and new interwoven, presented every Thursday night at 7.53.

Fragrant Memories

Sweet-scented blossoms culled from the flower garden of song by that popular singer, Julie Russell, every Tuesday night at 7.55.

Fancy Meeting You

Introducing a delightful little lady from Paris, Mlle. Dovia Ozoux, who will let milady into many a treasured beauty secret every Thursday night at 9.30.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES Winners... And Winners... And More Winners

By BETTY GEE

Listen, my dears! Any woman who doesn't go to the Cup in Melbourne must be married to a husband who has not been sent over on a business conference.

Or, if she's single, she doesn't know what she's missing.

Winners! Four days of winners. And men! Oh yes, they're winners, too. If Monaco claims Europe's best men in the Spring, Melbourne has an exclusive choice of the males for its Melbourne Cup, which makes me ponder what barren cities the capitals of the Commonwealth must be in early November.

But, here I am letting thoughts of pleasure run away with business instincts. I went down to make money. And did I make it?

Just look at my bank roll, and that's a privilege I don't grant to many. Winners! All winners! No wonder they say the weeping wall is being shifted to Melbourne. Those poor, dear bookmakers will need it, and need it badly.

I got out to Flemington late on Saturday, and had to take the 7/4 about Nightguard. But what does that matter, so long as the horse wins? I had my £3/10 to £2, and he left it in no doubt.

I like Skidmore, the jockey who rode him. He's a dear.

I understand they call him "Skiddy," and that he is a bit of a tartar who picks and chooses his mounts like a peppery old colonel of guards, and if he dislikes any given horse he won't ride it, no matter how attractive the offer might be.

Quite right, too! Why should a handsome little jockey man have to ride some old grad who looks unlovely and unattractive to his racing mind?

Pleasant Surprise

I had such a lovely experience in the Flemington Stakes. Everybody I begged a tip from told me that the favorites weren't worth their saddle cloths. In despair I had decided not to bet on the race when I met Mrs. Percy Miller and Mrs. J. E. Brien, of Sydney. We were swapping small talk when up walked Mr. Percy Miller, and said: "I'm going to put £10 on my horse. I don't know if he has a chance or not."

Well, brusque as it was, that sounded good enough for me in a field which was full of what everybody described as "duds."

Gathering up my pleated petticoats I set out for the tote and got there just in time to venture 10/- each way on Good Boy. And you can take it from me, he was a good boy.

The funny thing was that I didn't know I had won my money. Good

Rich Gifts of Loveliness

CLEAR SKIN AND EYES: FITNESS

"Six months ago my face and neck were covered with pimples, and I had a sallow complexion," states Mrs. C.D., of Sydney. "My blood was poor; I was jumpy with nerves and my breath was bad. I was very run down."

"I tried many remedies without results and then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since taking these pills my skin has cleared and I have gained a natural colour. The dizzy headaches have vanished and I sleep well and wake up fit and full of energy."

A clear, natural, colourful complexion and lustrous eyes are a few of the gifts of loveliness that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give to women and girls. Youth and attractiveness vanish when pimples and blemishes mar the skin, the eyes become dull and when headaches and pains are all too frequent. You will be delighted as fitness and attractiveness are gained as you take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills help to create rich, red blood which will give you a lovely complexion, red lips and perfect womanly charm and fitness. Get a 3/- bottle to-day: at all chemists and stores.

Boy ran in all white instead of Mr. Miller's dark blue and light blue diamonds, and I didn't know I was winning so much money till the numbers went up.

Yes, the tote paid me £10/15/- not bad for an innocent-minded girl, is it?

Things have surely come to a pretty pass when a knowledgeable woman of the turf resorts to tossing the coin to see which she shall back in a weight-for-age race. I always thought w.f.a. races were easy, and so was the C. B. Fisher Plate. But I reckoned between Allunga and The Trump.

Caution warned me not to back two. Such races are dangerous for "savers" and the like. So up went the Canberra florin and it came down heads for Allunga, and I had £4 to £2.

But it was the funniest race you ever saw with the field cantering half the way like cows coming home for the milking. There was I, urging Webster to sneak Allunga away from them and get a winning break.

A Direct Tip

But either he didn't hear me or didn't agree with my advice. Anyhow, he didn't come until too late, and by then Black Mac had swept round them to win the race in the easiest fashion, and Allunga was third.

The only consolation I got from a silly race was seeing The Trump run last. At least, in my wisdom, I had chosen the better of the pair, because Allunga did get a place.

Fancy The Trump, Melbourne Cup winner, running last at his next start. Such things should not be possible, even on the turf, should they?

I had to confess myself nonplussed when it came to the V.R.C. Handicap, and I walked the paddock disconsolately, wondering what to back, when who should I run against but Will Flanagan, sometimes of Adelaide but mostly globe-trotting to out-of-the-way spots across the sea.

We were chatting trivialities when a man came into view, and he proclaimed: "There's one of our Adelaide boys who's having a profitable time." I inquired his name. Bill said it was Rowley something or other, and, pricking my ears, I knew at once it was the direct tip for Old Rowley for the V.R.C. Handicap.

So I flew to the tote with a fur cape aflow behind me and took a pound ticket each way on Old Rowley. My only regret as I collected £13/4/- was that I had committed the folly of backing him each way instead of £2 outright. That would have made me richer by £6/12/-.

Good Finish

Everybody knew about On Approval. It was one of those sort of things you could order from your dressmaker on approval, and send back if you didn't like it. Me, I laid £2 to win £5. And did she win it?

I loved the way Daniels went to the front to win it by three lengths. It wasn't too much for me, I can promise you.

But what was the best of all was that I met Mrs. J. T. Ryan, and she told me that she had lost £2 on something earlier in the day, but trainer Jack Holt had consoled her with the promise that Young Idea couldn't lose the Final Handicap.

Did I hurry back to the betting ring? But it was worth while. The £10 to £2 I snopped off a bookie was, I am sure, the best on the ground, and the way Darby Munro brought him through from almost the last of the field was something for tired eyes which the opticians couldn't achieve in a century of research.

I don't know whether I'm staying for Williamstown Cup races next Saturday, but if I do I shall back Black Mac for the Cup, because little Willie Cox, the jockey, told a friend of mine that what he did to The Trump in the Fisher Plate was just fun to what he'd do to the Williamstown Cup field. Well, I'm not a woman to boast, but don't overlook The Trump. After all, he was the Melbourne Cup winner. Also a tip I've got from Charlie Doyle, of Brisbane, is that Thurlie's Lad should win at Williamstown, too.

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**Shampoo Hair
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to preserve silky texture,
rich colour... and lustre

A LITTLE sea-water creeps under your cap... or beach mist falls over your hair. Then the alkali in sea-water dries the scalp's edges—makes the hair stiff, sticky, dull, brittle. A rinse with fresh water is not enough.

After the beach, give your hair a quick shampoo with Colinated. Watch the rich "coconut foam" dissolve every trace of sand and sea-water—and leave hair soft, wavy, sparkling, silky-clean... and quite easy to dress.

BLONDES—Colinated Shampoo preserves fascinating true gold tints. BRUNETTES—Discover rich new highlights.

A 2/6 bottle gives 14 perfect shampoos. All chemists. Give your hair a real "beauty wash" with

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WRIST WATCHES
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prizes, also cash commission,
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SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name
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Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.
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Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

Did You Hear That—

There were no celebration parties for Mrs. Percy Spender? She was so tired after her husband's electioneering campaign that she was thankful to retire to her home at Palm Beach with her husband and eldest son Peter for a jolly good rest.

Exploring New Home

IT did not take the Hon. Henrietta Loder, our Governor's daughter, and her friend, Catriona Maclean, long to get into the swing of things in our city. Having arrived on Thursday morning they made off to the Zoo in the afternoon and were much intrigued with the animals on view.

On Friday the girls played tennis with Hermione Llewellyn at G.H., and on Saturday they motored up to Moss Vale and took the two Loder boys, pupils at Tudor House, off for a picnic.

Lady Milbanke's Visit

LADY MILBANKE, who, by the way, looks quite absurdly young to be the mother of two tall sons, is spending most of her short stay in Sydney quietly with her mother, Mrs. Harry Chisholm.

It was her mother's illness that brought Lady Milbanke to Australia on a brief aerial visit. She is accompanied by Mrs. Peter Thursby, another Mayfair hostess famed for her charm and smart dressing.

Back from the Cup

OUR parties will be all the brighter this week for the return of the gay throng that went south for the Cup.

Expected back this Tuesday is Mrs. Roy Chisholm, who has more interest in returning than most of the travellers, as she is looking forward to her meeting with her sister-in-law, Lady Milbanke.

Dashing Fashions

FROM Melbourne Cup visitors I hear that Moira Pope looked particularly smart at the Government House Garden Party in a navy sheer with a bold white floral design and a navy toque. Moira has as many friends here as in Melbourne as she lived at Tresco, Elizabeth Bay, when her father, Captain C. J. Pope, was stationed here. Thelma McMaster, I'm told, looked her best at the Navy League Ball, when she wore an elegant gown of nigger lace over pale blue satin.

I met Mrs. Richard Sly in town last week, and she was in search of a silver wyandotte rooster to send to her daughter, Mrs. Harry Piper, who lives on a rubber estate in the F.M.S. Very much travelled that bird will be before reaching his destination.

Hebridean Holiday

NO wonder Jean and Winnie Gillespie enjoyed their stay in the Hebridean Islands. They have always taken such a keen interest in the legends and music of that romantic part of the world.

In recent letters they wrote of the enjoyment they had on the Isle of Lewis by entering into the lives of the crofters, who sang as they carried peat in "creels," spread the "wrack," gathered cockles, and pulled the "dulce." (Your Scottish friends will explain these mysteries.) Winnie then went to Dundee to compete with Gaelic friends in harp-playing and singing and Jean is on her way home via America.

Palm Beach News

PALM BEACH will soon be in a whirl of social activity again. The summer, late in coming, has in some measure retarded the usual activities of the colony, but the doings ahead will quickly make up for the late start.

The much-talked-of Pacific Club will have its first party in a fortnight or so, and from then on the social calendar will be well filled.

I believe that Professor and Mrs. Harvey Sutton's new home at Palm Beach, overlooking the pool, is very attractive, with wide verandahs brightened by gay blue awnings.

Smart-Dinner Dancers

AT the Hotel Australia on Thursday night I admired the smart frock of magnolia satin worn by Katherine Garvan. The skirt was tremendously full and the corsage draped. I think Kath looks her best in those subtle creamy tones.

In the same party were her fiancé, Stewart Jamieson, Anne Bevan, who now wears her hair in a roll off the face in lieu of her thick fringe, and Mr. and Mrs. Jim McLeod. Mrs. McLeod's frock of black net was stiffened at the voluminous hemline by rows of corded padding. A huge pink flower was the sole trimming for her corsage.

Joyce Beazley, I note, has brightened a plain black street frock by the addition of a narrow hem of green, pink, and blue embroidery.

The host and hostess put on many amusing turns during the evening, and among them was a book title competition. "Moby Dick" was the answer to the one stating, "neither Tom nor Harry but he's a whale of a fellow."

The guests included Prof. and Mrs. Macdonald Holmes, Prof. and Mrs. W. S. Dawson, Prof. and Mrs. C. E. Fawsitt, Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran and Dr. Kempson Maddocks.

Youthful Bride-to-be

BEING petite and pretty I am quite sure Joy Roche will make a very dainty little bride. She has decided upon a midsummer wedding, and the ceremony will take place at River-view, where her fiancé, Cecil O'Dea, was a student.

When they return from their honeymoon they will live in an attractive bungalow on the heights of Vacluse.



Lovely Debutante

PAM ARMSTRONG, lovely granddaughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba, is intriguing Melbourne with her wonderful clothes just brought back from the most exclusive salons of London and Paris. You remember she was among the loveliest of the Coronation debutantes.

For a dashing accessory, I am told that she pins two mascot blackamoors complete with gay turbans to the lapels of her black tailleur.

Honeymoon at Collaroy

AS both Mr. and Mrs. Felix Booth, whose marriage took place last week, are keen on surfing, they decided to spend their honeymoon at Collaroy. The bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Longworth, have lent the young couple their delightful bungalow just near the beach.

When they return to town, they will make their home at Vacluse, where they have built a lovely cream Spanish bungalow.

Any old excuse is sufficient to bring Mrs. Edward Berry to Sydney these days. Her little granddaughter, Caroline Davies, is the real reason for her many trips. Mrs. Berry motored here last week, and is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Davies, at Gordon.

Exotic Floral Leis

THE American Society has imported the most exotic leis on ice from Honolulu so that they will serve as samples for similar floral decorations for the Night in Honolulu Ball at the end of the month.

Alas! the mauna loa flowers from which they were made do not grow here. However, I am quite sure that our clever Sydney girls will make similar leis of equal fascination from our own flowers. They will be sold at the ball, which is in aid of the Sydney Day Nurseries.

Among the American community taking a keen interest in the arrangements are Mrs. Charles Brown, Mrs. A. C. Berk, Mrs. E. C. Squire and Mrs. Morris Samuels.

Brother in Fiji

LESLIE BURY, tall and elegant young Englishman, who made so many friends in Sydney during his stay here and who is now settled in Fiji, is shortly expecting a visit from his sister Zoe.

Zoe is due from England this Thursday and intends spending several weeks here before continuing her journey. This is Zoe's second visit to these shores. With her sister Mary she came out some time back and made a lengthy stay.

From Vienna—

Comes an attractive fashion accessory, and Mrs. L. Kirschener, a visitor from Java, sponsors it. With her white light-wool jumper trimmed with navy buttons she wears a navy belt that does not quite meet in the front, and has for buckles a large A on one side and a K on the other.



A BEAUTIFUL STUDY of Lady Kingsford Smith, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Alan Tully, of Melbourne. Lady Kingsford Smith is at present the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Powell, at Toorak. —Raymond Sawyer.



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MR. LYONS Helps with Family CHORES

Continued from Page 4

"AND why will you do such a desperate thing as that?" his father asked.

"Cos I want us to go back to Devonport all the time!" Dad won the election, but Barry and his brothers and sisters got their trip to Devonport.

It was a very happy party which Dame Enid drove up from Hobart the other day. On election night all the children were away on the Mainland.

Afterwards they were gathered up, some in Canberra and some in Melbourne, and joyfully shipped home again.

One of the new things they saw was mother's car. There is not such another in the country.

The ordinary large model is not large enough for a full family tour, so resourceful bodymakers built a special body to Dame Enid's specifications—upon the chassis of a hearse!

It pulls up at the gate, and a noisy crowd of youngsters tumbles out for the race to the stone fence (quarried, like the foundations of the house, from outcrops on the property).

The little iron gates are opened, and Dame Enid drives to the garage. The children run wildly up the path to see the new rooms.

No Servants

THERE are servants at the Lodge in Canberra, but none at Home Hill. The dignity of Dame Grand Cross has not estranged mother from the kitchen—or rather from the grill in the pantry that is now serving as a kitchen.

The work of the house is distributed among the girls, and Dame Enid assured me (and was impatient of my incredulity) that the Right Honorable the Prime Minister always sweeps out the big fireplace in the lounge when he is home.

The only employee on the place is a part-time gardener, who keeps an eye on Home Hill in the long and frequent absences of the family.

Dame Enid has not been in good health for some time, but the rule that the household duties are a family affair holds sway. It has a psychological basis, I was told.

In the whole lifetime of the children their parents have been eminent public figures. Before he entered Federal politics their father had been either Premier or Opposition Leader in his home State.

Dame Enid, since her school-teaching days (she followed the same profession as her husband), has been sought after as a speaker, and once was a candidate for Parliament.

Both have insisted throughout that their home should be, as Mr. Lyons expressed it to me, a "haven"—not merely in the sense of a retreat or a refuge, but as a fortress against repression of normal family life.

These two trained child psychologists have seen to it that their youngsters should develop exactly as children in any well-regulated ordinary family.

THEIR associations outside and their duties and recreation in the home are devised so that they avoid the priggishness and snobbery to which children in such a family might be prone.

If Mr. Lyons really does sweep out the fireplace one can well realise the consonance of that homely gesture with his general home policy. There are no edicts or bans in the Lyons home, it seems. Example is valued above precept.

Even with the additions, the house is not a large one, and the furniture is as free of ostentation as the occupants. The rooms are spacious, and "lived-in."

Mr. Lyons has his study, but it is not the exclusive den of the usual middle-class paterfamilias. It is also the family library, and one of the best constructed I have seen.

Dame Enid is the architect and librarian. She threw away the old bookcases, and has installed a series of low shelves, which are added to as new books arrive. Already these shelves have mounted half way up two walls and part of a third.

One shelf has a sizable selection of autographed first editions, with most of the leading English, Irish and Australian authors represented.

It is the library of a family with literary tastes well above the average. It reveals also that Mr. Lyons has tasted to the full the delight of rummaging around second-hand book stores.

Their Souvenirs

A SET of Shakespeare was the trophy of one recent hunt. By some wizardry which marks him as an expert basement excursionist he acquired a ten-volume set, published in the 'eighties, and crammed with exquisite steel engravings, for thirty shillings.

A couple of the shelves make up a technical section, largely of financial and economic works.

And though it is years since they taught school, I noticed a few very modern pedagogical books.

It is in these more intimate rooms that you find souvenirs of the two trips abroad. The only ones in the main part of the house are the two blue chairs, with the Royal monogram, used at the Abbey during the Coronation, and a signed photograph of the King.

Mr. Lyons has modestly kept the others in his study—caskets he received with the Freedom of ancient cities, a loving cup presented to him by the Dail Eirann, inscribed in Gaelic (no other British statesman has been paid such an honor), and sheaves of ceremonial documents.

There are the insignia of his rare distinction as Companion of Honor, and his wife's chain and pendant as Dame Grand Cross of the British Empire.

Show Place

HE did not bring to Australia his robe as a Cambridge Doctor of Laws, but I was shown a remarkable jewel he received on initiation as a Knight of the Round Table, a chivalric body which is limited to about 200 of the Empire's eminent figures.

The whole of the furniture in the house is fashioned from beautiful Tasmanian woods. As might be expected, this includes an oversize dining table—as large as a full billiard table. And Dame Enid has a delightful collection of small boxes, inlaid with several varieties of Tasmanian woods.

The house can be seen from most parts of Devonport. It is in a prominent position, and then the iron roof is painted—a soft green.

Wherever you view it outside,

wherever you roam inside, it is a smiling place. The people of Devonport rank it as one of their show places.

In Mr. Lyons' old home town of Ulverstone, and right along the coastline from Stanley (his birthplace) to the east of Launceston, practically every man, woman and child is a personal friend of the Lyons family.

Some of the residents knew his father, and all have heard of his pioneer grandfather.

Nowhere do you hear Dame Enid given her new title. She is still "Mrs. Lyons" in the north-west, and everyone has some charming anecdote about her.



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THE MOVIE WORLD

November 13, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

Calling Australia!

Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER
and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

All-Star Films Planned

THE all-star cast idea, pioneered by M.-G.-M. with "Grand Hotel," is going to be revived by the same studio. The studio has announced plans for making "Ivanhoe" with a cast of Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Luise Rainer, Myrna Loy, Lionel Barrymore, and Wallace Beery. It sounds like a memorable

Chinese Extras Help Countrymen

• When the three hundred Chinese extras who work in "Marco Polo" were required to do a couple of hours overtime recently they agreed to put all their overtime pay into a pool and turn it over to the American Red Cross in China. When the night's work was over they collected more than eighty pounds.

picture but it won't start for at least a year, as both Gable and Taylor have several other jobs to finish.

Also breaking into the all-star field is Walter Wanger, who will make an epic titled "California," with Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sydney, and several other important players borrowed from other studios.

Nelson Eddy in Love?

THE gossips insist that Hollywood's staunchest bachelor, Nelson Eddy, has actually fallen hard at last—for dancing Eleanor Powell. The two are working together in "Rosalie." But they say this is far from being a faked publicity romance between co-stars, that Nelson is very serious about it, and Eleanor is a little interested, too.

Groucho Among Spirits

GROUCHO MARX upset the "spook" enthusiasts at a recent meeting of spiritualists, to which a friend dragged him along. Tables danced around, messages came through from dear friends, and the medium was impressed by the serious way Groucho was taking it all.

When he asked the star if there was anything he wanted to know, Groucho asked: "Yes, indeed—what is the capital of North Dakota?"



GRACE MOORE AS OPERA STAR

• AS a prima donna in "I'll Take Romance" (Columbia) Grace Moore appears in a scene from "Madame Butterfly" (top right), with tenor Frank Forest, and also a scene from "Andre Chenier" (lower right). Lower centre: With her co-star, Melvyn Douglas. Top left: Esther Muir and Walter Kingsford. Lower Left: Franklin Pangborn.

Australian Comedian

OUR talented Albert Whelan is very busy in England. At the moment, he is lined up with Max Miller, playing a tough sergeant in a farcical story of military life, "Thank Evans."

Whelan's advance is largely due to his uncanny flair for dialect. He was telling a Scots story one day, giving it all those little twists of speech, that subtlety of expression which typify the Scot. Director Roy Neill was listening.

He had a talk with Albert after the laughter had died down—and Albert's pen was soon poised over the dotted line of a highly satisfactory contract.

Chili Bouchier's Yacht

CHILI BOURCHIER has just bought a racing yacht from her fiancé, band-leader Teddy Joyce, and she sails it herself.

But Chili's yacht is in the smallish class. In fact, it is exactly three feet long, and she races it in the round pond in Kensington Gardens, where hundreds of yachting enthusiasts who can't afford £100,000 or so for a Ranger or an Endeavour concentrate on something worth about fifty shillings.

Screen Kisses Outmoded

KISSES are going out of fashion on the screen. Sylvia Sydney said "Because," says Sylvia, "a good actress can put plenty of emotion into a love scene without any embraces."

Bing Crosby has a clause in his contract stipulating that he does not have to kiss his leading ladies. And one of the most famous love teams on the screen, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, never kiss.

In recent films, heroes and heroines have bandied more insults than endearments.

THEY CLING TO HOLLYWOOD

Even Veterans Linger In the Studios

By MARY OLIVIER, from Hollywood

EVERY now and then someone declares in bold type that she has finished with movies, and is going home. Greta Garbo has cried "wolf" so many times that, even if her contract were cancelled and the lady on her way back to Sweden, nobody would really believe that she wasn't coming back.

Like many of her sister actresses, Garbo has to thank Hollywood and the public for a great deal. Garbo might still be a homely milliner or an obscure milliner in Sweden had it not been for the good fortune that introduced her to Mauritz Stiller and films.

A NUMBER of stars are convinced that the life of Hollywood is artificial, and that they would be doing more sincere and artistic work on the legitimate stage. But very few of these have the courage of their convictions and break away from the screen.

Diana Wynyard and Helen Hayes are two of the rare exceptions. Diana made three successful films and then turned her back on celluloidia. She still resists tempting invitations to return to films, although she could name her own salary and conditions. Helen Hayes, with fame firmly within her grasp, also walked out on her screen career, thereby showing her preference for the stage.

Australian Janet Johnson, disappointed after six months in Hollywood at not getting a break (though her salary was paid in full every week) returned to England.

There are also a few women who threw away their chances of stardom for marriage. Dorothy Jordan (Mrs. Merian Cooper), Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby), Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Richard Arlen), Bebe Daniels (Mrs. Ben Lyon), Lili Damita (Mrs. Errol Flynn), Vilma Banky (Mrs. Rod la Rocque)—they might have been big stars had they continued their careers, and even now repeatedly turn down offers of film roles.

Exiles Return

FRANCES DEE (Mrs. Joel McCrea), Dolores Costello, who divorced John Barrymore, and Virginia Bruce, widow of John Gilbert, gave up years to domesticity and children, but have lately returned to the screen. Clara Bow, out of pictures for four years, is also said to be coming back.

For all the players who have forsaken the screen, however, there are hundreds more who quite openly admit that they are hanging on for as long as they are able. They don't mind letting you know how much they enjoy every minute of life in the film colony, how they delight in making pictures and in holding out their hands for fat weekly pay cheques.

From little nonentities, most of them, they have become, in a comparatively short time, idols of millions. They are front-page news in many languages. With more money in the bank than they ever dreamed obtainable and plenty of extra pennies pouring in through business investments and commercial endorsements, they have good reason to cling to their positions.

Take the case of Merle Oberon. It is not so long since Estelle Thompson (which is Merle's correct name) set out from her native Tasmania. All she possessed was a few pounds to tide her over until she could get work—somewhere. But Merle knew all sorts of hardships, poverty, and even the fear of hunger before she obtained her first London job.

She considered herself the luckiest girl in the world when she secured a position in a second-rate night club, where she was known as Queenie Thompson—just one of the ballet.

Then five years ago she had her first introduction to pictures—as an



• MERLE OBERON, once an ill-paid showgirl in a minor London night-club, has been raised to wealth and luxury by the films.

extra in Alexander Korda's productions.

To-day she owns a 30-roomed mansion, rides in ultra-smart cars, entertains on a lavish scale. Which is all very flattering to a girl in her early twenties who, only a short time ago, considered the £3 a week (when she could get it) a young fortune.

Education Gratis

THEN there's Joan Fontaine. Still in her early teens, Joan would have had to go to school for years to learn all she is being taught for pictures—music, dancing, French, how to walk, talk and dress. And she's being well paid for it into the bargain.

Few have more to thank Hollywood for than Alice Faye. In three years she has experienced a Cinderella transformation. Alice comes from very poor parents, and at an age when other girls are enjoying the privileges and fun of youth she was working to help support her family. As a child she toured the country with a tenth-

rate vaudeville troupe. She thought she was made when her first real opportunity came—in the back line of George White's Scandals, at a few dollars a week for tired and aching limbs.

But her life these days is a very different story.

Even those whose time is past greedily hold out their hands for more. Around Hollywood to-day can be seen as extras the women who were the Garbos, the Dietrichs, the Lombards of yesterday. Betty Blythe, Agnes Ayres, Jean Acker, Helen Ferguson, Gertrude Astor, Gwen Lee, Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Garon are some of them.

Here they once found laughter and luxury, only to lose them, some by their own mismanagement, some because of marriages that failed, others because a fickle public has turned elsewhere.

Still they hang around the studios, hoping for another chance, if not of fame, at least of mixing with those who have it. In rare cases, success-



• VIRGINIA BRUCE (above) who left films when she married the late John Gilbert, has returned to the screen.

• HELEN HAYES (below) is one of the few stars who have given up a successful film career in favor of the legitimate stage.



quired. Miriam has surrounded herself with old masters, first editions, and valuable furnishings. As a Hollywood celebrity she has met and entertained leaders of art and science from all over the world.

Don't let anybody persuade you that movie stars don't like being where they are, and that they would tear themselves away from it if the opportunity presented itself.

Not Marlene Dietrich or Binnie Barnes, who have taken out American citizenship papers. Or Barbara Stanwyck, who wrecked her marital happiness with Frank Faye to pursue her career. Or Joan Crawford, who fought from poverty to riches and social standing, and who even now confesses that she can't believe she hasn't rubbed Aladdin's lamp and brought all the treasures of earth cascading over her head.

Ginger in Society

GINGER ROGERS, who once knew what it was to go without food for a week, now dines with the President of the United States.

Sonja Henie 12 months ago had nothing to her credit but her ability as an ice-skater. To-day she is one of the richest stars in Hollywood.

In return for all it gives to these women, Hollywood makes one heavy demand. It demands their private lives.

The vast mechanism of publicity strips a good deal of the gilt off the gingerbread for many of them, and complaints are often bitter.

Loretta Young is one of the players ready to submit to this tyranny without bitterness.

"I don't want a private life," she said recently. "You can't afford such a luxury if you are doing anything successfully here. If the penalty of fame is loss of privacy, I am ready to pay it."

ful comebacks have been made. Alice Brady and Billie Burke managed it.

One authority estimates that there are as many old-timers to-day playing "bit" and extra roles as there are stars in Hollywood. They know that no other spot on earth can offer them the strange atmosphere of movies and miracles, which has become a necessary condition of life to them. Where else, and how else, would it be possible for a woman to earn as much as Miriam Hopkins does, for example?

In the ostentatious residence built at the zenith of his career by the late John Gilbert, which she recently ac-

COLORED FILMS WIN THROUGH

By MARGARET SIMPSON,
from New York

TECHNICOLOR is 23 years old now, and at last it is showing signs of maturity and common sense and good manners. At first color in films was a crude annoyance. Then it became a distraction from the drama on the screen. Now at last it is emerging as an asset.

Tremendous progress has been made. Outlines are no longer blurred. All colors can now be photographed in their exact shades. Technicolor has been put in its logical place in motion picture production—which means a subordinate place. And the artistic blending of colors has been done far more satisfactorily.

"A STAR IS BORN," one of this year's productions, proved one important fact about the use of Technicolor. It showed that its most important use is not merely pictorial. Its chief function is not to provide interludes of vividly tinted landscape effects, but to make the screen's portrayal of life more realistic, more convincing for the purpose of entertainment.

"A Star Is Born" showed that all along producers had been barking up the wrong tree. Instead of using color to present the more subtle shades of emotion and action, they seemed to find it impossible to get away from the idea of color for color's sake, with the result that the action was invariably slowed up and dramatic interest lessened.

Pioneer Work

YET, even so, the producers were not entirely to blame. As their own handling of the medium progressed, Technicolor itself had to grow to maturity.

The first experiments in the process were started in 1914 by Dr. Herbert Kalmus, Dr. Daniel Comstock, and W. B. Westcott. All were graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which the color medium derives its name.

Enormous possibilities were apparent in the first crude form of two-color photography evolved by these three men.

But no notable advances were made in Technicolor production from this time until 1929, when three full-length musical features appeared, entirely in color. These were Samuel Goldwyn's "Whoopie," starring Eddie Cantor; Paramount's "Follow Through"; and Warner's "Gold-Diggers of Broadway."

These films were received cordially enough, but it was not thought that Technicolor had added very much to the enjoyment of what would have been, in any case, good entertainment. The two-color process had worked, but color itself was still too distracting. The eye inevitably focused on color instead of action.

It was then that Dr. Kalmus attacked the process from another angle, and a three-color process was developed with better blending of the colors.

The inventor took this process to Walt Disney, and in a 1932 cartoon, "Flowers and Trees," Disney tried it out.

The success of this short subject, and its subsequent receipt of the Academy Award, was an important step forward for Technicolor. Disney himself decided that all his future Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony cartoons would be produced in the new medium, while other makers of cartoons rapidly followed his lead.

While progress continued, one factor retarded the complete acceptance of the new



GALLERY OF STARS

Nan Grey

Her next film for Universal will be
"Blonde Dynamite."

medium by Hollywood producers. This was the lack of equipment. The Technicolor Corporation itself was entirely unprepared for mass production. It had few cameras and fewer skilled color cameramen.

Since the three-color medium requires the production of three separate negatives, one for each color employed, and these in turn must be printed in three distinct processes upon the positive, the laboratory was capable of processing no more than four prints per day, as against the hundred per day output of black-and-white prints.

This factor was a great deterrent to rapid progress, as the Hollywood studios use hundreds of prints of each film in supplying their many domestic and foreign branches. An enormously increased personnel had to be trained to meet the growing demands of the producers.

In the laboratory itself, technical refinements were still going on. They were evident immediately in last year's crop of Technicolor pictures—"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Dancing Pirate," "Ramona," and "The Garden of Allah."

Yet while color reached a high technical quality in these films, the producers themselves failed again.

One could almost hear them saying: "Now, we're filming this picture in color, so we'll have to stop the action here and put in a beautiful panoramic view. Then, a bit farther on, we can show the star holding a bouquet of roses."

But "A Star Is Born" changed all this. David Selznick filmed the whole production without a thought to color—he let the technicians worry about that. Story values were his primary consideration. If color could enhance the story, well and good.

The first of the new season all-Technicolor productions is Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," in which the medium is required to register gorgeous fashion creations, dance routines, intricate interior settings, and a number of trick photographic shots.

New Thin Make-up

IN this film a solution has been found to an old problem of color pictures—make-up. Small imperfections which had hitherto been fairly easily disguised by grease paint became glaringly apparent in color photography. And also director Toluboff was dissatisfied with the dark make-up currently in use. A necessity for black-and-white films, he felt that it was unnatural in Technicolor.

Accordingly, he asked the make-up chemists

to produce a transparent base, something, in effect, like liquid glass. And he was fortunate enough to get just what he wanted—a transparent grease with a faint flesh tone that was easily applied. With this as a foundation, the actress makes up for a colored film exactly as she would for the street, merely adding a light film of powder.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the remarks of some of Hollywood's leading experts on the new thin Technicolor make-up. They assert that the universal

adoption of the color process would mean the forced retirement of various players whose facial blemishes have previously been hidden by the thick make-up used for black-and-white films.

They have listed as follows the persons unsound for Technicolor:

The player who blushes easily, especially in love scenes.

The actor who drinks and comes to the studio with bleary eyes. These photograph a distasteful pink, with black circles developing as a lovely lavender.

The victims of high blood pressure whose faces turn crimson after a hearty meal. They'll have to stop eating lunch when working in a natural color film.

Anaemic players who are highly susceptible to changes in temperature, turning pale when cold and becoming normal when warm.

Players with deep scars, spotty complexions or livid birth marks which the new thin make-up will not hide.

NEW BLOOD FOR FILMS

Discoveries By the Talent Scouts

BY BARBARA BOURCHIER
From Hollywood

NEW faces are urgently required in Hollywood these days. The "talent scout," or recruiting agent sent out by a big studio, is a far more important person in the industry to-day than he ever was before.

Faces with a difference—that is what the studios want. They may be ugly, they may be horrible, they may be funny. They may even be lovely or handsome—but they've got to possess something more than just saccharine beauty.

THE scouts comb every field where a find is possible—stage shows, broadcasts, repertory theatres, even small country concerts and fairs.

The two producers who have been most active in the search are Sam Goldwyn and Daryl

Zanuck, particularly the latter.

At 20th Century-Fox, Zanuck has recently built some big new reputations, including Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, piquant Simone Simon, and Sonja Henie.

In "Wake Up and Live" he brought to the screen for the first time Walter Winchell, America's most famous gossip-writer, and Ben Bernie, personality band-conductor from New York. And in "You Can't Have Everything," his new musical, two more of Zanuck's recruits make their debut, in associate roles. They are Louise Hovick and Phyllis Brooks.

Louise Hovick was formerly the most famous "strip-tease" dancer in New York, under the name of Gipsy Rose Lee.

Tall, dark, and with a distinctive beauty, she has ability as an emotional actress which Zanuck was the first to recognise. Her role in "You Can't Have Everything" will be followed with parts in "Ali Baba Goes to Town," and "Sally, Irene, and Mary."

As the change in her name suggests, Fox does not intend to exploit the somewhat notorious line of talent which made her famous as Gipsy Rose Lee. In one scene of "You Can't Have



Everything" she appears in a bathing-suit, but that is her nearest approach to nudity.

Phyllis Brooks is a distinct contrast to Louise Hovick. She is of average height, blonde, blue-eyed and slightly of the Bette Davis type.

Possessed of a lengthy stage training (she was plucked from the Broadway production of "Stage Door"), Phyllis comes to Hollywood armed with some essentials of a successful star. After "You Can't Have Everything" she appears in "In Old Chicago," and will then star with Cesar Romero in "Dangerously Yours."

Foreign as well as local talent is eagerly being sought, following the success of Luise Rainer and the equally sudden popularity of Annabella.

One of the most remarkable actresses of the French screen, Danielle Darrieux, recently arrived in Hollywood, and will be seen soon in "The Rage of Paris." Danielle has an innocent, earnest type of beauty which has

• LOUISE HOVICK makes her screen debut in "You Can't Have Everything." Under the name of Gipsy Rose Lee, she is well known on the New York stage.

been used with poignant effect in tragic roles by French producers.

Samuel Goldwyn is hoping for great things from a Norwegian newcomer called Sigrid Gurie, who is playing opposite Gary Cooper at present in "Marco Polo."

Though Hollywood seems to have no difficulty in finding beautiful and distinctive women, the producers continue to experience trouble in unearthing personable leading men. Tyrone Power and Don Ameche have been jealously guarded by 20th Century-Fox who, until their discovery, were forced to go to other studios for their male stars.

Good-looking leading men are so scarce that Zanuck has decided to convert George Sanders, the villain of "Lloyd's of London," "Slave Ship," and "Love Is News," into a hero. Sanders is English and a versatile actor.

His first sympathetic role is in "Life of a Lancer Spy," after which he will appear in "Shanghai Deadline" and "Ali Baba Goes to Town."

THESE Youthful "SUNSPOTS" by BEDGGOOD ARE FOR SPRING

The Summer wear months are back again, and Bedggood offer an intriguing range of two-tone shoes that will complete the daintiest Spring outfit. The style and quality and finish of these shoes are unmistakably Bedggood—fine leathers . . . hand-tailoring . . . perfect fit . . . wonderful comfort



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THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures).

Watch Judy Garland!

I just had a peep at "Broadway Melody of 1938," which stars your two faves, Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell. They're swell! But there's two scenes in it that are going to keep you talking for years and years.

The first is Judy Garland's "Sing and be Happy." The second is her singing of a "fan" letter to a picture of Clark Gable. It's my tip that within twelve months the name Judy Garland will stand for "STAR." And the kid's just on fifteen!

Another big film in the latest shipment from M-G-M's Culver City studios is "The Emperor's Candlesticks."

It happily re-unites the couple who thrilled the world in "Ziegfeld" . . . William (Thin Man) Powell and Luise (Good Earth) Rainer. Baroness Orczy's famous story has reached the screen as exciting a romantic drama as you've ever known.

Then we saw "The Firefly." Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones are presented in the stirring musical filmed against a background of war in Old Spain. You'll remember their singing of "Sympathy" as long as you live.

While "The Firefly" temporarily separates Jeanette and Nelson Eddy, let me remind you that "Maytime" in which they are gloriously together is now in its third month at Sydney Liberty.

Another big one is "Parnell." Clark Gable, Myrna Loy are the principals in the story of the famous Irish Patriot who sacrificed himself for love. You'll be interested to watch the performance of young Alan Marshal (Brisbane born actor). He's star material, take it from Leo.

Brisbane's new Metro Theatre of the Stars opens Wednesday, November 10th, with Wm. Powell-Myrna Loy in "After The Thin Man." If you'd like a 24 page colored souvenir send 6d. right away to

LEO, of M-G-M.

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Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to get rid of those terrible spells of choking, gasping, coughing, and wheezing known as asthma. The true cause, which is Germs in the blood. No more burning of powders, no more hypodermic injections. This new discovery, Mendaco, starts to work in 3 minutes, killing the Germ cause of Asthma, also refreshing the blood and restoring vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything, and work and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to stop your Asthma completely in 5 days, or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day. Refuse a substitute. The guarantee protects you.

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HERE'S Hot NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchier, Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

JASCHA HEIFETZ has been signed for the technicolor production, "The Great Musical." Samuel Goldwyn is responsible for bringing the world-renowned violinist into films.

The unexpected success of "100 Men and a Girl" will no doubt encourage producers to bring fine music to the movie audience.

It was Heifetz's wife, Florence Vidor, one-time famous

DOTS... and DASHES

from her minor operation. • Cary Grant cancelling his trip to Tokio because of the eastern war. • Merle Oberon starting filmdom with her Juliet coiffure, brought back from London. • Wally Beery, once an elephant trainer, still haunting every circus he can find. • Director Anton Litvak building a small house for himself in the grounds of his wife's, Miriam Hopkins, big residence.

screen star, who negotiated the contract with Goldwyn.

MARTHA RAYE'S testimony won her an interlocutory divorce decree and also an issue from the Court prohibiting Buddy Westmore from molesting her. Buddy was not present in the court-room during the hearing.

Martha's mouth was not spread in her usual wide grin. She looked demure and sad as she told the Judge that Buddy slapped her face, used profane language, and always carried a gun.

Comic relief was furnished by Martha's maid when she described her employers' last night together.

"They went to bed," she said, "and I fixed them some pie to eat in bed. Then they argued all night long."

AUSTRALIAN Lucille Lisle is shortly to go into films again, after two years on the stage, in "Antony and Anna." She has been signed by 20th Century-Fox-British, but at the moment her first starring film has not been selected.

Lucille has packed much professional experience into her few years in England. Her last two films, "Expert's Opinion" and "Twice Branded," have just been released.

Her first big chance in London arrived when she played opposite Herbert Marshall in the stage version of "Another Language." Then came several films, and a starring role (on the stage) opposite Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "The Late Christopher Bean."

Next to acting (which is her passion as well as her everyday work) Lucille would like to be a great painter. She spends most of her spare time sketching.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER recently arranged a big meeting in London at which thousands of cheering women and girls greeted Robert Taylor with vast enthusiasm.

Robert went through it with his smile undimmed and his eyes bright with good humor, but when it was all over he was on the verge of collapse.

"If I say I do not like publicity," he remarked sadly, "people reply that I am ungrateful. If I say I don't in the least object, they retort that I am conceited."

THE fact that Lily Pons is 3000 miles away does not prevent Andre Kostelanetz from seeing her two days a week. He has just completed his 38th week-end visit to the petite songstress, which marks a record for transatlantic flying.

IN real life, Mae West is seldom seen in the company of men. She usually travels about with her sister.

ONLY a few months ago, lovely Andrea Leeds was having contract troubles at her studio. Then came "Stage Door" and her beautiful performance puts her among the important stars.

She plays the tragic role of a stage-struck girl who commits suicide—and some critics say she has stolen the show from Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.

Andrea is a gentle, studious type of girl, who expected to be a writer. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of California last year.

A SPECIAL feature at a party given by Norma Shearer was Kay Francis' impromptu dip in the swimming pool. Kay, looking gorgeous in a Schiaparelli gown laden with sequins, stepped into a canoe, and turned right over plump to the bottom of the pool.

Kay was pulled out, her dress unrecognisable, and her hair streaming over her eyes.

But Kay is a good sport. She shook herself like a puppy, changed into a bathing suit, and enjoyed a real swim.

SHED rather have one look at Gary Cooper than an interview with a king . . . so says the new women's tennis champion of the United States, Anita Lizana.

As soon as the petite Chilean won her title, she entrained for Hollywood, with the hope that she would get the chance to meet the tall, lean American who has long been the hero of her dreams.

Since the arrival of his new daughter, however, Gary hasn't been seen at his usual haunts. But Anita still hopes that he will make an appearance at the tennis club. She prays that when he does show up she will not be too shy to shake hands with him and gaze her fill.

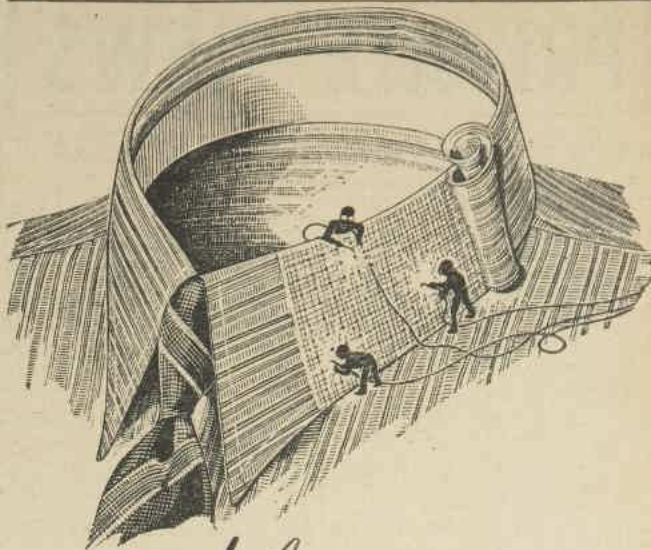
NORMA SHEARER is completely immersed in the Marie Antoinette role. The fascination of movie-making has done wonders towards bringing her back to normal. She is at M-G-M every day taking tests and trying out the period head-dresses and costumes.

The one problem now is to get an actor for the role of Louis XVI to play opposite Norma's Marie Antoinette. It is more than likely, however, that the part will go to George Sanders, who hails from South Africa, and is of Russian ancestry.

EVEN when love runs smooth, marriage in Hollywood seldom brings sweet domesticity. Alice Faye and Tony Martin have had dinner together only three times since their marriage. When he isn't working late, she is.

MARY PICKFORD is busy opening up her "School of the Cinema," which she will equip with a complete staff of experienced instructors.

She is offering the famous Pickfair estate for sale, and as soon as it is disposed of she and husband Buddy Rogers will buy a ranch.



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PRIVATE VIEWS

★ ★ THE ROAD BACK

John King. (Universal.)
THIS is the sequel but not the equal to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

It is about the end of the war and the return of soldiers to their homes in beaten Germany.

And it deserves praise as one of the few films which really try to break away from movie make-believe into the world of things that matter.

But it suffers from confusion and unreality.

The picture of starving post-war Germany is mediocre; and the human drama is weakened by diffusion over too many characters.

Also, the clowning of Slim Summerville jars throughout.

But lacking punch as a whole, it nevertheless offers three powerful moments.

The farewell of John Emery, a German captain, to the remnant of his company is one of them. As he says good-bye before they finally disband, the many shadowy figures of the dead fall into line beside the living.

The second is the scene where a young returned man finds a drunken profiteer with his girl, and shoots him dead.

The third is a passionate speech by John King in defence of this youth. When a man has been trained to kill people who don't matter to him, asks King, can he be expected to spare those who have done him personal wrong?

Between these moments, and a few others, the film is disappointing.—Plaza; showing.

★ ★ THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

Spencer Tracy, Gladys George, Franchot Tone. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS picture borrows from "The Road Back" the dubious proposition that returned soldiers tend to keep on shooting people after the war is over.

But whereas in the parent film the returned soldier merely does an amateur killing to settle a grudge, this time ex-Private Franchot Tone becomes a professional gunman.

We are left with a conviction that the weak fellow whom Tone finely portrays would still have been a

gunman even if he had never joined the army. So as an indictment of war's demoralising effect the film cuts no ice.

Less sincere than "The Road Back," it will be found more entertaining by many filmgoers. Instead of a rambling chapter of social history it offers a vigorous, coherent story.

And instead of a large but indistinct personnel it presents three definite characters.

Tracy does typically forceful work as the decent roughneck who is Tone's mate through the war and his rival for Nurse Gladys George.

Gladys George does her best with a sobby part which is the weakest thing about the picture.

Among other highfalutin' utterances, she has to cry to husband Tone, "I want you to look up to whatever it is that watches over this world and say 'I'm clean.'"

But this is a good action film during the early battle sequences and the fatal post-war career of gangster Tone.

And, allowing for some very unreal scenes, its human interest is pretty strong also.—St. James; showing.

★ ★ ANGEL

Marlene Dietrich, Melvyn Douglas, Herbert Marshall. (Paramount.)

THE lady portrayed here by Marlene Dietrich and nicknamed "Angel" is emphatically no angel.

The Paris establishment where her romance with Melvyn Douglas begins is called a "salon" in the film.

Week's Best Release

THE ROAD BACK

Panorama of disillusioned Germany after the War.

But it would be more accurately described by an uglier name.

Dietrich is the neglected wife of Marshall, an English diplomat more busy and dressy than Anthony Eden himself.

To relieve her boredom she drops in at the "salon"—strangely unsavory conduct for a heroine in these days of purified pictures.

But Angel's romance, and renunciation of Douglas when he turns out

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

to be a pal of her husband, leave us unmoved.

Lubitsch films, for all their surface sheen, have a cold inhumanity which is unsuited to romantic themes.

Cynical comedy is the true line of this great producer. That is why "Desire" was a much better film than this—which drags during ultra-glamorous patches.

The acting, strongly controlled by the producer's personality, has more polish than passion.

Neither Dietrich, with her inexpressive beauty, nor the two restrained male stars, relieve the emotional frigidity.

Yet it is worth seeing for its sumptuous sets, tasteful grouping, perfectly-timed comedy, artificial neatness—the unique Lubitsch pattern and style.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ CONFESSION

Kay Francis, Basil Rathbone. (Warner Bros.)

ANOTHER "handkerchief drama" of the kind to which Kay Francis is confined these days. It is not a bad one, thanks largely to the acting of young Jane Bryan, a new and earnest ingenue.

It is she, not Kay Francis, who is liable to bring a lump to the throat, although she appears only at the beginning and the end.

Basil Rathbone is the man who does Kay wrong this time, and after his treachery she, for some obscure reason, wears a blonde wig.

With this unfamiliar and unbecoming coiffure she groans huskily in a cabaret, shoots evil Basil, then, facing a murder charge, makes a long soul-stripping confession of her past.

But although Kay's coiffure is new the situations she lands in are not. As usual in films of this type the tragedy depends on a husband whose stupidity does not permit him to listen to explanations.

And, as usual, when this stock character is introduced we are so furious with him that we have no feelings to spare for his misunderstood wife... even when the usual baby is wrenched from her.

Like the plot, the anguished acting of the star is full of familiar tear-jerking artifices.

But capable direction and Jane Bryan's sincere work make it a good average film.

Mary Maguire appears for a few moments, giving a competent picture of a fluttering debutante.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ BIG FELLA

Paul Robeson, Elisabeth Welch. (Gaumont-British.)

ROBESON is not to blame for the dullness of this show. As a kindly, slow-witted vagabond of the Marseilles docks he gives a skilled characterisation and turns on his famous charm to the full.

And his splendid voice is heard in several very suitable songs.

Yet the tempo of the film would make a State funeral seem like the Melbourne Cup.

The opening is significant—a few chaps are lying inert on a wharf while Robeson sings a quite irrelevant song. Dramatic tension—nil.

In the story which follows the tension does not increase much. Robeson, sent by the police to find a little runaway boy, makes friends with the truant, and lets the boy stay with him.

On the credit side is one very charming scene—where Robeson visits the fretting truant after his recapture and calms him by singing, "Didn't Oughta Do Such Things."—Mayfair; showing.

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★ FORLORN RIVER

Larry Crabbe, June Martel. (Paramount.)

BARELY an average western, with champion swimmer, Larry Crabbe, showing that he is as agile on earth as in water.

He is opposed to a horse-stealer, Harvey Stephens, and a huge amount of ammunition is used before the "goodies" finally prevail.

Sound entertainment for the young, though adults will witness it without enthusiasm.—Cameo and Haymarket Civic; showing.

★ WAY OUT WEST

Laurel and Hardy. (M.-G.-M.)

FOLLOWERS of this slapstick team will find them at their funniest here.

Time: the gay 'nineties. Place: a very wild western town called Brushwood Gulch. And the famed pair meet with a lot of catastrophes, which most people will enjoy.

Laurel carries his idiosyncrasy to lengths he has never before exceeded.

It is good to know that the pair can still keep it up over longer films as well as in short comedies.—St. James; showing.

DARK JOURNEY

Conrad Veidt, Vivien Leigh. (London Films.)

VERY second-rate spy stuff—the sort of film that suggests espionage is one of the least exciting professions.

Veidt and Leigh are both secret agents operating in Stockholm during the war.

British films are optimistic if they are putting their trust in Vivien Leigh as a star. She's one of the loveliest to look at in England—but she never moves her facial muscles, whether the scene is hilarious or poignant. She ought to be playing poker, not pictures.

Clumsy direction deprives the film of critical moments, endows it with many tedious ones—such as when Conrad and Vivien, boiling with romance, go out on a balcony and watch a party of musicians for a long, long, long time.—Lyceum; showing.

Week's Worst Films

IN this crowded week of Sydney releases, there are two conspicuously bad films.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" is one—an endless pseudo-Irish musical in which the characters talk American slang. People who are not Irish will be bored; those who are Irish will probably feel insulted as well.

The other is "Hotel Haywire," a comedy with Leo Carrillo and others in domestic complexities that are terribly unfunny.

You have been warned.



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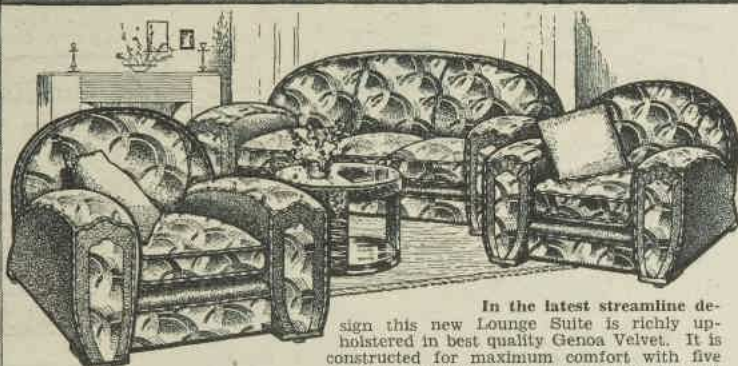
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22 1/2 in.	8/11	Now 6/8	22 1/2 in.	11/6	Now 10/6
24 in.	9/11	Now 7/8	24 in.	13/6	Now 11/6
26 in.	13/6	Now 10/6	26 in.	19/6	Now 16/6

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The only exceptions to this November Bonus Offer are: Cash & Carry, Provisions, Refreshments, Quick Sales, and a few Proprietary articles.

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These garments are also obtainable at our BONDÍ and PARRAMATTA STORES.



ME34—Exceptional Value in Floral Flat Crepe made to lines suitable for larger sizes. Neat Neckline with Revere Collar, Rick Racc Braid forming trimming on bodice. Inverted Pleat in Skirt. In Black, Navy, and Sage.
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ME37—Fully lined figured Georgette with soft Rouleau finish on Neckline and vest. Shirred Yoke, Frill Jabot, Vest to tone. Knife pleated panel in skirt. A useful garment for the season. In Black, Navy, and Brown.
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PRICE .. 25/-
Less 2/- in the £.

TALENT Revealed IN STAGE Trials

Australians are just as eager for acting fame as Americans.

This is the experience of Rod Gainford, who finds the unusual talent quest he conducts over 2GB a magnet for hundreds who hide away a secret desire for a stage, screen or radio career.

THE response from Australians, he says, is proportionately as great as is the case in similar quests in America, while his observations overseas reveal that Australians have equal if not greater potential qualities.

"I feel," says Mr. Gainford, "that even if we set one actor or actress on the road to fame we will have achieved something worth while."

"Meantime, we are helping to keep alive interest in the theatre both as entertainment and as a career for young people."

"Do you want to be an actor?" the session which Mr. Gainford conducts, is presented at the Assembly Hall, Margaret Street, Sydney, every Friday.

Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, November 10.—

11.45 a.m.: London Calling.

2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, November 11.—

11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen.

2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, November 12.—

11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45

p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, November 13.—

7.45 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30

p.m.: Popular Hits of To-day.

SUNDAY, November 14.—

4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Georges Thill. 6.10 p.m.:

Compositions by Franz Schubert.

MONDAY, November 15.—

11.45 a.m.: People in the Lime-

light. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The

Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, November 16.—

11.45 a.m.: Overseas News. 2.45

p.m.: Things That Happen.

day night, between 8 o'clock and 10.30. It is broadcast from 2GB between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m.

"When I was in Hollywood recently, the talent quest was proving most successful," says Rod Gainford. "I went along to Warner Bros. Theatre to see the show for myself. I paid quite a few dollars for a seat, and I found that there were talent scouts from all the studios present."

"That decided me to introduce the idea to Australia as soon as I returned, for I realised that here is the ideal method of giving young people with acting ability a real opportunity to give a live audience a taste of their quality."

"After all, the verdict of the audience is essential, for in the show business, right or wrong, the public is always right."

"Briefly, the idea is this. From those applicants who wish to test their ability we choose twelve who take their seats on the stage on the night of the audition."

"As producer, or compere, I take a script of a short sketch, which I outline to the audience. Then I ask them to select the players for the various roles. Next, these players are rehearsed without their scripts. Finally they are given their scripts and they play the scene. Four sketches are performed each week."

"Each week the best two players are chosen. They contest the final at the end of each month, and a prize of £5 each is awarded to the best man and woman."

There is often unrehearsed humor at the trials, which it is Rod Gainford's duty to keep human and kindly.

Thus the audience is kept in a continual simmer of mirth. On the other hand the audience's appreciation of true ability is always quick and spontaneous.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. ♦ BROADWAY, SYDNEY ♦ PHONE M 6506

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Illustrated by many photographs taken by the King.

When Princess Elizabeth was thrown from her horse

Princess Elizabeth, during her early riding lessons, was thrown from her horse, Peggy, on one occasion. Unhurt and unconcerned, the little Princess got on again, and told her groom, "Oh, Peggy can kick. She has been very naughty, very naughty."

This incident is told by Lady Cynthia Asquith this week, continuing her intimate and vivid pen sketch of the King's Daughters.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

Written and published by gracious permission of Their Majesties.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret Rose were frequent visitors to St. Paul's Waldenbury. This lovely, rose-red Queen Anne house, the scene of so many happy springs and summers in Queen Elizabeth's own childhood, is an enchanting place for children.

Here the Princesses occupied the nursery in which their mother learned to walk, a delightfully well-seasoned room that has welcomed generation after generation into its sheltering atmosphere.

A perfect paradise for children is the starfish-shaped little wood designed by Le Notre that, with all its converging green alleys, gives the most amazing illusion of being part of a large forest.

To the Princesses it certainly appears a quite illimitable world of its own. And in the deep shade of this wood—the "Enchanted Wood" as she used to call it—the wood where she became engaged to their father, Queen Elizabeth loves to wander with her children and show them the carpets of anemones and primroses that to her— it seems only yesterday—were so surely the haunt of fairies.

Royal Sanctuary

WINDSOR CASTLE is the ideal palace of a child's dream. No fairy story could possibly improve on its ramparts, battlements and turrets.

Of the splendours of Windsor Forest everyone knows. Reining in their ponies on the small beech-clad hill on the fringe of the park, the two little daughters of the King can see, between the soaring stems of the beeches and over the squat, hoary oaks and the glades of bracken, their father's great castle rising far beyond, poised in the distance above a sea of leaves.

Seen from here with its banner flying across the last rays of the sun, it is a vision rather than a view, a fabric of enchantment, floating high in the mist, a symbol of the long, haunting story of England, bearing with it what phantoms of Kings and Queens, soldiers, statesmen, saints and prelates; all the strange variety of those who have ruled this island, gathering round it in the blue haze of a spring evening.

At home as they were in all these romantic settings, it was not until 1932 that Princess Elizabeth's and Princess Margaret Rose's parents acquired an English home of their very own when they took over Royal Lodge in Windsor Park.

In this sanctuary, comparatively free from interruption, intrusion, and even the camera, the children have spent their happiest, freest hours.

Hatless and in their knockabout

clothes—jerseys and kilts—here they climb trees, scamper about with their dogs, get just as hot and dirty as they please, and revel in all the messy joys of gardening and the blissful ownership of innumerable pets.

Dogs (Jane and Dookie, the two Welsh Corgis, and the Shetland Collies, Flash and Spark), two fawns (not more than half tame), twenty blue budgerigars, and best of all, their beloved ponies.

Very often Queen Elizabeth leads her youngest daughter's pony round the grounds, and every Sunday afternoon, the whole family—father, mother and the two children—visit the stables with their hands and pockets full of apples and sugar. The horses and ponies, prepared for the best, prick their ears and whinny at the sound of the familiar footsteps.

On Sunday mornings at Royal Lodge, the Queen reads them Bible stories aloud, and every day after tea in the winter she plays the piano, favorite Old English and Scottish songs and Negro Spirituals, and the children stand beside her piano-stool and sing with her in their true little piping trebles.

When at last her fingers are tired, they turn to games; a great favorite being one in which the Queen tells a story, breaking off every now and then, and each child in turn has to go on with the story wherever it is left off.

And very often she reads aloud. When I asked her what kind of books she chose, she said: "Fairy-stories, Alice, Black Beauty, At the Back of the North Wind, Peter Pan—anything we can find about horses and dogs, and gay poetry like Come unto these yellow sands."

Keen Gardeners

IN the summer evenings they stay out of doors until the knell of bedtime falls on unwilling ears.

A very favorite occupation is "tidying up the trees." Armed with a long pruning-fork, Queen Elizabeth walks round the grounds, trimming the old oaks, while the children follow just behind dragging a tiny cart into which they heap all the little branches they pick up as their mother cuts them down.

As soon as they began to live at Royal Lodge, each of the Princesses was given a garden of her own. These have been the greatest delight and, under the inspiration and supervision of Nurse Knight, their gardening has been much more than just the delicious dabbling in earth and water—the mere authorised "messing." It is so to many children.

They have really worked hard. Besides enjoying sowing and digging, both of them are very eager to keep their property tidy and spend hours in weeding the beds and raking the paths.

Needless to say they are very generous in the use—during which they become very damp themselves—of their little watering-cans and will never allow any flower to, what they call, "go thirsty."

Princess Margaret likes each particular flower in her garden to have plenty of space. "Oh dear! now we are getting an untidy garden!" she says directly the beds begin to look at all crowded.

The spring flowers they most like to grow are polyanthus, daffodils, tulips, forget-me-nots and wallflowers, and in the summer, poppies, love-in-a-mist, stocks, Canterbury bells, campons, Sweet Williams and pansies.

They also cultivate rose-trees and a rock-garden built up of curiously shaped stones collected from Rob Roy's Cave and other historical places they have visited.

Herbs they grow, too—thyme, camphor, eau-de-cologne and camomile and mint.

One day, some years ago, when asked why she did not cut some mint, which she always called "mint-sauce," Princess Elizabeth exclaimed: "Oh, no! No more mint-sauce from my garden. It means leading the lambs!"

Princess Margaret is perhaps more interested in her kitchen garden than in flowers.

She is very fond of producing mustard and cress, and at one time her enthusiasm for potatoes was such that not only was her garden almost exclusively given up to the cultivation, but she always carried five of these vegetables in her pocket.

She also expected everyone else to show the same enlightened interest. "What are those?" she asked one day, pointing to a bed in a neighbor's kitchen garden.

"Those are potatoes," "Of course, I know that!" she exclaimed indignantly. "But what kind of potatoes? We always know what ours are. We had Epicure for luncheon to-day, and very good they were, too."

A tenant of the Princesses' garden to whom they are much attached is a large speckled toad, who hides himself under the leaves, and every morning there is a race to see who can find their old friend first.

I have described Princess Elizabeth's Palace of Playthings in the day nursery at Number 145 Piccadilly, but no cabinet could contain her very best toy—a miniature house—which now stands in the garden of Royal Lodge, and, invited by its owner, Bishops, Cabinet Ministers and Generals are often to be seen squeezing themselves into its hospitality.

Whenever they go away the Princesses wrap up all the treasures of this little house in tissue paper, and they always wash and iron its window-curtains themselves.

This supreme toy, the gift of the Welsh nation to Princess Elizabeth on her sixth birthday, was the idea of the architect who built it, Mr. Morgan Willmott.

Naturally this unique property has its Fire Insurance Policy covering the house and its contents.

A full-size policy was drawn out and then reduced to scale by photography. When folded, it is just over one inch wide and three inches long. There is also a Lilliputian Deed of Gift.

"Conveying the house and its contents between the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, acting as chairman on behalf of the Committee of Control on the one part, and H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth of York—hereinafter called the donee—"

This deed bears an ordinary stamp—the only object in the house that is full size. Without a special Act of Parliament a smaller stamp would not have been valid.

Loves Horses

GREATEST of all the attractions at Royal Lodge is the stables. Princess Elizabeth has always had an intense love for horses. "They have such a pathetic look," she used to say, "I don't know what it is about them that makes them so lovely."

It was at Naseby Hall in 1930, at the age of four, that she started her career as a horsewoman when a Shetland pony called Peggy became her property.

Her first—and, indeed all her riding lessons—were given her by a very good teacher, Owen, the King's stud groom.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE and some of the Royal pets. A happy little family study taken by the King.

Peggy was a Shetland pony of about nine hands. At first Owen used to walk beside her on foot and lead her. At the end of the ride, Peggy was always given a reward of carrots, which Princess Elizabeth always called chocolates.

"She Can Kick"

ONE day, instead of Owen, an amateur led Peggy. Missing the accustomed firm hand on her bridle, the little Shetland, who was full of latent mischief, kicked up her heels higher than her head and threw her tiny rider.

Princess Elizabeth got on again

quite unconcernedly, but thought it only right to report the crime.

"Owen," she said, "Peggy has been very naughty, very naughty. She has pitched me right over her head. Oh, she can kick!"

Owen condemned Peggy to be docked of her accustomed carrots, but Princess Elizabeth would not hear of this sentence being carried out.

When they left Naseby Hall, Peggy was stabled in the Royal Mews at Windsor Castle, and her little mistress enjoyed many happy hours riding in the Park and in the riding school.

Continued on Next Page

A WONDERFUL OFFER

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The new Latex Girdles are made to individual measurements, are worn like an ordinary corset giving natural balance and support to your figure with perfect liberty of action.

IT MAKES YOU LOOK THIN WHILST GETTING THIN.

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The new Latex wonder Girdle banishes figure faults and imparts a charming appearance as soon as wrapped on. After having massaged away the superfluous fat, it leaves your figure shapely and more supple, your health improved. The girdle can then be worn as a foundation garment which clings to your figure as a second skin, giving a most graceful appearance.

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Below are my measurements. It is distinctly understood the girdle is not to cost me one Penny unless I am thoroughly satisfied.

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SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO., LTD.,

Desk 103, 228 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Edward's Penny

Uncrowned King's Coin

A great deal of interest is being created in Australia and abroad by the arrival of a limited number of Fiji pennies. These coins are being eagerly sought after by both coin collectors and persons wishing to obtain a unique souvenir of King Edward VIII (now Duke of Windsor).

It is understood that these are some of the only coins minted in the British Empire of the uncrowned King.

Some of these coins have already found their way overseas and a high price is being obtained as their future value is recognised by coin dealers and collectors.

Readers wishing to have one posted to them should send together with a stamped envelope a postal note for 2/- to Box 8911, G.P.O., Brisbane. Mark your envelope, "Fiji Penny."



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For Sport and City wear when you like a service sheer, we recommend . . . **JOY.** Pure silk from top to toe . . . with amazing durability. It is rightly called the 'famous happy medium weight' . . . 6/11.

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Many men have the impression that a Savings Bank Account is suitable only for women and children, and that it is neither convenient nor dignified enough for business men.

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There is nothing undignified in the transaction of Savings Bank business, but there is interest profit to be earned on such monies as would otherwise lie idle.

Throughout Australia there are Branches and Post Office Agencies of the

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia

WRITTEN STARS IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Astrological Research Society

Scorpions Are Good . . . And Will Tell You So

Scorpio-born people (October 24 to November 23) comprise some of the world's worst bluffers.

They are good . . . and won't hesitate to tell the world so. But those who love them, and try to really understand these powerful and magnetic people, find that their inclination toward bragging and over-confidence is really no more than a rather childish pleasure in their successful accomplishments.

STILL when a Scorpion gives his battle-cry he generally has something worth while to say. At the same time he loves an audience and thrives on approbation and excitement, that's all.

These folk also seem able to make life interesting for those who are close to them, as well as for themselves.

They are hard workers, enthusiasts and pioneers. They will tackle the seemingly impossible and by persistence, shrewdness, forethought and sheer effort carry the matter through to a successful conclusion.

Seldom do Scorpions live quietly. They are not content merely to accept whatever gifts the gods may bring. They always want more . . . and are quite willing to fight for it.

They are battlers in every sphere of life, so that their existence is frequently a turbulent but interesting one.

The Scorpion will assure you he loves a fight, a competition, a sport and a big noise. So he does. But he makes such terrific and continual demands upon his active mind and his even more active body that there is definite need for mental and bodily relaxation.

They must replace the energy they dissipate so carelessly. Otherwise, if ill-health finally catches up to them, they go down to it entirely.

Fortunately, however, they are blessed with a huge reserve of energy and strong constitutions, plus an impatience with sickness which is, in itself, an aid to recuperation.

The parts of the body most likely to suffer ailments are the nose, throat, heart, and ankles. Care of the diet is advised, for it is only when Scorpions let bad habits get the best of them that they suffer from ill-health.

Apart from that, rashness, daring and a tendency to leap before they look are usually accountable for the many little accidents suffered by those born at this time of the year.

Rest, contentment, and plenty of fun are essential if Scorpions are to do their best work in life. But when

resting, let them have a book or some other diversion, otherwise the canker of "doing nothing" will fray their nerves and the period of relaxation do more harm than good.

Yes! they are difficult people to manage—but somehow rather admirable and interesting.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Poor on November 9. Better on November 15 and 18. **TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Be wise and cautious. Make no changes and take no risks of any kind on November 10, 11 or 12. Difficulties will abound for you. Losses or partings possible.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Just fair on November 10, 11 and 12 (till 6 p.m.).

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): A splendid time to use that inherent persistence and "hunch" of yours. Be aggressive and confident. Try promotion and desired changes. Make the most of November 12 (after dusk), 13 and 14.

LEO (July 21 to Aug. 21): Sit tight. Caution and patience are your best methods now. Try to guard against delays, annoyances and general upheavals, especially on November 10, 11 and 12.

VIRGO (Aug. 21 to Sept. 21): Just fair on November 9. Hard work will help.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Just fair on November 10, 11 and 12.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Work and be your aggressive and confident self on November 12 (after 5 p.m. only), 13 and 14. Plan to go after the things you want then.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Just fair on November 15 and 16.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Hard work on November 9 should produce good results.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): Rather poor all this week. Attempt no new enterprises of importance. Arguments and difficulties likely for unwary Aquarians.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to March 21): Fair enough on November 12 (after dusk), 13 and 14, if you work hard.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]

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Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from greases or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

NEW-



**THE Sweet
FLAVOURED GUM**

The KING'S Daughters

Continued from Previous Page

OWEN tells me she made remarkably quick progress. Riding seemed to come very naturally to her.

In 1933 she was given a rather larger mount, a new pony called Gem—"And a real gem he is, too!" she declared. Owen now rode instead of walking beside her, usually on a cob called Taffy, whom he describes as a "proper little rogue." Princess Elizabeth greatly enjoyed the frequent tussles between Taffy and his rider.

"Well done, Owen, you are marvellous! You have mastered him!" she applauded one day after a particularly fierce battle, and when she got home she said she had so much enjoyed the performance that she hoped "Taffy would be naughty every day."

Princess Margaret began to ride when she was four. Her elder sister was delighted and most eager to coach the beginner.

The first time she saw her trotting, bumping up and down in the saddle with pinkening cheeks, Princess Elizabeth exclaimed: "Oh, Mummy, do look how well Margaret rides!"

Owen says both the Princesses sit their ponies very well, and have good hands and good nerves. Soon some fences are to be put up and they will practise jumping.

To be continued

A.R.27 A

Our Great Medical Series

WHAT DOCTORS Know About
Common COLDSBeware of Weather Changes, Rest
When Attacked... is Best Advice

Colds and flu have sometimes been termed "the standing reproach to the medical profession."

It must be confessed that no way of preventing these complaints has yet been discovered by medical research, though their prevalence is estimated to cost the businesses and trades of the world millions of pounds a year.

But, as the following article shows, an entirely new line of research has been developed in the last few years, which promises either prevention or cure in the near future. The article is another of the special series written for The Australian Women's Weekly in co-operation with leading specialists.

By A SPECIALIST

A COLD, even a bad cold, these diseases will be described, to illustrate points of similarity and difference.

The onset of a common cold is usually rapid. There is a short preliminary period of feeling "out of sorts," with a slight headache, irritation or feeling of fullness in the nose, and gain added sympathy and dignity thereby.

But a concession may be made to this foible, because as a matter of fact both complaints are rarely encountered as pure-and-simple diseases, being usually accompanied by "complications." And some of these complications of colds and flu happen to be the same.

A typical attack of each of

these diseases will be described, to illustrate points of similarity and difference.

The onset of a common cold is usually rapid. There is a short preliminary period of feeling "out of sorts," with a slight headache, irritation or feeling of fullness in the nose, and gain added sympathy and dignity thereby.

After the first two or three days the fever goes down, and the nose begins again to run; the discharge thickens and then subsides. This is

Affects Throats

SNEEZING then sets in, and the main symptoms rapidly follow. The nose begins to "run" and then becomes blocked; there is a slight fever with rapid pulse, and usually headache, with a "stuffy" feeling in the forehead. The patient feels tired; there are often pains in the back.

After the first two or three days the fever goes down, and the nose begins again to run; the discharge thickens and then subsides. This is

an uncomplicated cold, which lasts about a week. It is rather a rarity.

The usual course is for the throat to become involved, and finally the bronchial tubes, the patient being left with a cough which may "hang on" for weeks and which is very difficult to get rid of.

As a rule the appetite is not lost, but owing to the loss of the sense of taste, food "all tastes like rubber" (in popular parlance), and there may be reluctance to eat it for that reason.

Flu Symptoms

A TYPICAL attack of influenza has also a rapid onset, but the symptoms are far more distressing. There is a similar short period of feeling "out of sorts," with a slight headache, pains in the limbs, dry throat and discomfort.

Then there is usually a definite attack of chills or "shivers" ushering in the main symptoms. The temperature rapidly soars, there are intense pains in the body and limbs, a "splitting" headache, weakness, prostration, a galloping pulse.

The breathing is rapid, the skin flushed, appetite is completely lost; the throat is sore, the eyes run, the patient cannot sleep and is restless, often delirious. This is pure, uncomplicated flu, which is like an uncomplicated cold, somewhat rare; it lasts only a few days.

The usual course, however, is for the complaint to become complicated after the first few days, with infections of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and even the lungs.

Thus there is superadded to the original flu running of the nose and eyes, sore throat, cough, bronchitis, and, if the patient is unlucky, pneumonia. All these complications take a severer grip and are harder to shake off than in the case of the common cold.

This is because of the intense weakness and loss of resistance set up by the first onset of pure flu.

"Pneumonic flu" is popularly spoken of as a single disease, but actually these are two separate infections which, so to speak, happen to be working together, the preliminary flu attack giving the pneumonia germ a free run by totally exhausting the patient.

The combination is a particularly deadly one; but it should not be forgotten that pure uncomplicated flu is often deadly, and can kill an invalid or elderly patient in a few days by causing heart failure.

Tracing the Cause

NOW infections are due to germs, and it would seem an easy enough matter to pick out the germs responsible for such typical infections as colds and flu by examining the fluids secreted by sufferers from these diseases.

But bacteriologists, from the first (that is, from the 90's of last century, when these germs began to be looked for), found themselves faced with a problem.

Half a dozen or more breeds of germs were found in both cases, and the job was to distinguish which germ was the cause of the original disease, and which was the cause of the complications.

Right up to the period of the Great War the dispute over this identification raged; but the majority of investigators had agreed that a small round organism, micrococcus catarrhalis, was the prime cause of colds, and "Pfeiffer's bacillus," Bacillus Influenza, the villain-in-the-case with influenza, though a tag-rag of other germs, were always found associated with them.

The latter were looked on as "secondary invaders," hangers-on who had followed in the wake of the micrococcus or Pfeiffer's germ.

Having apparently traced the germs causing colds, it seemed an easy matter to prepare vaccines from them which would prevent people catching colds and flu, or, if a patient was already infected, cut short the attack.

These vaccines were made, and heralded with a great flourish of scientific trumpets. But they proved disappointing. Not to be defeated bacteriologists next prepared "mixed vaccines" for colds and flu—these included the germs of the "complications," including pneumonia. It was held that these mixed vaccines would both prevent and cut short attacks.

Continued on Next Page



AH-TISH-OOO! Your common cold sneeze is nothing to complain about. This girl, Violet Rei, of Philadelphia, had a sneezing attack which lasted 14 days.

Girls...
Wanted!Smart Appearance...
and Good Personality
Essential

EVERY day you see advertisements similar to the above. Whenever there are opportunities in business—and socially—the demand is for girls with personality, appearance and personal charm.

You must be trained in personal charm to win business and social success nowadays. All the world's loveliest women are schooled in personal charm, and you can be too.

Become an Annabella Beauty Girl and win irresistible new charm before Christmas. Annabella's course of simple, inexpensive lessons in perfect deportment, social etiquette, voice modulation, dress sense, and beauty care, develop all these gracious qualities that make girls the centre of admiration.

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BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as Boils, Pimples, Skin Blisters, Prickly Heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/6 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.*

YOUR NOSE
WILL TELL YOU

whether you are using the wrong face powder

YOUR nose pores are larger than other pores. They give off more moisture than other pores. That is why your nose gives you first warning if you are using the wrong face powder.

If you use a powder containing organic ingredients that absorb moisture and swell, you can see what will happen. Tiny granules lodge in the mouth of the pores. When they get wet and swell the pores are forced open. Soon they become enlarged, causing minor skin blemishes and blackheads.

HOW TO AVOID THEM.

A sure way to guard against these conditions is to use Coty

Air Spun Face Powder. It contains no organic ingredients, noorris root, no artificial adhesives. Nothing to harm the most delicate skin. The secret of its even close-clinging film is Coty's unique Air Spun Process. In this the tiny powder grains are whirled in a tornado of air to make every one smoothly round. As a result, Coty Air Spun goes on more smoothly than ordinary powders and stays on.

If you have not tried Air Spun ask to see it next time you buy powder. Large box, 3/9; half size, 2/3.

Coty AIR SPUN
the powder for delicate skinsShe thought her
frock was white...

until

she used a

Persil-washed
serviette

The brilliant whiteness of Persil-washed things shows other whites quite dull by comparison. And here's the simple reason why—Persil's oxygen bubbles push the suds through and through the fabric, make them wash out all the tiny particles of grime that ordinary washing leaves behind. Things are bound to come out whiter when you wash them this way. Try Persil yourself and see!

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THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER



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Wrinkles, crowsfeet, age-lines, removed by amazing new face mask.

Facial Youthfulness Regained.

This New FACE-LIFTING MASK is the Outstanding Beauty Restorative Invention of the Age. By its use any woman, regardless of Age—or for how long her Facial Appearance has been neglected—can QUICKLY and SAFELY Smooth Out Every Trace of WRINKLES, AGE-LINES, CROW'S-FOOT and SCRAWNY NECK. Youthful Contour, too, is restored and a velvety-smooth skin replaces sallowness.

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My 16-page Booklet explains how you can have a Wrinkle-free Face, Rose-petal Complexion, and FREE TRIAL. Send for IT NOW—ENCLOSE 2d. Stamp for Postage.

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"He Cut His Teeth

without my knowing"—writes a mother. Keep baby regular during teething and at other times by using Steedman's Powders—they keep baby's bloodstream cool. Give this gentle aperient to children up to 14 years of age.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

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What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my Lottery? Luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 2/6. Send P.N., birth-date, stamped addressed envelope. A Moore, Box 3427R, G.P.O., Sydney.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce, safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts.

Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer. Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3679, B.S., Sydney, N.S.W.

WHAT DOCTORS Know About Common COLDS

THE best that can be said for these is that (in some cases) the complications were milder in vaccine-treated patients. But by now the Great World Epidemic ("Spanish flu" it was called at the time), had broken out, and these vaccines got a try-out on severe flu which at once revealed their limitations.

Immense amounts were made by the Commonwealth, and wholesale inoculations made; but as a preventive the vaccine was a "flop."

Typical figures were—Victorian railway employees, inoculated, 4.1 per cent. attacked by flu; uninoculated, 4 per cent. (practically the same). On one steamer everybody on board was inoculated; 88 per cent. were attacked, 12 per cent. died; on another all were inoculated, 64 per cent. were attacked; 9 per cent. died. And so on.

The vaccine may have diminished some complications, but it had no effect on the death-rate, which in this outbreak was due chiefly to pneumonia and heart-failure.

By this time critics of the theory that Pfeiffer's germ was the prime cause of influenza began to raise their voices again. Both in Britain and America research-workers discovered that fluid from a flu patient was still infectious, even after it had been run through a filter so fine that all ordinary germs (including Pfeiffer's) were strained out.

This showed that flu was a "virus" disease—that is, a disease caused by very small living particles, far smaller than germs, and differing from them in many ways. One difference (of very practical significance) is that a virus cannot be cultivated in a laboratory, and hence vaccines cannot be prepared from them.

This seemed to make the prospect of getting a cure or preventive pretty hopeless.

Then study of other virus diseases revealed that there is a method by which a preventive can be made.

If the virus obtained from a sufferer is chemically treated so as to weaken it (without quite destroying it), and if a little of this weakened virus is injected into a healthy per-

son, the latter becomes "immune" to the disease, that is, he will not "take" it when a big epidemic comes along.

This seemed to promise a flu preventive. But a serious obstacle at once appeared. Where was the supply of virus to come from?

NOT from human patients; because the only big supply available would be when an epidemic came along. But the weakened virus needs to be injected before an epidemic, as it takes some time to make a healthy person immune.

Animals were thought of; but now came another difficulty. No animals except apes were found to suffer from human flu. And apes were out of the question because of rarity and expense.

Thousands would be needed to cope with wholesale inoculation, and the price of apes (could sufficient be secured) ranges from £100 each upwards.

Natural Immunity

SO the problem remained hopeless till a few years ago, when the discovery was made by research-workers in Britain, under Sir Patrick Laidlaw, that ferrets could contract human flu.

Using a big team of ferrets as a "reservoir," Laidlaw has since been trying to prepare a form of injection which will immunise human patients against flu.

High hopes were held out at first, but they have not so far been realised.

Several interesting discoveries have, however, been made during the research. One is that flu, no matter where it occurs, is one and the same disease. Virus obtained from patients living in Australia, Russia, Holland, Alaska, the United States and Porto Rico have been tested and compared, and found identical.

Another is that when a human being recovers from flu, "antibodies"—natural chemical antidotes to the flu virus—appear in his blood on the eighth day, increase till the twenty-first, then disappear.

This seems to show that natural

immunity after an attack does not last long. In fact this was already suspected; it is a matter of popular remark that one attack of flu does not prevent the patient from getting another next year—or, for that matter, some few months after.

ALL this complicates the job of finding an efficient immuniser. If an injection does not immunise immediately, and if the immunity conferred only lasts a few weeks, obviously the protection is not of much use to the ordinary citizen.

The same objection applies to immunity injections against the common cold. The virus causing this disease has been discovered; it is a different virus to that of flu. An interesting sidelight on colds arising from this research is that they are only infectious early in the complaint.

After the first day the patient is not infectious—at least, so say the experimenters at the Rockefeller Research.

This is the state of affairs in regard to prevention and treatment of colds and flu by injections.

The problem is much more difficult than that of an ordinary infection, because there is no control or isolation of sufferers; the infection spreads among the community unchecked.

In regard to other treatment, there are many popular specifics which relieve distressing symptoms.

The real cure is carried out by the body itself, which fights the cold or flu virus by producing "antibodies" circulating in the blood.

Sufferers from colds should stay at home and rest in bed—if possible. Inhalations of antiseptics in steam—such as Friar's Balsam, eucalyptus, etc.—often give relief; aspirin and other popular standard remedies relieve the headache. Food should be light and easily digestible.

Sudden changes of temperature should be avoided, such as leaving an overheated room for the cold air, unless the body is warmly wrapped.

Continued from Previous Page

For flu, there is one maxim for quick and successful treatment—go to bed as soon as the symptoms appear; stay there for at least three days, that is, till the main infection—the flu virus—is being held in check by the body's defences, and treat the symptoms with aspirin, alcohol, quinine, or the other popular remedies.

Sensible Way

BY staying "on his feet," the sufferer is really "doping" himself and so forcing his body to sidestep the urgency of the symptoms.

If it is a serious attack, the usual result is a collapse later; the patient is forced to go to bed, and now has exhausted the powers of resistance needed to fight the attack.

Consequently he becomes an easy prey to the secondary infections or complications, including pneumonia.

People who have weak hearts (in a sense this applies to every one after forty) should not attempt to do too much, or impose much strain on the body.

In particular, sudden changes of temperature should be avoided. It is a good rule after a severe attack of flu to go to bed early for at least a month.

To avoid catching colds and flu is a difficult matter; sufferers with mild attacks, or convalescing from an attack, visit theatres, picture shows, travel on railways and trams, attend offices or serve in shops, and infect healthy citizens by breathing, coughing or sneezing.

In an epidemic the only safe measure seems to be to avoid crowded gatherings; the principle is easy to lay down, but difficult (or impossible) to keep in practice.

Recently a theory has been advanced that a diet rich in vitamin A lessens the liability to contract colds and flu. However, very careful experiments carried out with human volunteers in Britain and the United States have shown that the theory is not tenable.



BACKACHE

Only those who suffer can realise the utter misery, the maddening torture, the dreadful weakness that backache brings. Yet thousands of chronic sufferers go on in their pain and weakness until perhaps they have to give up, becoming bedridden; mother unable to carry out her daily duties; wage-earners lose money; pleasures just a thing of the past. Sufferers, you must realise that awful Backache is Nature's urgent signal of deep-seated trouble within the body—Kidney Trouble.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Are you going to stay crippled by pain, or will you prove how quickly, how surely and permanently you can end your trouble by taking De Witt's Pills.

De Witt's Pills, in 24 hours, show you how they have acted directly on the

kidneys. If you will only persevere, their cleansing and tonic action will rid your system of the poisons and impurities that cause your pain. Why will you suffer longer when De Witt's Pills are ready to bring you health?

Remember this. De Witt's Pills are made for the one purpose only—to end the pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. They purify the system and build up health, strength and vitality. De Witt's Pills go to the seat of all your trouble—the Kidneys.

They are safe and sure in all cases of RHEUMATISM BACKACHE JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO SCIATICA KIDNEY TROUBLE

See you get the genuine pills to-day. Sold only in the white, blue and gold box, at all chemists.

DeWitt's
KIDNEY AND
BLADDER
Pills

Reduced Prices:
3/- & 5/9
NEW TRIAL SIZE
1/9

Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy

DUKE OF WINDSOR'S Strange EXILE

Continued from Page 3

BUT the welcomes given to him on his recent Continental tour have been reminiscent of his public life as Prince of Wales and King.

Crowds have waited eagerly to see and hear him. He has gone from country to country like an ambassador, everywhere greeted by welcoming officials, police escorts, flocks of cameras.

All this has been different to the life led by other Royalties who have retired into private life.

Alfonso, of Spain, the Kaiser, and many others lead a very simple life by comparison.

Wherever you go people are feverishly questioning each other concerning the Duke's future plans.

BUT that is not the only highlight. It is understood the English Cabinet is anxious to clear up misunderstandings which may have arisen from the Duke's strange exile.

Two of the points expected to be more fully explained are that on the day King George V died King Edward expressed a wish to make way for the present King, and that after the abdication the Duke declared he would remain abroad for at least three years.

AT the moment there is no answer to the puzzle whether the Duke will live privately or continue his interest in public affairs as he has done on his Continental tour.

He says himself: "Some recent misstatements concerning the Duchess and myself have caused us considerable embarrassment and might lead to dangerous consequences."

"I wish to make it perfectly clear that any journey thus far, or any plans for the future will be undertaken by me as a completely independent observer."

Of his proposed American tour, he said: "We are looking forward to it...to further opportunities of studying housing and industrial conditions. I will be an independent observer, on

my own initiative, without any political considerations whatever."

These statements are not consistent with a desire to live a life of obscurity, content many.

IT was the same in Paris. The Duke issued communiques to the Press, telling of his future movements, of his interest in the well-being of the working man, of his desire for further experience in this study.

When they arrived in Paris from Munich, the Duchess stepped briskly to the platform.

There were shops to be seen, shops she knows well, centres of fashion in Place Vendôme, Avenue Montaigne, Faubourg Saint-Honore. They were expecting her.

But the Duke laid his hand on her arm. There were photographers to attend to. He waited. She edged from his hand and continued with her brisk walk, smiling.

To shouts "Long live the American Duchess," they reached their car. Edward waved to the hundreds of people who had gathered. The Duchess ignored them.

They got their first few moments of privacy in the roaring Paris traffic. Edward settled back on to the seat, after the Duchess had opened the windows.

When King he had to sit up straight. His brother has to do that now. But the Duke was able to lounge back in the cushions.

COMMENTING on the Duke's interest in public affairs, the Paris newspaper, "Soir," compared him to Charles Dickens' Mr. Pickwick.

"It seems that the Duke has now found happiness, and he now wishes to improve the lot of man. Mr. Pickwick found happiness and peace in a cottage near London, surrounded by his disciples," said the paper.

"Would it not be a wise example for the Duke to follow? A small house in the country, sincere friends to drink his wine and leave all else to Providence."

"MY RELIGION" ... Profound Faith of China's WOMAN LEADER

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek Tells of Power of Prayer

Mysterious, dominant figure in the China-Japan conflict is a woman, Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, who, through her husband, practically rules China's destiny. Here is the story of her religious philosophy.

"My religion is a very simple thing," she writes. "It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength and mind to do the will of God."

"... When I talk with Him, he lifts me up to where I can see clearly."

By MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

BY nature I am not a religious person. At least, not in the common acceptance of that term. I am not by nature a mystic. I am practical-minded.

Mundane things have meant much to me, perhaps too much. Mundane, not material, things. I care more for a beautiful celadon vase than for costly jewels.

I am more disturbed as I traverse the crowded, dirty streets of an interior city than I am by the hazards of flying with poor visibility which my husband and I experienced recently.

Personal danger means nothing to me. But I am concerned that my schools for the children of the revolutionary heroes shall raise for them, and perhaps for the communities to which they return, the standard of living and the quality of life.

Also, I am more or less sceptical. I used to think Faith, Belief, Immortality were more or less imaginary. I believed in the world seen, not the world unseen.

I could not accept things just because they had always been accepted. In other words, a religion good enough for my fathers did not necessarily appeal to me. I do not yet believe in predigested religion in palatable, sugar-coated doses.

Spartan Mother

I KNEW my mother lived very close to God. I recognised something great in her.

My mother was not a sentimental parent. In many ways she was Spartan. But one of my strongest childhood impressions is of mother going to a room she kept for the purpose on the third floor to pray.

She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything she would say, "I must ask God first." And we could not hurry her.

Asking God was not a matter of spending five minutes to ask Him to bless her child, and grant the request.

It meant waiting upon God until she felt His leading. And I must say that whenever mother prayed and trusted God for her decision, the undertaking invariably turned out well.

Perhaps this is why I sometimes think that I have grown spiritually because mother was taken from me. Or, to be perfectly honest, I sometimes think perhaps God took mother from her children in order that we might grow.

Immense Task

DURING the last seven years I have suffered much. I have gone through deep waters because of the chaotic conditions in China, the chopping off of our richest provinces, the death of my saintly mother, flood, famine, and the intrigues of those who should have been helping to unify the country.

All these things have made me see my own inadequacy. More than that, all human insufficiency.

To try to do anything for the country seemed like trying to put out a great conflagration with a cup of water.

In contemplating history I began to feel the utility of life. Sometimes I would say to myself (never to my husband): "What if we do not achieve a strong, unified country? In the sum total of things, what does it amount to? As surely as a country rises to the zenith, so surely does it decline!"

During these years of my married life, I have gone through three phases as related to my religion. First, there was a tremendous enthusiasm and patriotism—a passionate desire to do something for my country. Here was

my opportunity. With my husband, I would work ceaselessly to make China strong.

I had the best of intentions. But something was lacking. There was no staying power. I was depending on self.

Then came the second phase. These things that I have referred to happened and I was plunged into dark despair.

And then I realised that spiritually I was failing my husband. My mother's influence on the General had been tremendous. His own mother was a devout Buddhist. It was my mother's influence and personal example that led him to become a Christian.

Too honest to promise to be one just to win her consent to our marriage, he had promised my mother that he would study Christianity and read the Bible.

I suddenly realised that he was sticking to his promise, even after she was gone. And there were many things he did not understand.

In common parlance, I have to "hand it to him" for sticking to his daily Old Testament reading when without illumination there was little hope in it for him.

Greater Power

I BEGAN to see that what I was doing to help for the sake of the country was only a substitute for what he needed.

I was letting him head towards a mirage when I knew of the oasis. Life was all confusion. I had been in the depths of despair.

Out of that, and the feelings of human inadequacy, I was driven back to my mother's God. I knew there was a power greater than myself. I knew God was there.

But mother was no longer there to do my interceding for me. It seemed to be up to me to help the General spiritually and in helping him I grew spiritually myself.

Thus I entered into the third period where I wanted to do not my will, but God's. Life is really very simple, and yet how confused we make it.

In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinated to that one beautiful thing. An integrated life is like that. What is the one flower? As I feel it now, it is the will of God.

But to know His will and do it calls for absolute sincerity, absolute honesty with one's ability.

There is no weapon with which to fight sincerity and honesty. Political life is full of falsity and diplomacy and expediency.

My firm conviction is that one's greatest weapon is not more deceptive falsity, more subtle diplomacy, greater expediency, but the simple, unassailable weapon of sincerity and truth.

Seek Guidance

THERE are two things in the Bible that impress me more than others. One is, "Thou wilt be done," and the other, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind."

We have to use our minds as well as our hearts. Hell is paved with good intentions. And I know of nothing more aggravating than a well-meaning person who has no judgment.

Prayer is our source of guidance and balance. God is able to enlighten the understanding.

I am often bewildered, because my mind is only finite.

I question and doubt my own judgments. Then I seek guidance, and when I am sure go ahead, leaving results with Him.

Our finite minds beside His infinite mind seem to me like this: I go walking; and the hills loom above me, range upon range, one against the other. I cannot tell where one begins and another leaves off.

But from the air (I seldom have time to travel in any other way now) everything has a distinct color and form. I can see things so much more clearly.

Perhaps that is like my mind and God's, and when I talk with Him, He lifts me up to where I can see clearly.

Our Work Goes On

I DO not think it is possible to make this understandable to one who has not tried it.

To explain to one who has had no experience of getting what it means would be like trying to make a stone-deaf person understand the Chopin sonata. A physicist or a specialist in tones and their wave-lengths might convey some idea of it to such a one. I do not know. But I'm sure I could not.

What I do want to make clear is that whether we get guidance or not it's there. It's like tuning-in on the radio. There's music in the air, whether we tune-in or not. By learning to tune-in, one can understand.

How is it done? As Brother Lawrence told us long ago, "By practising the presence of God." By daily communion with Him. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him.



MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK ... practically rules China.

In conclusion, my religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all my heart and soul and strength and mind to do the will of God. I feel that God has given me a work to do for China.

China's problems in some ways are greater to-day than ever before. But despondency and despair are not mine to-day. I look to Him Who is able to

do all things, even more than we ask or think.

At this time of writing, I am with my husband in the heart of the bandit area. Constantly exposed to danger, I am unafraid.

I know that nothing can happen either to the General or to me till our work is done.

After that, what does it matter?



Avoid the DEAD-POINT

RINSING, wringing, rubbing, scrubbing in the hot, sticky atmosphere of steaming tubs and boiling copper... A little of that in this sweltering weather and you soon reach the point where you feel you can't go on, the point where mistakes, mishaps, and accidents are likely to occur—the "Dead-Point."

Avoid this "Dead-Point" with Tea... Tea not only gives you new energy quickly, but reduces body temperature, too—and keeps you cool long afterwards. Next washing-day, take a few minutes off for Tea and you'll go back to the tubs refreshed and invigorated, as energetic as when you first started.

TEA revives you - keeps you cool



PLAN A POLICY for YOUR HEALTH Don't Take Chances

GOOD health is priceless. Why leave it to chance when there are definite laws of action! Fresh Air—Exercise—Right Thinking—Cleanliness—Correct Eating—Sound Sleeping—Balanced Recreation are principles of health which return in fullest measure the well-being Nature intended. The price of carelessness represents a heavy burden. Should minor ailments appear, shift the cause quickly and safely with 'ASPRO.' Don't take chances with unproved medicaments. Keep to 'ASPRO' which gives world-wide service in quick relief. It has been proved that 'ASPRO' does its work without in any way harming the heart or stomach or leaving dangerous after effects and that it is PURE and SAFE.

'ASPRO' PROVED PURE & SAFE

'ASPRO' Used Successfully for Colds, 'Flu and Rheumatism

Albany Creek Road,
ASPLEY, Q'land.

Dear Sirs,
As a user of 'ASPRO' over a number of years I can truthfully testify to its remarkable properties in stopping Colds and Influenza. If Influenza is about and a Cold begins to develop with any member of the family, 'ASPRO' is taken according to the directions and that is the end of the threatened 'Flu' attack. 'ASPRO' is really wonderful for Rheumatism too. I suffer from occasional attacks and it always gives quick and complete relief.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) K. GILBERT

A Miner's Message to Fellow Miners

Young Road,
LAMBTON,
NEWCASTLE, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,
I am a miner and have suffered many times from poisoning caused by gases from exploded shots. First a miner who gets a dose of these fumes suffers weakness, then vomiting, then a violent headache which would last anything from four to six hours. With three 'ASPRO' Tablets and a glass of water this awful sickness can be completely relieved in one hour. Then, three 'ASPRO' taken before going to work will prevent the sickness from coming on. Allow me to recommend 'ASPRO' to all classes of miners with every confidence.

(Sgd.) A. H.

ALWAYS USE 'ASPRO' FOR:

Influenza	Asthma
Rheumatism	Colds
Sleeplessness	Malaria
Toothache	Earache
Feverishness	Neuritis
Temperature	Sciatica
Irritability	Lumbago
Sore Throat	Dengue
Headache	Neuralgia
Gout	Hay Fever

ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS.

'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT
RELIEF TO WOMEN
WHEN DEPRESSED.

Rheumatoid Arthritis Sufferer Thanks 'ASPRO'

No. 1 Kingstone Avenue,
MORTLAKE, N.S.W.,
1/10/36

Dear Sirs,
I have been taking 'ASPRO' for many years, in fact I could not work if I had none. I have been a great sufferer from Rheumatoid Arthritis, was an invalid for seven years and an inmate of an incurable hospital for three months, but thanks to your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets, I am able to get about a little now. People ask me: "what do I think relieved me," and I say without any fear—"ASPRO."

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) O. CARLTON
NICHOLAS LTD.

40E/37

No Doubt About 'ASPRO' for Headaches

Rundle Street,
ADELAIDE, S.A.

Dear Sirs,
Up to a few years ago I suffered much pain through severe attacks of Headaches, but by taking 'ASPRO' regularly, the pain has been relieved and the Headaches stopped. There is no doubt that 'ASPRO' can do the job, and I can safely recommend it to others.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) F. W. WALTON

Tooth Extraction Pain Relieved by 'ASPRO'

"Terara," Western Rd.,
PANANIA, N.S.W.,
25/3/36

Dear Sirs,
I had a very large tooth extracted the other day and the pain in my jaw and head afterwards was terrible. I took 4 'ASPRO' Tablets in 2 hours and the pain quite disappeared. I think everybody should know of the wonders of 'ASPRO.'

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) H. BLOOR

My Doctor Recommended 'ASPRO'

252 Glen Osmond Road,
FULLARTON ESTATE,
S.A. 21/5/37

Dear Sirs,
'ASPRO' was recommended to me by my Doctor, and I have used it for many complaints, but more particularly for Rheumatism from which I suffer severely. It never fails to give me relief for aches and pains.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) H. WORTHLEY

THE LADY JASMINE

Continued from Page 22

SHE was a slim woman, supple and superb, a rose of a woman. She was honey-skinned as became a true Arab, amber-eyed and with features as delicate and delicious as dreams. There was no evading her wonders for, safe in the privacy of her garden, she was without her burka.

And this was another reason why death promised to be certain and painful for Savaran. He had looked upon a beauty no casual eye might see.

For a half-minute he held her with his eyes; then, her silence having, as it were, linked them together as conspirators, he stepped back. It was only then that he saw that her small hand, hanging so casually amid the folds of her robe, held a jewel-hilted dagger.

He laughed, his aquiline hand-omeness fiercely joyous.

"Peerless one!" he cried softly. "This is a meeting of twin souls. You would have used that without fuss. I should have squeezed that swan throat with equal certainty and calm—but we both knew greatness in the other."

He bent, lifted the empty hand and kissed it. He placed himself completely at the mercy of that dagger then, and she knew it. The dagger had gone and she was smiling when he straightened.

"Moon over Meccah," he smiled. "If I had known this to be your garden, I would have welcomed the knives outside rather than disturb you."

"You know me?" she said, still not moving.

"Only your beauty," he flashed

Zahal carcel," she helped with dancing eyes.

"Even from that Savaran's fame rose until it reached a moon among women."

She laughed, for she had her race's love of a quick allusive play upon words.

"You can say that though a thousand knives thirst for your life outside?" she cried, and as though responding to a cue, the mob in the alley gave tongue again.

"Others have thirsted for Savaran's life," he said, "and yet Savaran stands before you."

"It is further said," she went on, "that you promised before the whole Sultan's court to pluck the beard from Ali Agha who tried you."

"That is so," smiled Savaran, who did not recall the incident; "when he grows it—but I fear I cannot wait so long before I chastise him."

She gave way to a ripple of soft laughter. "Would that I had been there," she said. "Ali Agha so pompous and sure of himself, and you a ragged wretch under the shadow of the sword."

"Our souls," he said, not liking the "ragged wretch," "are not as our garments, and Savaran is not one to remain long under the sword."

As though to give him the lie, a bull-voice shouted from the alley: "He went over the wall. . . . The vide defiling dog. . . . Into the garden of our Lady Jasmine!"

Savaran turned from listening to look at the girl. She was watching him closely, a smile curving ever so slightly the quick, exquisite corners of her lips. . . .

And already there was a loud thunder of knocking on the gate.

His hands went out sharply and caught her smooth shoulders. His eyes dropped to where the wide-cut yelek revealed the beauty of her bosom. . . . It is a custom in that country, that if any man who is in danger kisses a maid of Al-Zahal on the bosom, he is safe from their swords for ever.

It is one of those safe customs which Arabs love, for so closely are the women guarded that the feat is practically impossible. But it is the word of Arabs and so it holds. . . . and Savaran, with a maid of Al-Zahal at his mercy, knew it. And she knew it, and watched him closely with faintly mocking eyes.

SAVARAN

lifted his glance to hers with a queer twisted smile, drew her to him—and kissed her full on her lips.

"Death is sweeter that way than life behind the skirts of a woman," he said, and turned and stalked towards the wall—a raffish but gallant figure.

She stood very still, the thunder of knocking on the gate increased, Savaran's leap took his hand to the top of the wall, then:

"Franzi," she softly called. "Franzi. . . . behind the hangings in my tent! Quick, O man of men."

Savaran stood between silken inner and outer walls of her marquee, chuckling. . . . He was Savaran after all, bound to triumph.

The girl was standing before her tent, a golden burka now hiding her golden beauty. Harem women came running towards her, shrilling fearfully at the knocking on the gate. Towards that gate a body of eunuchs armed with gold inlaid weapons and clad in rich robes went lumbering. Such flunkies belong only to the houses of kings.

But already Savaran knew he was in the house of a queen. He had heard the mob shout her name. . . . The Lady Jasmine, ruler of Al-Zahal!

And he, Savaran, who had always the instinct for the right gesture, had held her in his arms, kissed her lips—and lived.

"I am about to be king and more!" he smiled.

The Lady Jasmine drew herself out of Savaran's arms, smiled—said softly:

"Let us talk of war, O Prince of Men."

"It is a waste of good love," smiled Savaran with a flash of his splendid teeth and a shrewdness in his eyes.

"Aie, that is so," she sighed. "Yet I am the Mother of my people, too, and it has been made known to me that your words, O wisdom, are good words."

Please turn to Page 40

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Real Life Stories

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WHEN travelling to England on a small boat, before air conditioning was the vogue, I left my third-class cabin in search of some relief from the oppressive heat.

I climbed up to the boat-deck and on to the canvas covering of a life-boat.

It was not long before I was asleep. Some time during the night the old tub started to roll. I awoke clutching frantically at the canvas covering trying to save myself from being thrown into the ocean.

It did me no good. I fell towards the sea. And nobody would have heard of me again.

But, miraculously, my back hit a taut rope.

I rebounded and managed to throw myself in on to the deck below.

Although I was badly cut and bruised, it was wonderful to feel I had hit something hard.

I crept back to my bunk a sore and humble man.

The ship's stairway got the blame for the injuries I received.

Some months later I had sufficient courage to inform my wife of my foolish adventure.

11/1/- to H. B. Dennis, 90 Sandringham St., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Buried Alive

WHEN I was a child, my father was chaplain to a large lunatic asylum. As I was motherless, he would often take me with him on his visits, either keeping me with him all the time, or leaving me in charge of one of the nurses.

One day, however, when walking through the lovely grounds, we came across an old man, John, deemed quite harmless, digging trenches for planting trees.

My father chatted to old John for a while. Then he told me to sit and watch John dig, while he went to pay a visit which would only keep him a few minutes.

I asked John why he was digging so deep, and he said, "Well, missy, the deeper John digs the prettier the flowers will grow."

"What flowers are you going to plant, John?" I asked.

"Missy make a pretty flower," the poor demented man said.

Quicker than it takes to write, he had thrown me down in the trench and was shovelling barrowloads of dirt on top of me.

It felt like, but my father returned to find no little daughter, and John industriously filling the trench.

Only the old man's gabbling that Missy would be a pretty flower soon led to a hasty removal of soil. There they saw me, apparently beyond aid.

But for medical assistance being on the spot, and my hasty return to daylight, I should not be here to tell the tale.

5/- to Mrs. G. R. Page, 65 Hipwood Ave., Greenslopes, P. Brisbane.

Insidious Poisoning

SOME years ago I was employed as directress in the dining-room of a leading hotel in a Tasmanian city. At that time mining was booming in our island State, the West Coast, where I was then residing, being particularly prosperous with all the mills working at full pressure and the smelting furnaces glowing by day as well as by night. New buildings and shops were springing up in a mushroom growth.

In fact, the only dampening of Tasmania's mining ardor was the very literal one of rain. For 98 days out of 100 the floodgates of heaven poured down their depressing torrents, but not even the grey pall of this veritable "wet blanket" could allay the go-ahead fever of this hive of activity.

My employer, to mark the progress of his rapid advancement, built a brand new brick hotel—an edifice that was a credit to the town. By way of house-warming, when we moved into our new domicile, charcoal fires were lit in all the rooms.

That night the staff moved into its new quarters. We had been dancing,

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Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

and when I complained of unusual weariness I was unsympathetically told that I had danced too long and arduously.

The weariness and bodily discomfort increased until I was positively ill.

Then my companion, who had not uttered any complaint, suddenly fell down in a dead faint. Being in a half-stupor myself, I just had time to cry out for assistance when I, too, let slip my hold on the world of sense.

A doctor was hastily summoned, and by artificial respiration restored us to consciousness. It was then revealed that the deadly charcoal poison from the fires had insidiously attacked us, but swift action saved us from an untimely death.

5/- to Miss Ann Josephine, 15 Weston Rd., Rozelle, N.S.W.

Escaped from Bear

THREE months ago my husband and I spent a few days at Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies.

At the back of the large hotel is virgin forest where large brown and black bears live in their natural state. They come out at dusk to feed on the refuse from the hotel which is dumped at a certain spot.

Here visitors gather at a respectful distance to enjoy this unique and thrilling sight.

One evening while sitting there alone I was surrounded by eight bears regaling themselves or waiting their turn.

Two of them improved the time by engaging in a stand-up fight. Then I became conscious of another large grizzly emerging from the forest in a direct line with myself, and looking at me as though I had no business there. Closer and closer he came without deviating one jot until he was within four feet of where I sat.

By now I was decidedly uneasy, and felt that it was time to make myself scarce. I did so as quietly as possible.

The bear then turned and made his way down to his supper. I felt I had been quite close enough to nature and hailed with relief the appearance of my husband and friend.

Will to Mrs. Bannister, 6 Kewington, 5/- to St. Dunstan Bay, N.S.W.

Buffalo Charged Car

THIS experience happened to a friend of mine three years ago in Uganda (equatorial Africa).

He was motoring through a thick part of the jungle at night. In the glare of the headlights he saw a buffalo ahead on the road. Thinking the animal would plunge into the bushes as the car approached, he kept on driving.

To his surprise the buffalo turned and charged the car. The impact broke the wind-screen. The car stopped, and the huge head of the buffalo was within a couple of feet of the occupants of the car, with the rest of its body across the badly damaged bonnet.

While they sat dazed, the animal evidently took fright at the headlights and scrambled away.

The car was a wreck, and the people who had been in it had to walk five miles to their home!

5/- to Mr. R. Howard, 69 Fenton St., Devonport, Tas.

A German Refugee

THE incident I am about to write happened in Sydney during the third year of the Great War.

An escapee from Holdsworth Internment Camp was being searched for by the police all day.

That night the police came to my home, where I lived with my two small children, and searched the place thoroughly, but were unable to find the German.

About an hour later they returned again and asked to be permitted to make another search, as it had been reported he was seen climbing over my back-yard fence some time previously.

I was answering the police from my bedroom window upstairs.

As I left my room to go downstairs to admit the police, the escapee walked from my young son's bedroom. He grabbed me by the shoulders and swung me around so my back was to the stairs.

Alarmed, I called out to the police "Here he is!" They burst in the front and back doors, rushed upstairs armed with revolvers and batons, and took him away.

Why he didn't push me down the stairs as he could have done quite easily, I don't know.

Afterwards, I learned that the German had been hiding under a bench on the back verandah during the first search. At the time I was leaning against it and talking to one of the police about him.

5/- to Mrs. V. Waugh, 10 Samuel St., Sydney.

New Use for Clock

MANY years ago my father and mother lived outback. Every few months father had to go into town, many miles away, for supplies—food, tobacco for the natives, etc.

During one of his absences mother happened to be outside, and saw a black coming through the bush brandishing a tomahawk aggressively. He looked a dangerous type, and as there was nothing in the house she could give to pacify him, she was rather fearful.

With great presence of mind, however, she went into the house and wound up the alarm clock. When the black arrived at the door threatening her if she didn't give him "baccy," the alarm suddenly went off. The black was terrified and dashed round and round the house saying "debbil," "debbil," and finally ran off, much to our relief.

5/- to Mrs. C. A. Taylor, Aberdare St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

Woman Hunted Buffalo

AFTER much hunting in my youth in silverina, I had four years in various parts of Central Africa.

My ambitions were not satisfied, as I wanted to go buffalo-hunting. My friends were not anxious to take me.

Eventually I got my opportunity while staying with friends in Portuguese East Africa. My host was away, but his wife fixed me up with native police and hunting boy and I selected a rifle.

We started out exceptionally early one day, and I was chaired across a river to a village where I was "complemented" by the chief. A further escort was provided and we made off to a distant swamp where there were buffalo.

After about six miles, the character of the country changed, becoming greener and with taller trees.

Suddenly we came to a halt—within a hundred yards of a lone buffalo.

He snorted and pawed the ground. We flattened out and crawled for shelter. A slender tree and antheap were the best I could find.

Five more buffaloes came up the bank and I flattened against the tree. The nearest animal walked up and stopped dead nine yards from us. Nothing could describe my feelings.

Suddenly a shot rang out and one buffalo dropped. The others scampered off.

After several roaring bellows there was silence. At a whistle, the boys, with grinning faces, slid down the trees, advanced with spears, and hurried them into the beast. I was given the tail!

Everyone was happy. I had my thrill, the natives their feast, and my hostess was relieved that I was alive to tell the tale.

5/- to Mrs. M. Sloane, 36 Sloane St., Summer Hill, Sydney.



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"AL-ZAHAL wants not Ali's war?" he asked, his keen face alert. He watched her cross the marble and mosaic floor to the great door to make sure that only the deaf eunuch guard was near.

"I have spoken to my sheiks," she said when she returned to his side; "not the serve-all-to-serve-self riff-raff of the town here, who fawn on Ali, but the solid chiefs of the country. It is as you say, O far-seeing eye, they like not this war talk against the Franzl. They know as you know that Al-Zahal will be eaten up as the Christian eats all tribes."

"And their attitude towards Durshan?" he asked.

"They distrust Durshan," she said. "Durshan has always been the snake that swallows the Al-Zahal frog."

"So, they are readier to fight Dur-

THE LADY JASMINE

Continued
from
Page 38

shan than for Durshan?" cried Savaran, his eyes gleaming.

"Fright Durshan!" she cried, eyes flashing. "Show us but the way to conquer that land of dogs and every sword in Al-Zahal is behind you. . . . But what way can there be when Durshan puts in line four men to our one?"

"I am Savaran," he said largely. "I have found a way over greater odds. Cunning has an edge as sharp as extra swords. . . . And I, too, have sworn to teach Bir-Hiriri what it means to treat Savaran with contempt."

"You have a plan, O Fox of Cunning?" she cried.

"I have thought a little," said Savaran with a gleam in his eyes. "You are sure neither Ali nor his

jackals know of me or your talk with your sheiks?"

"Nothing," she said. "My household can be trusted. The sheiks will be silent out of joy over the fall of Ali. He walks too proudly for them, treats them too scurvily, and his brain is too dangerous with this foolishness of a Holy War."

"And thou," he teased, "are you to be the willing bride of Ali—as Ali plans?"

"Ali!" she cried. "I would rather marry a dog than that vain, strutting pig of self pride. . . . Ali, when there is you! Besides, his love for me wanes. Bir-Hiriri presses for marriage with me as the main clause of his alliance; and for glory Ali will pass me over. Me! And to that hen-Arab!"

Savaran laughed softly.

"Pretty fellows! Pretty fellows!" he chuckled. "They plot like weasels thinking lions blind to antics. See, O fragrance of delight, Bir-Hiriri strokes his girl's face and thinks with a leer: 'I will take this girl and through her will gain lordship over the Al-Zahal; so they and Ali will be my tools against the Franzl.' At the same time Ali Agha's rat mind chuckles, 'I will give her to this harem Sultan, so that while he dallies with love, I, in the field, will prove myself the fighting captain that Durshan as well as Al-Zahal must honor. I will master his kingdom with the sword while he is weak with kisses. . . . And as a widow the Lady Jasmine will be even better than as maid, for she will bring me Al-Zahal in her own right and Durshan by right of wifehood. Thus I shall be doubly secure.'"

In fury the Lady Jasmine sprang up and stamped her small hennaed feet.

"You offend me with such talk," she stormed. "Am I not love? Am I so poor a thing that you sit meekly while I am bandied here and there like a chattel? Am I not Sultana of Al-Zahal and beautiful?"

"Thou art the beauty for which man draws his sword and risks his life and kingdom," cried Savaran, "even as I shall, O star of perfection." His teeth flashed. "And by the same token Bir-Hiriri will lose his, for Savaran's sword will give you Durshan as a love token."

She melted into his arms, this Eastern wonder-child of quick love and quick rages.

"Prince among men," she breathed, "let me proclaim thee and thy wonder to Al-Zahal now."

"Not yet," he smiled. "Let my glory be that of warriors. I would be acclaimed by a sea of swords in a kingdom I have conquered. Besides, by silence and cunning we deal with Bir-Hiriri the better."

"And Ali," she cried. "He dies—and now?"

"Nay," he smiled softly. "He goes to-morrow to Durshan—to arrange your marriage with Bir-Hiriri!"

"I will not be linked with Bir-Hiriri even in name," she cried passionately, struggling in his arms.

"Pearl of women," he laughed, holding her easily, "listen to the word of Savaran. It is wisdom. Can Al-Zahal master Durshan alone? No! Can it crush Durshan with an ally? Assuredly. What ally is there? Only the French, who are already suspicious of Durshan and ready to fight. But will Durshan dare the French? Never without Al-Zahal. Can we then force Durshan into war with the French? Only if you marry Bir-Hiriri. You see, O dove, all turns on your marriage. Only with the promise of you will Bir-Hiriri agree to attack the French. Only with the French on our side can Al-Zahal fight Durshan. . . . You, your name is but a bait, O jewel, to catch Durshan."

SHE lay back, little hennaed fingers pleating his strong fingers, half won, half sombre. "Tell me more of this plan," she said.

"All Agha will go to Durshan to negotiate this marriage. He will spend a month on it. I want a month, so difficulties must be raised now and then. . . . I need that month to become the friend of your sheiks, to plan, to prepare. . . . to get in touch with the French. Besides, a month will suit Bir-Hiriri. If things are too easy, he may suspect a danger in cheapness; he must be pleased with the cunning bargain he drives. So, after that month, you will set out to Durshan and the marriage that will seal the compact."

"That is what I fear," she said, frowning anxiously. "Bir-Hiriri will commit himself to nothing until he is sure of me; Bir-Hiriri has cunning—"

"And has not Savaran?" he laughed. "Savaran knows that weasel-mind like a book, and will play it. . . . Listen, O sun of delight. . . ."

He pulled her down to his breast; spoke swiftly, softly, holding her tight. . . . The frown lifted from her face, smiles broke. . . . She was laughing, arms about his neck.

"O king of men!" she cried. "No



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wonder all Africa stirs at the mere sound of your name!"

All Agha, wearing already the looks, speaking already in the tones of the conqueror of all Christendom, met the bridal train of the Lady Jasmine at the Wadi Jmla.

It was at the spot where Savaran had been whipped across the stream by the Cadi of Durshan. The Cadi was in the retinue of Durshan nobles sent with Ali to greet the bride, but neither he nor Ali had a thought to spare for that tattered wastrel, so full and ambitious were their hopes.

The Lady Jasmine crossed the Wadi in state. Her shugruf of pearl and ivory swaying on the back of a princely camel was but one of three score splendid litters bearing the women of her harem and the grandees of her land. With this splendid caravan rode two thousand picked horsemen, and as many foot servants also marched. Durshan, however, viewed this array with joy rather than suspicion, and saluted it with a wild festal firing of rifles into the hard blue of the North African sky.

All Durshan was glad of such numbers, for all Durshan knew of the alliance and gloried in the knowledge that, after the marriage and the signing of the pact on the morrow, these warlike fellows would march shoulder to shoulder with them against the Franzl.

The wedding was to be the signal for war.

"Good fighting stuff," cried the Cadi of Durshan, looking over the Al-Zahal men. "With them we will sweep the Franzl from the frontier in our first rush."

"And there are as good behind," said Ali exultantly. "You see how yet others camp behind the Wadi! There are seven thousand warriors there ready to march across the Jmla to join us once the compact is signed."

There were even more than that. Thousands of Al-Zahal Arabs were already in Durshan town, flocked thither to join in the wedding festivities as sightseers, but Ali did not know this, nor Bir-Hiriri. Ali and Bir-Hiriri had only capacities for seeing what seemed to make themselves important.

Ali had an audience with the Lady Jasmine, and was able to assure Bir-Hiriri, the always-cautious, that his wife-to-be had not only arrived in Durshan, but was exceedingly complaisant.

Bir-Hiriri rubbed his effeminate hands together and leered. He had already had assurance of this from the harem women he had sent hurrying to serve the Lady Jasmine—and play spy on her. Bir-Hiriri was no fool, if he was no man either.

Please turn to Page 41

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THE LADY JASMINE

Continued from Page 40

"I HEAR that she has been greatly persuaded by a new sybil she hath discovered," he said.

"It is so," said Ali. "I saw the woman, a gaunt, veiled hag from the mountains by her looks... but a woman of marvel. It was she who, when my lady doubted, won her by telling that she saw in the sand the promise of glory for her arising out of a wedding ceremony in the kasbah of Durshan. It was she who delayed the setting out from Al-Zahal until the fifth day of the fifth moon, because that day was auspicious. It was she who, when our Lady Jasmine showed maiden fears yesterday, bade her cross the Wadi for she saw her star rise higher with every step she took into Durshan."

Both men nodded wisely, eyed each other with bright, crafty eyes. Being Arabs, they believed in such utterances with all their hearts. Being foxes, each was sure these promises of triumph referred solely to himself. They added more rejoicing to the general rejoicing.

All were smiles when, at midday and no earlier—the sybil from the mountains had set the precise time—the pearl and ivory litter of the Lady Jasmine went swaying through the gates into the great court of the kasbah, a mob swarming about it with joyful shouts. If there was a fly in the ointment, it arose from the fact that the crush into that courtyard seemed to force rather more citizens of Durshan to remain outside than seemed proper.

At the entrance to the Sultan's great palace, Bir-Hiriri and his sheiks, Ali and the Cadi of Durshan, waited the moment of their triumph with bosoms swelling. They were so full of their glory that they were not greatly put out when they learnt that the old witch woman from the mountains had again poked her sybilline finger into the wheels of ceremonial.

The Lady Jasmine did not leave her litter. Indeed, word was passed to Bir-Hiriri that the pact of marriage and war must be signed before she did.

"After! After!" cried Bir-Hiriri, impatient for marriage.

"Now," said Ali, after consultation through the muffling silks of the litter. "The hill woman read the sand this morning. She saw written there that triumph can only come if the pact-signing precedes the marriage. The Lady Jasmine refuses to disobey the order set by heaven..."

BIR-HIRIRI, impatient, swayed by superstition, too, cried: "Fetch the pact!" What did it matter anyhow? He was supreme here, and the deed that meant war must be signed within an hour in any case.

A table appeared, writing materials, the heavy rolled parchment of the pact. Bir-Hiriri bent feverishly over it, wrote, lifted a triumphant face: "I have signed!" he cried.

The words were caught up by the mob within the courtyard. "Bir-Hiriri has signed!" roared three thousand voices—and two thousand had an Al-Zahal accent.

Bir-Hiriri, stirred to the core by such glad clamor, lifted the treaty in his own hands and held it to the silk curtains of the litter. As he did so, he was stirred to the core in quite a different way... The great shouting was now not all joy... There were yells in it—from his own people... Yells of pain! He glanced round quickly, saw numbers of them falling, struck down by Al-Zahal men. Just as he realised how hugely he and his were outnumbered, the great gates closed with a slam like thunder and he saw a mob of Al-Zahal warriors securing them.

And at the same instant, too, a hand darted through the curtains of the litter, and took—no, snatched—the parchment of the pact out of his feeble fingers... the pact on which he had signed his declaration of war against the Franzl.

"Treachery!" he screamed. "Treachery!" and shrank back on Ali and the Cadi of Durshan. Ali, like most windbags, was hopeless in action; the Cadi, at least, was not. "A trap!" he snarled. "We are caught... But, by the sword, we have their Lady Jasmine. Seize her! She is our only chance of living!"

His own hands tore the silken

curtains aside, his own strong body dived in to clutch the princess... Then he backed slowly out, his eyes mesmerised by the muzzle of a pistol that goaded him...

They all saw the tall, spider-spare man who stood between the parted hangings, saw the cheerfully ferocious smile on his dark aquiline face. Ali caught up the Cadi of Durshan's cry:

"Savarani! Savaran is here!" "Savarani!" cried Savaran, enjoying the drama of the moment. "Savarani! He whom you whipped out of Durshan keeps his promise and returns, Bir-Hiriri! Savaran who marked you for hanging, O Cadi, is here to hang! Savaran whom you put in prison, Ali Agha, has come to take payment!... Ah, but that is stupid, Ali. Savaran is a master with the pistol as well as a master of men..."

ALI had darted both hands to his girdle, torn a dagger and a pistol from it... and Savaran's pistol spoke twice... just twice, but Ali's two arms went limp, a bullet through the forearm of each.

"Back!" cried Savaran fiercely to Bir-Hiriri and his nobles. "Your nearness is an offence; back among the other Durshan cattle..." The menace of his weapons drove them cowering towards the remnant of the Durshan Arabs huddled under Al-Zahal guards, Bir-Hiriri, shambling with fear, could scarcely walk, until a bullet into the earth at his toes made him skip amid the harsh laughter of his foes.

Only the Cadi of Durshan had the manhood to shout defiance.

"You shall pay!" he roared. "You trap us now, but what is Al-Zahal?—only a handful of women. Durshan will rise in its thousands and blot Al-Zahal out... Fools, to think you can dare Durshan alone..."

"Not alone," grinned Savaran. "Don't you hear? Don't you see?"

He pointed upwards. In the silence that came at that all heard the menacing, soul-intimidating drone of aeroplanes—all saw high in the air, and coming fast, three squadrons of bombing planes in battle formation.

"The French are to time," said Savaran. "But then, Savaran arranged it... That is why the sybil fixed the hour of marriage so definitely..."

The courtyard rocked with Al-Zahal laughter then. The Arab loves a shrewd joke, and every Al-Zahal warrior there knew that Savaran himself had been the sybil.

"The French," cried Bir-Hiriri shrilly. "That is the end of Al-Zahal, too, then; Al-Zahal has promised to fight the French."

"Nay, the signature of Bir-Hiriri of Durshan alone is on the pact," said Savaran. "The French know that. I am in treaty with the French whose troops march now to take Durshan while Al-Zahal holds it. I and the French understand one another."

"You," shrilled Ali, "who are you to treat with the French?"

"I am Savaran," said Savaran. "I am also commander-in-chief to the Lady Jasmine and act by her authority and desire and that of her people."

"The Lady Jasmine," shrilled Bir-Hiriri, "she cannot know the scum you are."

"The Lady Jasmine," cried Ali. "She does not know you as I know you, kennel dog."

"She knows me better than both of you," said Savaran with gusto. "I am what you, Ali, thought yourself too important to be, what you, Bir-Hiriri, were too crafty to be... I am her husband!"

He stood there glowing, conscious that he had made a superb gesture and looked his best.

A flag waved over the great gate, a sheik touched his forehead and spoke humbly to him.

"Open the gate!" he cried in a great voice. "Durshan is mine! Ho, make a way down the centre of the courtyard, guards!... Savaran receives the envoy of France!"

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THE fellow was exactly one hundred per cent. her ideal man. He was an explorer, a well-known sportsman, the only son of a millionaire, a fellow of the National Geographical Society, author of several books on travel, and a broadcast lecturer in America in addition to being the best-looking fellow I've ever seen.

For the next week or so I didn't come across any of the actors in what I suppose I may call the triangle drama. Personal affairs had kept me away from the club, but Molly went regularly and kept me posted in how things were working out. They were going just as I'd expected they would. Diana and Victor Camelot were seeing a lot of each other, and poor old Bertie seemed to have surrendered the struggle. He wasn't practising golf any longer, but was hanging about his own place looking like a bereaved worm on a fast-day. And Molly told me that, though she'd tried to find holes in Victor Camelot like an old clo' negotiating for a pair of pants, the more she saw of him the more charming and perfect in every way he seemed to be.

"If it wasn't for Bertie I'd be delighted to see Diana marrying him," she said. "He's as chivalrous as he's modest, and as generous as he's brave."

After hearing all that, I wasn't vastly surprised to hear dragging footsteps coming up the path to our house about a month after Victor Camelot had burst on Ryi-on-Sea. It was Bertie looking like a warmed-up corpse. When I'd got him into

TALKING of GOLF

Continued from
Page 5

the house he told us he was on the eve of sailing for the Malay States to hunt seledang and had come to say good-bye. From the way he spoke I gathered he intended to take a running jump on to the horns of the first seledang he met.

"Coward!" said Molly. "You're running away because you feel you can't compete with Victor Camelot."

Bertie didn't attempt to contradict her.

"Of course I am," he said. "What else can I do? The fellow makes me feel like a squashed blackbeetle. If he'd been an ordinary sort of chap I'd have stayed and opposed him, but one can't compete with a super-man. But one thing I do say," he added with a sort of gulp, "and that is that Camelot can't love Diana as much as I do, wonderful though he is."

THEN Molly started in. I can't remember all she said, but I do know it gave me the sort of feeling one gets when there's a military band coming down the road. Rousing stuff. It would have made a dead fish get up and fight. Just listening to her I felt I wanted to go out and punch someone's head.

The pith of it was that Bertie must fight to the last ditch and beyond. Nothing was ever hopeless. She quoted what Marshal Foch is supposed to have said to his staff:

"We're surrounded on all sides, the enemy has pierced our centre, and we have no reserves. Gentlemen, the army will advance."

Pretty soon even Bertie began to sit up. The dull look left his eyes, and he lifted his head. It was rather like watching a motor-tyre being inflated. And I thought to myself that if Molly didn't switch off in time he'd go pop with pent-up emotion.

"By Jove, you're right!" he said when Molly's breath gave out. "I'll fight this fellow Camelot to the last ditch. I'll not give him a walk-over with Diana. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to challenge Diana to a round and when I've beaten her I'll ask her again to marry me. Camelot indeed! I'll show her a Pickering as good as a Camelot any old day."

Well, went on the young man in the corner seat, that was that, and I'll pass on now to the day of the fatal round. For Bertie, contrary to what I expected, stuck to his resolution and Diana, also contrary to what I expected, did accept his challenge. Not without some delay, though. She had to find an evening when she was disengaged, that is to say, when she was not booked to do something with Victor Camelot.

Bertie had asked me to act as his caddie and I'd accepted. At the appointed hour I rolled up at the first tee and found my man taking practice swings at daisies which were about the same color as his face. Diana was nearly half an hour late. When she did come, her face, manner, expression and everything else showed that she thought the whole thing a most crashing bore.

She hardly nodded a good-evening to Bertie. As a lady she'd the honor at the first tee. She chuckled down a ball and drove off without even bothering to build a tee. And she hit a perfect screamer that came to rest within an easy mashie shot of the green.

"Rotten," she said. "Go on, Bertie, and let's get this silly round over."

Bertie made his tee, Diana watching as if he were a baby building a sand-castle. As a matter of fact an intelligent baby would have made a better job of it than Bertie did. The trouble was he was too strung-up. He wanted so badly to impress her that he couldn't control his own hands.

Then he took the driver and started waggling. His knees were knocking. Finally he shut his eyes and made such an almighty swipe that he nearly fell.

They say there's a special brand of luck that protects lunatics, drunks and little children. It must have been protecting Bertie that evening, for his ball landed square on the green. And our first's a longish hole. I applauded, but Diana said nothing. I think she was too surprised to speak.

SHE got another shock when Bertie holed a twelve-foot putt for the hole. He'd won it in one under bogey.

To show it was no fluke he took the second, third and fourth in one below bogey score for the three. Even then he didn't look quite what you could call happy or confident. I think he knew himself that this was too good to last.

At the fifth he made his first mistake of the match. He overdrove into the rough and took three to get on to the edge of the green. Diana had dropped her second within a foot of the pin, so Bertie picked up. But he pulled himself together and won the sixth and seventh holes with shots Bobby Jones might have envied.

By that time Diana had ceased to smile. Instead of seeming impressed by Bertie's golf, she was looking as if she felt someone had played her a dirty trick. And as she wouldn't speak to me either I knew that I was in her bad books also.

She ignored us both and began to play what I can only call super-golf. Mark you, at that time she was nowhere near her zenith

as a golfer, but I doubt if she's ever surpassed the golf she played that evening even in the European Open.

The eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh she did in threes. At the twelfth she was on the green with her drive and holed a nine-foot putt, while Bertie, who'd sliced into the rough, picked up. That made them all square with six more to play.

Diana was still frowning. Bertie had given her a nasty fright at the beginning, and as she picked up her ball she got one back at him:

"You ought to ask Mr. Camelot to give you some lessons, Bertie," she said. "He'd soon teach you to play golf."

And if the look Bertie gave her was lover-like, then all I can say is it was a new variety to me.

The next three holes were played in the sort of silence that preludes the breaking of a thunderstorm. It was pretty indifferent golf on both sides, with Diana just a shade the better. She won the thirteenth, halved the fourteenth, and won the fifteenth. At the sixteenth Bertie made the effort of his life and holed in three, while Diana was stuck in a bunker.

DIANA was then one up with two more to play. If she won the next she'd won the match. And I tell you I hardly dared to look at Bertie as he teed-up.

Our seventeenth is the most tricky hole on the course. You've to play over a rise in the fairway, and if you're short you land in a pond. Hit too hard and you find yourself in a gorse patch. It's a hole requiring judgment, skill, discrimination and a good deal of luck.

Bertie had the honor. I know it can't really have been half-an-hour before he drove, but that was what it seemed like. In the end he played a fairish shot. We saw it disappear over the rise heading straight for the flag, travelling a shade too fast in my opinion. I anticipated he'd overrun the green and finished in the gorse.

Diana's shot, on the contrary, seemed a shade short, and I hoped she'd found the pond. But I was wrong. When we'd topped the rise and could see the green there were two balls on it. Diana's was about three feet from the pin, and Bertie's on the extreme edge of the far side.

He'd to play first. If he'd taken a long time over his drive, he took three times longer over the putt. I held my breath as it trickled towards the pin. When it dropped in I could have whooped.

Diana did whoop. A mocking sound calculated to make a dove see red.

"THANK you, Bertie. My hole and match," she chortled. "You silly juggins; you played the wrong ball!"

In the circumstances I think Bertie may almost be excused for what he did. He'd reached the tether of his endurance and was hardly responsible. Instead of congratulating her like a good little sportsman, he grasped his putter in both hands and strode towards her with his eyes blazing.

"I said I'd give you a g-g-g-good beating," he roared. "And I'm going to give it you now."

The young man rose from the corner seat and began to collect his belongings.

I got out next stop, he said, so I must curtail a situation a novelist would spin into a three-decker sex-drama. The blow that would have felled Diana to the ground never fell. While Bertie was shaping at her with the putter a shout sounded from the direction of the eighteenth tee.

It was Victor Camelot. He had heard Bertie's yell and was coming to the rescue like a seledang rushing to protect its mate.

His third spring finished on the green. He was not the least out of breath and every hair was in position. He was smiling with a sort of glint in his eye. If I'd been a girl I'd have fallen in love with him on the spot.

"The man who attempts to strike a woman in the presence of Victor Camelot," he said quietly, "gets that."

I didn't see the blow, only the result. Bertie was lifted as if by a strong wind, carried across the green and deposited upside-down in a bunker.

Victor Camelot hadn't bothered to mark his flight. He turned and bowed to Diana.

"I apologise for using violence in a lady's presence," he said quietly.

You'd have expected Diana to fall into his arms. But, no! She made a sound like a tigress who's seen her cub maltreated, and swung at him with a cleek. I presume Camelot was too chivalrous to thwart a lady, for he took it on the shins instead of jumping.

Then Diana dashed into the bunker where Bertie lay. Next glimpse I had of her she was kneeling with his head on her lap and Bertie was smiling up at her in a dazed sort of way. She was crooning over him, and telling him that the sooner they got married the better she'd be pleased.

My station, concluded the young man in plus fours. Toodle-oo, you chaps.

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FROM
ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES.

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

MEANWHILE Andrew, with his eyes fixed upon the glass jars before him, had been glancing unhappily through his commentary upon the specimens.

"Good," Abbey said suddenly. He took up a specimen—it was an aneurism of the ascending aorta—and began in a friendly manner to question Andrew. His questions, from being simple, gradually became wider and more searching in their scope until finally they came to bear upon a recent specific treatment by the induction of malaria. But Andrew opening out under Abbey's sympathetic manner, answered well.

Finally, as he put down the specimen, Abbey remarked:

"Do you know anything of the history of aneurism?"

"Ambrose Pare"—Andrew answered, and Abbey had already begun his approving nod—"is presumed to have first discovered the condition!"

Abbey's face expressed surprise.

"Why presumed, Doctor Manson? Pare did discover aneurism."

Andrew reddened then turned pale as he plunged on:

"Well, sir, that's what the textbooks say. You'll find it in every book—I myself took the trouble to verify that it was in six." A quick breath. "But I happened to be reading Celsus, brushing up my Latin—which needed brushing up, sir—when I definitely came across the word aneurism. Celsus knew aneurism. He described it in full. And that was a matter of thirteen centuries before Pare!"

There was a silence. Andrew raised his eyes, prepared for kindly satire. Abbey was looking at him with a queer expression on his ruddy face.

"Doctor Manson," he said at length, "you are the first candidate in this examination hall who has ever told me something original, something true, and something which I did not know. I congratulate you."

Andrew turned scarlet again.

"Just tell me one thing more—as a matter of personal curiosity," Abbey concluded. "What do you regard as the main principle—the, shall I say, the basic idea which you keep before you when you are exercising the practice of your profession?"

There was a pause while Andrew reflected desperately. At length, feeling he was spoiling all the good effect he had created, he blurted out:

"I suppose—I suppose I keep telling myself never to take anything for granted."

"Thank you, Doctor Manson."

As Andrew left the room, Abbey reached for his pen. He felt young again and suspiciously sentimental. He thought: "If he'd told me he went about trying to heal people, trying to help suffering humanity, I'd have flunked him out of sheer darned disappointment." As it was, Abbey traced the unheard-of maximum, 100, opposite the name of Andrew Manson. Indeed, could Abbey have "got away with it"—his own eloquent reflection—that figure would have been doubled.

A few minutes later Andrew went downstairs with the other candidates. At the foot of the stairs beside his leather hooded cape a liveried porter stood with a little pile of envelopes before him. As the candidates went past he handed an

envelope to each of them. Harrison, walking out next to Andrew, tore his open quickly. His expression altered: he said quietly, "It would appear I'm not wanted to-morrow."

Then, forcing a smile, "How about you?" Andrew's fingers were shaking. He could barely read. Dazedly he heard Harrison congratulate him. His chances were still alive. He walked down to the A.B.C. and treated himself to a malted milk. He thought tensely, if I don't get through now, after all this, I'll—I'll walk in front of a bus.

The next day passed grudgingly. Barely half the original candidates remained and it was rumored that out of these another half would go. Andrew had no idea whether he was doing well or badly: he knew only that his head ached abominably, that his feet were icy, his inside void.

At last it was over. At four o'clock in the afternoon Andrew came out of the cloakroom, spent and melancholy, pulling on his coat. Then he became aware of Abbey standing before the big open fire in the hall. He made to pass. But Abbey, for some reason, was holding out his hand, smiling, speaking to him, telling him—telling him that he was through.

He had done it! He had done it! He was alive again, gloriously alive, his headache gone, all his weariness forgotten. As he dashed down to the nearest post office his heart sang wildly, madly. He was through, he had done it, not from the West End of London, but from an outlandish mining town. His whole being was a surging exultation. It hadn't been for nothing after all: these long nights, these mad dashes down to Cardiff, these racking hours of study. On he sped, bumping and cannoning through the crowds, missing the wheels of taxis and omnibuses, his eyes shining, racing, racing to wire news of the miracle to Christine.

WHEN the train got in, half an hour late, it was nearly midnight. All the way up the valley the engine had been battling against a high head wind and at Aberlath, as Andrew stepped out on the platform, the force of the hurricane almost bowled him off his feet.

The station was deserted. The young poplars planted in line at its entrance bent like bows, whistling and shivering at every blast. Overhead the stars were polished to a high glitter.

Andrew started along Station Road, his body braced, his mind exhilarated by the batter of the wind. Full of his success, his contact with the great, the sophisticated medical world, his ears ringing with Sir Robert Abbey's words, he could not reach Christine fast enough to tell her joyously everything, everything which had taken place. His telegram would have given her the good news; but now he wished to pour out in detail the full exciting story.

As he swung, head down, into Talgarth Street he was conscious, suddenly, of a man running. The man came behind him, laboring heavily, the noisy clatter of his boots upon the pavement so lost in the gale he seemed a phantom figure.

Instinctively Andrew stopped. As

the man drew near he recognised him, Frank Davis, an ambulance man of Anthracite Sinking No. 3, who had been one of his first aid class the previous spring. At the same moment Davis saw him.

"I was comin' for you, doctor. Comin' for you to your house. This wind's knocked the wires all to smash." A gust tore the rest of his words away.

"What's wrong?" shouted Andrew.

"There's been a fall down at Number Three." Davis cupped his hands close to Manson's ear. "A lad got buried there, almost. They don't seem to be able to shift him. Sam Bevan, he's on your list. Better look sharp, doctor, and get to him."

ANDREW took a few steps down the road with Davis, then a sudden reflection brought him up short.

"I've got to have my bag," he bawled to Davis. "You go up to my house and fetch it for me. I'll go on Number Three." He added, "And Frank!—tell my missus where I've gone."

He was at No. 3 Sinking in four minutes, blown there, across the railway siding and along Roath Lane, by the following wind. In the rescue room he found the under-manager and three men waiting on him. At the sight of him the

under-manager's worried expression lifted slightly.

"Glad to see you, doctor. We're all to bits with the storm. And we've had a nasty fall on top of it. Nobody killed, but one of the lads pinned by his arm. We can't shift him an inch. And the roof's rotten."

They went to the winding shaft, two of the men carrying a stretcher with splints strapped to it, and the third a wooden box of first aid material. As they entered the cage another figure came bounding across the yard. It was Davis, panting, with the bag.

"You've been quick, Frank," Manson said as Davis squatted beside him in the cage.

Davis simply nodded. He could not speak. There was a clang, an instant's suspense, and the cage dropped and rocketed to the bottom. They all got out, moving in single file, the under-manager first, then Andrew, Davis—still clutching the bag—then the three men.

Andrew had been underground before, he was used to the high-vaulted caves of the Blaenelly mines, great dark resounding caves, deep down in the earth where the mineral had been gouged and blasted from its bed.

Please turn to Page 44



Women who are martyrs to PAIN

If you are subject to attacks of prostrating pain you ought never to be without 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. At the first sign take a powder and the pain will pass off. Repeat when necessary and you will escape the attack you dread so much. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'BAYER' A.P.C. Powders, so be sure to get 'Bayer' and avoid disappointment.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.
Of all Chemists.

BAYER
A.P.C.
QUICK-SURE-SAFE

REDUCES 44lb. 12stone 1lb. to 8stone 13lb. at the rate of 4lb. weekly WITHOUT DIETING or TIRING EXERCISE!

If your figure is being spoiled by ugly rolls of excess fat, this report will interest you. Read what Miss Alfreda Grey thinks of Youth-o-Form. She says:—"Youth-o-Form is wonderful. In three years my weight went up from 8st. 7lb. to 12st. 1lb., and I looked so old. My doctor told me that Youth-o-Form was worth trying, and would not do me any harm. The first week I lost 5lb., the second 2lb., the third 3lb., and now I am glad to say I am down to 8st. 13lb., which is my normal weight now, for I am 5ft. 5in. tall. I feel wonderfully well and look ten years younger, thanks to Youth-o-Form. Thanking you (Miss) ALFREDA GREY."

Youth-o-form is Safe, Effective and Permanent

Youth-o-form is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the purest medicinal ingredients in world-famous British Medical Laboratories. Youth-o-form does not contain any habit-forming drugs or weakening salts.

Safe, effective, pleasant, and easy to take, Youth-o-form not only reduces ugly fat easily and permanently without straining diet or exercise, but its marvellous herbal and glandular ingredients also remedy chronic rheumatism, indigestion and constipation. Thousands of people of all ages—society women, business men, and athletes are keeping their bodies youthful and vigorous—free from ugly fat—by just taking a Youth-o-form reducing capsule occasionally before meals.

Read What YOUTH-O-FORM Did For This Nurse

"All the doctors told me that they thought my constant headaches and tiredness were caused by me getting too fat. I used to be only 8st. 12, but before I began taking Youth-o-form my weight had gone up to 10st. 9. As you know, a nurse's work in hospital is strenuous and I used to be just about exhausted at the end of the day. Several of my doctor friends told me Youth-o-form was worth trying, and just taking a Youth-o-form reducing capsule before dinner each day. In these few weeks I have reduced from 10st. 9 to 8st. 7, my bust 2 inches, waist 2 inches, and hips 1½ inches. All my friends notice how much slimmer I am, and I feel better than I have felt for years. The headaches have completely gone thanks to marvellous Youth-o-form."—Nurse M.S.

Reduces Bust from 42 to 36ins.

"Youth-o-form is just wonderful," writes this woman. "By just taking one of these little capsules an hour before a meal I have reduced from 12st. 8lb. to 10st. 10lb. in a few weeks. My bust reduced from 42in. to 36in., and I am delighted, too, that I can now take women's size frocks again after so many years. I did not trouble to diet, either, and I have never felt better in my life."—Mrs. J. L.

(Hundreds of similar letters are on file.)

Police Inspector Loses Unsightly Fat

Unbecoming fat and bulging waistlines indicate physical unfitness. Read how a senior police officer is keeping to the pink of condition. He writes:—"After four weeks' treatment with Youth-o-form I have reduced 10lb. I haven't felt so fit for years. Please send me another six weeks' supply. Doctors, clergymen, lawyers and athletes use Youth-o-form to avoid ageing fat. Normal weight means longer life and longer youth."

WHAT YOUTH-O-FORM IS AND HOW IT ACTS

Youth-o-form corrects the digestion and assimilation of your food, preventing the absorption of fat from your food and allowing the body to use up its surplus fat, and return to normal, naturally and easily, without stringent diet or strenuous exercise. Each dose is dispensed in a capsule of purest gelatine, which makes it easy and tasteless to take, anywhere.

What You Should Weigh

Compare your weight with that of the perfect 1936 figure which is given on this chart. If ugly fat on your chin, bust, waist or hips is spoiling your health and figure—Get YOUTH-O-FORM Now!

Hgt.	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
4 11	7 5	7 8	7 11	8 0	8 3
5 0	7 7	7 10	7 13	8 2	8 6
5 1	7 9	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7
5 2	7 12	8 1	8 3	8 6	8 10
5 3	8 1	8 4	8 6	8 8	8 13
5 4	8 4	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 2
5 5	8 7	8 10	8 13	9 3	9 7
5 6	8 11	9 0	9 3	9 7	9 11
5 7	9 1	9 4	9 7	9 11	10 1
5 8	9 5	9 8	9 11	10 1	10 6
5 9	9 8	9 12	10 1	10 5	10 9
5 10	9 12	10 2	10 5	10 8	10 12

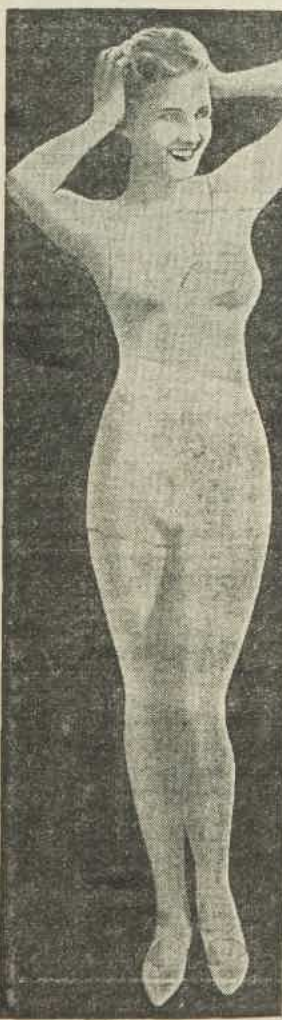
Add 8 lbs. for every 5 years over forty.

Get genuine Youth-o-form from your nearest chemist to-day, or if you are far from a chemist pin stamps or postal note to this page with your name and address, send it to BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, 49 Clarence Street, Sydney, and your Youth-o-form will reach you by return mail plainly wrapped with full directions for use.

Name

Address

10 DAYS TREATMENT 5/6 FULL SIX WEEKS TREATMENT 20/-



MISS ALFREDA GREY
Height, 5ft. 4in. Bust, 34ins. Waist, 26ins.
Hips, 34ins. Calf, 13½ins. Neck, 12½ins.

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YOUTH-O-FORM

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 43

BUT this Sinking, No. 3, was an old one with a long and tortuous haulage way leading to the workings. The haulage was less a passage than a low-roofed burrow, dripping and clammy, through which they crawled often on their hands and knees, for nearly half a mile. Suddenly the light borne by the under-manager stopped just ahead of Andrew who then knew that they were there.

Slowly he crept forward. Three men, cramped together on their bellies in a dead end, were doing their best to revive another man who lay in a huddled attitude, his body slewed sideways, one shoulder pointing backwards, lost seemingly in the mass of fallen rock around him. Tools lay scattered behind the men, two overturned bait cans, stripped off jackets.

"Well then, lads?" asked the under-manager in a low voice.

"We can't shift him, nohow." The

man who spoke turned a sweat-grimed face. "We tried everything."

"Don't try," said the under-manager, with a quick look at the roof. "Here's the doctor. Get back a bit, lads, and give us room. Get back a tidy bit if I were you."

The three men pulled themselves back from the dead end and Andrew, when they had squeezed their way past him, went forward. As he did so, in one brief moment, there flashed through his head a memory of his recent examination, its advanced bio-chemistry, high sounding terminology, scientific phrases. It had not covered such a contingency as this.

Sam Bevan was quite conscious. But his features were haggard beneath their powdering of dust. Weakly, he tried to smile at Man-

"Looks like you're goin' to 'ave some ambulance practice on me proper!" Bevan had been a member of that same first aid class and had often been requisitioned for bandage practice.

Andrew reached forward. By the light of the under-manager's lamp, thrust across his shoulder, he ran his hands over the injured man. The whole of Bevan's body was free except his left forearm, which lay beneath the fall, so pressed and mangled under the enormous weight of rock, it held him immovably a prisoner.

Andrew saw instantly that the only way to free Bevan was to amputate the forearm. And Bevan, straining his pain tormented eyes, read



Expensive
Simplicity

GOLD LAME, printed in a rose-and-blue floral pattern, is used in this attractive dinner gown worn by a charming 20th Century Fox player. Electric-blue duvetyne trims the neck and waist.

A DREAM
... that will
never come
true ...



UNTIL she ends
unpleasant "B.O."
(BODY ODOUR)
with Lifebuoy
Health Soap....

Ignorance of "B.O."
is far from bliss ... to others

"B.O." (body odour) ... such an easy failing to cure! Just regular bathing and washing in Lifebuoy's rich lather—which contains the famous health element—ends "B.O." by deep-cleansing, deodorising the skin pores. Give yourself this certainty of freedom from "B.O."—use Lifebuoy always! Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

LIFEBUOY prevents "B.O."
(Body Odour)

A LEVER PRODUCT



that decision the moment it was made.

"Go on, then, doctor," he muttered. "Only get me out of here quick."

"Don't worry, Sam," Andrew said. "I'm going to send you to sleep now. When you wake up you'll be in bed."

Stretched flat in a puddle of muck under the two-foot roof he slipped off his coat, folded it, and slipped it under Bevan's head. He rolled up his sleeves and asked for his bag. The under-manager handed forward the bag and as he did so he whispered in Andrew's ear:

"For Heaven's sake hurry, doctor. We'll have this roof down on us before we know where we are."

ANDREW opened the bag. Immediately he smelt the reek of chloroform. Almost before he thrust his hand into the dark interior and felt the jagged edge of broken glass he knew what had occurred. Frank Davis, in his haste to reach the mine, had dropped the bag. The chloroform bottle was broken, its contents irretrievably spilled. A shiver passed over Andrew. He had no time to send up to the surface. And he had no anaesthetic.

For perhaps thirty seconds he remained paralysed. Then automatically he felt for his hypodermic, charged it, gave Bevan a maximum of morphine. He could not linger for the full effect. Tipping his bag sideways so that the instruments were ready to his hand, he again bent over Bevan. He said, as he tightened the tourniquet:

"Shut your eyes, Sam!" The light was dim and the shadows moved with flickering confusion. At the first incision Bevan groaned between his shut teeth. He groaned again. Then, mercifully, when the knife grated upon the bone, he fainted.

A cold perspiration broke on Andrew's brow as he clipped the artery forceps on spurting, mangled flesh. He could not see what he was doing. He felt suffocated here, in this rat-hole, deep down beneath the surface of the ground, lying in the mud. No anaesthesia, no theatre, no row of nurses to run to do his bidding. He wasn't a surgeon. He was guddling hopelessly. He would never get through. The roof would crash upon them all. Behind him the hurried breathing of the under-manager. A slow drip of water falling cold upon his neck. His fingers, working feverishly, stained and warm. The grating of the saw. The voice of Sir Robert Abbey, a long way off: "The opportunity for scientific practice..." Oh, Heaven! would he never get through!

At last. He almost sobbed with relief. He slipped a pad of gauze on the bloodied stump. Stumbling to his knees he said:

"Take him out."

Fifty yards back, in a clearing in the haulage way, with space to stand up and four lamps round him he finished the job. Here it was easier. He tidied up, ligatured, drenched the wound with antiseptic. A tube now. Then a couple of holding sutures. Bevan remained unconscious. But his pulse though thin was steady. Andrew drew his hand across his forehead. Finished.

"Go steady with the stretcher. Wrap these blankets round him. We'll want hot bottles whenever we get out."

The slow procession, bent double

in the low places, began to sway up the shadows of the haulage. They had not gone sixty paces when a low rumbling subsidence echoed in the darkness down behind them. It was like the last low rumble of a train entering a tunnel. The under-manager did not turn round. He merely said to Andrew with a quiet grimace:

"That's it. The rest of the roof." The journey out-by took close upon an hour. They had to edge the stretcher sideways at the bad places. Andrew could not tell how long they had been under. But at length they came to the shaft bottom.

Up, up they shot, out of the depths. The keen bite of the wind met them as they stepped out of the cage. With a kind of ecstasy Andrew drew a long breath.

He stood at the foot of the steps holding on to the guard rail. It was still dark, but in the mine yard they had hung a big naphtha flare which hissed and leaped with many tongues. Around the flare he saw a small crowd of waiting figures. There were women among them, with shawls about their heads.

Suddenly, as the stretcher moved slowly past him, Andrew heard his name called wildly and the next instant Christine's arms were about his neck. Sobbing hysterically she clung to him. Bareheaded, with only a coat above her nightdress, her bare feet thrust into leather shoes, she was a waif-like figure in the gusty darkness.

"What's wrong," he asked, startled, trying to disengage her arms so that he might see her face.

But she would not let him go. Clinging to him frantically like a drowning woman she said brokenly: "They told us the roof was down—that you wouldn't—wouldn't come out."

Her skin was blue, her teeth chattering with cold. He carried her into the fire of the rescue room, ashamed, yet deeply touched. There was hot cocoa in the rescue room. They drank from the same scalding cup. It was a long time before either of them remembered about his grand new degree.

THE rescue of Sam Bevan was commonplace to a town which had known, in the past, the agony and horror of major mine disasters. Yet in his own district it did Andrew a vast amount of good. Had he returned with the bare success of London behind him he would have earned merely an extra sneer for "more newfangled nonsense." As it was, he received nods and even smiles from people who had never seemed to look at him before. The real extent of the doctor's popularity in Aberlath could be gauged by his passage down the rows. And where Andrew had hitherto been met by a line of tight shut doors now he found them open, the off-shift men smoking in their shirtsleeves ready for a word with him, the women ready to "call him in," as he went by, the children greeting him smilingly by name.

Old Gus Parry, head driller in No. 2 and doyen of the West district, summed up the new current of opinion for his mates as he gazed after Andrew's retreating figure.

"Eh, lads! E's a bookish chap no doubt. But he can do the real stuff, like, when it's wanted."

Please turn to Page 45

SIMPLIFIES HOUSEHOLD CLEANING

Polish the porcelain of your bathroom and kitchen, the brassware of dining-room or lounge; brighten silks and laces and restore silver to dazzling brilliancy — with Scrubb's! Your wash is snow-white when Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia is added to the water before soaking. Keep it handy always! And remember it is most economical, being three times the strength of other ammonias.



SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

Stomach Sufferers

You must neutralise
that acid

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

It's the excess acid in your stomach that is the real cause of all your suffering. It stops digestion, ferments your food, inflames the delicate stomach lining and, if unchecked, soon leads to chronic gastritis and ulceration. For quick relief from these painful, acid-caused stomach troubles I almost invariably prescribe 'Bisurated' Magnesia. The ingredients of this well-known stomach remedy have been proved by X-ray experiments to be the quickest-acting known to medical science. By neutralising the burning excess acid, 'Bisurated' Magnesia stops stomach pain in five minutes. Indigestion and flatulence is relieved, heartburn and sourness pass off, and ulceration is avoided.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to above—is available at all chemists. The package bears the trade mark 'Bismag'.

YOUNGER EVERY MORNING!



TO-NIGHT Apply Crème Tokalon Biocel, the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal of the University of Vienna. This vital cell food is obtained from carefully selected young animals. Science now knows it is the loss of this natural element from the skin which causes lines. Crème Tokalon Biocel feeds it back to the skin while you sleep and makes the skin smooth, firm and young again.

FREE: By special arrangement any reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe Beauty Outfit containing the new Tokalon creams (Biocel for the evening, Vanishing for the day). It contains also trial packets of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 48D), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

CARDS began to come back to Andrew, gradually at first and when it was seen that he did not abuse his returned renegades, with a sudden rush. Owen was pleased at the increase in Andrew's list. Meeting Andrew in the Square one day he smiled:

"Didn't I tell you, now?" Llewellyn had affected great delight at the result of the examination. He congratulated Andrew effusively upon the phone then blantly raked him in for double duty at the theatre.

"By the way," he remarked, beaming, at the end of the long and ether-ridden session, "did you tell the examiners you were an assistant in a medical aid scheme?"

"I mentioned your name to them, Doctor Llewellyn," Andrew answered sweetly. "And that made it quite all right."

Oxborrow and Medley of the East Surgery took no notice of Andrew's success. But Urquhart was genuinely glad, though his comment took the form of vituperative explosion.

"Damn it, Manson! What d'you think you're doing? Trying to put my eye out!"

By way of complimenting his distinguished colleague he asked him in consultation to a case of pneumonia he was then attending and demanded to know the prognosis.

"She'll recover," Andrew said and he gave scientific reasons.

Urquhart shook his old head dubiously. He said:

"I never heard tell of our polyvalent sera, or your antibodies or your international units. But she was a Powell before her marriage and when the Powells get their pneumonias they die before the eighth day. I know that family backwards."

The old man went about with an air of sombre triumph over the scientific method when his patient died on the seventh day.

Denny, now abroad, knew nothing of the new degree. But a final and somewhat unexpected congratulation came in a long letter from Freddie Hampton. Freddie had seen the results in the "Lancet," chided Andrew on his success, invited him to London, and then detailed his own exciting triumphs in Queen Anne Street, where, as he had predicted that night at Cardiff, his neat brass plate now shone.

THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 44

"It's a shame the way we've lost touch with Freddie," Manson declared. "I must write to him oftener. I've a feeling we shall run into him again. Nice letter, isn't it?"

"Yes, very nice," Christine answered drily. "But most of it seems to be about himself."

With the approach of Christmas the weather turned colder—crisp frosty days and still, starry nights. The iron hard roads rang under Andrew's feet. The clear air was like an exhilarating wine. Already shaping in his mind was the next step which he would take in his great assault on the problem of dust inhalation. His findings among his own patients had raised his hope high, and now he had obtained permission from Vaughan to extend the field of his investigation by making a systematic examination of all the workers in the three anthracite sinkings—a marvelous opportunity. He planned to use the "At workers and surface-men as controls. He would begin at the start of the New Year.

ON Christmas Eve he returned from the surgery to Vale View with an extraordinary sense of spiritual anticipation and physical well-being. As he walked up the road it was impossible to escape the signs of the impending festival. The miners made much of Christmas here. For the past week the front room in each house had been locked against the children, festooned with paper streamers, toys hidden in the drawers of the chest and a steady accumulation of good things to eat, cake, oranges, sweet sugar biscuits, all bought with the club money paid out at this time of year, laid upon the table.

Christine had made her own decorations of holly and mistletoe in gay expectation. But to-night as he came into the house he saw at once an extra excitement upon her face.

"Don't say a word," she said, quickly holding out her hand. "Not a single word! Just shut your eyes and come with me!"

He allowed her to lead him into the kitchen. There, on the table, lay a number of parcels, clumsily made up, some merely wrapped in newspaper, but each with a little note attached. In a flash he realised that they were presents from his patients. Some of the gifts were not wrapped up at all.

"Look, Andrew!" Christine cried. "A goose! And two ducks! And a lovely iced cake! And a bottle of elderberry wine! Isn't it kind of them! Isn't it wonderful they should want to give them to you?"

He simply could not speak. It overwhelmed him, this kindly evidence that the people of his district had at last begun to appreciate, to like him. With Christine at his shoulder, he read the notes, the handwriting labored and illiterate, some scrawled in pencil upon old envelopes turned inside out. "Your grateful patient at 3 Cefan Row." "With thanks from Mrs. Williams." "One lopsided gem from Sam Bevan." "Thanks for gettin' me out for Christmas, doctor bach"—so they went on.

"We must keep these, darling," Christine said in a low voice. "I'll put them away upstairs."

When he had recovered his normal loquacity—a glass of home-made elderberry assisted him—he paced up and down the kitchen while Christine stuffed the goose. He raved beautifully:

"THAT'S how fees should be paid, Chris. No money, no darned bills, no capitation fee, no guinea-grabbing. Payment in kind. You understand me, don't you, darling? You get your patient right, he sends you something that he has made, produced. Coal, if you like, a sack of potatoes from his garden, eggs maybe if he keeps hens—see my point. Then you'd have an ethical idea! By the way, that Mrs. Williams who sent us the ducks—Leslie had her guzzling pills and physic for five stricken years before I cured her gastric ulcer with five weeks' diet. Where was I? Oh, yes! Don't you see? If every doctor was to eliminate the question of gain the whole system would be purer—"

"Yes, dear. Would you mind handing me the currants? Top shelf in the cupboard!"

"Darn it all, woman, why don't you listen! Gosh! That stuffing's going to taste good."

Next morning, Christmas Day, came fine and clear. Tallyn Beacons in the blue distance were pearly, with a white icing of snow. After a few morning consultations, with the pleasant prospect of no surgery in the evening, Andrew went on his round. He had a short list. Dinners were cooking in all the little houses and his own was cooking at home. He did not tire of the Christmas greetings he gave and received all along the Rows. He could not help contrasting this present cheerfulness with his bleak passage up those same streets only a year ago.

Perhaps it was this thought which made him draw up, with an odd hesitation in his eyes, outside No. 18 Cefan Row. Of all his patients, apart from Chenkin, whom he did not want, the only one who had not come back to him was Tom Evans. To-day when he was so unusually stirred, perhaps unduly exalted by a sense of the brotherhood of man, he had a sudden impulse to approach Evans and wish him a merry Christmas.

Knocking once, he opened the front door and walked through to the back kitchen. Here he paused, quite taken aback. The kitchen was very bare, almost empty, and in the grate there burned only a spark of fire. Seated before this on a broken-backed wooden chair, with his crooked arm bent out like a wing, was Tom Evans. The droop of his shoulders was dispirited, hopeless. On his knee sat his little girl, four years of age. They were gazing, both of them, in silent contemplation, at a branch of fir planted in an old bucket. Upon this diminutive Christmas tree which Evans had walked two miles over the mountain to procure, were three tiny tallow candles, as yet unlighted. And beneath it lay the family's Christmas treat—three small oranges.

Please turn to Page 46

NEW PLASMIC



America's Most Talked of Skin Preparation

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NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth. Speedy, Certain and Permanent for Open Pores and Blackheads.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG.

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Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION or large Tube sufficient for twelve treatments posted free to any address for 5/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full directions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

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Also obtainable at many leading Chemists.

REDUCE SAFELY



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FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS

Look for the name "FINLAY'S"

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THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 45

SUDDENLY Evans turned and caught sight of Andrew. He started and a slow flush of shame and resentment spread over his face. Andrew sensed that it was agony for him to be found out of work, half his furniture pawned, crippled, by the doctor whose advice he had rejected. He had known, of course, that Evans was down on his luck but he had not suspected anything so pitiful as this. He felt upset and uncomfortable, he wanted to turn and go away.

At that moment Mrs. Evans came into the kitchen through the back door with a paper bag under her arm. She was so startled at the sight of Andrew that she dropped the paper bag, which fell to the stone floor and burst open revealing two beef faggots, the cheapest meat that Aberlaw provided. The child, glancing at her mother's face, began suddenly to cry.

"What's like the matter, sir," Mrs. Evans ventured at last, her hand pressed against her side. "He hasn't done anything?"

Andrew gritted his teeth together. He was so moved and surprised by this scene he had stumbled upon, only one course would satisfy him.

"Mrs. Evans!" He kept his eyes stiffly upon the floor. "I know there was a bit of a misunderstanding between your Tom and me. But it's Christmas—and oh! well, I want," he broke down lamely. "I mean, I'd be awfully pleased if the three of you would come round and help us eat our Christmas dinner."

"But, doctor—" she wavered. "You be quiet, lass," Evans interrupted her fiercely. "We're not going out to no dinner. If faggots is all we can have it's all we will have. We don't want any charity from nobody."

"What are you talking about!" Andrew exclaimed in dismay. "I'm asking you as a friend."

"Ah! You're all the same!" Evans answered wretchedly. "Once you get a man down all you can do is fling some grub in his face. Keep your dinner. We don't want it."

"Now, Tom—" Mrs. Evans protested weakly.

Andrew turned towards her, distressed, yet still determined to carry out his intention.

"You persuade him, Mrs. Evans. I'll be really upset now, if you don't come. Half past one. We'll expect you."

Before any of them could say another word he swung round and left the house.

Christine made no comment when he blurted out what he had done. The Vaughans would probably have come to them to-day, but for the fact that they had gone to Switzerland for the ski-ing. And now he had asked an unemployed miner and his family! These were his thoughts as he stood with his back to the fire watching her lay the extra places.

"You're cross, Chris?" he said at last.

"I thought I married Doctor Manson," she answered a trifle brusquely. "Not Doctor Barnardo. Really, darling, you're an incorrigible sentimentalist!"

The Evans' arrived exactly upon time, washed and brushed, desperately ill at ease, proud and frightened. Andrew, striving nervously to generate hospitality, had a dreadful premonition that Christine was right, that the entertainment would be a dismal failure. Evans, with a queer look at Andrew, proved to be clumsy at the table because of his bad arm. His wife was obliged to break and to butter his roll for him. And then by good fortune, as Andrew was using the cruet, the top

fell off the pepper caster and the entire half ounce of white pepper shot into his soup. There was a hollow silence, then Agnes, the little girl, gave a sudden delighted giggle. Panic stricken, the mother bent to rebuke her, when the sight of Andrew's face restrained her. The next minute they were all laughing.

Free of his dread of being patronised, Evans revealed himself a human being, a staunch rugby football supporter and a great music lover. He had gone to Cardigan three years before to sing at the Elsteddorf there. Proud to show his knowledge he discussed with Christine the oratorios of Elgar, while Agnes pulled crackers with Andrew.

LATER, Christine drew Mrs. Evans and the little girl into the other room. Left alone, a strange silence fell between Andrew and Evans. A common thought was uppermost in the mind of each, yet neither knew how to broach it. Finally with a kind of desperation Andrew said:

"I'm sorry about that arm of yours, Tom. I know you've lost your work underground over the head of it. Don't think I'm trying to crow over you or anything like that. I'm just darned sorry."

"You're not any sorrier than I am," Evans said.

There was a pause, then Andrew resumed:

"I wonder if you'd let me speak to Mr. Vaughan about you. Shut me up if you think I'm interfering—but I've got a little bit of influence with him and I feel sure I could get you a job on the surface—timekeeper—or something—"

He broke off, not daring to look at Evans. This time the silence was prolonged. At length Andrew raised his eyes only to lower them again immediately. Tears were running down Evans' cheek, his entire body was shaking with his effort not to give way. But it was no use. He laid his good arm on the table, buried his head in it.

Andrew got up and crossed to the window where he remained for a few minutes. At the end of that time Evans had collected himself. He said nothing, absolutely nothing, and his eyes avoided Andrew's with a dumb reticence more significant than speech.

At half-past three the Evans family departed in a mood contrasting cheerfully with the constraint of their arrival. Christine and Andrew went into the sitting-room.

"You know, Chris," Andrew philosophised, "all that poor fellow's trouble—his stiff elbow I mean—isn't his fault. He distrusted me because I was new. He couldn't be expected to know about that darn carron oil. But friend Oxborrow—who accepted his card—he should have known. Ignorance, ignorance, pure darned ignorance. There ought to be a law to make doctors keep up to date. It's all the fault of our rotten system. There ought to be compulsory post-graduate classes—to be taken every five years—"

"Darling!" protested Christine smiling at him from the sofa. "I've put up with your philanthropy all day. I've watched your wings sprouting like an archangel's. Don't give me the Harvean Oration on top of it! Come and sit by me here, I had a really important reason for wanting us to be alone to-day."

"YES?" Doubtfully; then, indignantly. "You're not complaining, I hope. I thought I had behaved pretty decently. After all—Christmas Day—"

She laughed silently. "Oh, my dear, you're just too lovely. Another minute there'll be a snowstorm, and you'll take out the St. Bernards—muffled to the throat—to bring in somebody off the mountain—late, late at night."

"I know somebody who came down to Number Three Sinking—late, late at night," he grunted in retaliation, "and she wasn't muffled either."

"Sit here." She stretched out her arm. "I want to tell you something."

He went over to seat himself beside her when suddenly there came the loud braying of a Klaxon from outside.

"Krr-krr-krr-ki-ki-ki-krr."

"Darn!" said Christine concisely. Only one motor horn in Aberlaw could sound like that. It belonged to Con Boland.

"Don't you want them?" Andrew asked in some surprise. "Con half said they'd be round for tea."

"Oh, well!" Christine said, rising and accompanying him to the door.

They advanced to meet the Bolands who sat, opposite the front gate, in the reconstructed motor car, Con upright at the wheel in a bowler hat and enormous new gauntlets with Mary and Terence beside him, the other three children tucked around Mrs. Boland, who bore the infant in her arms, in the rear, all packed, despite the elongation of the vehicle, like herrings in a tin.

Continued Next Week

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

It's easy to have a Colorful Home



This pleasant kitchen is in the home of Mrs. Hector Dowling, of Toorak, Melbourne. Walls, doors and woodwork are all painted ivory white, which shows up the colorful china in the cupboard to delightful advantage.

Anne Stewart's Book Shows How

"The Colorful Home," a splendid 24-page book in full color on practical home decoration, will give you all the help you need in redecorating your home successfully. It explains how to paint walls and woodwork, and how to bestow modern beauty on ugly marred old furniture. A series of rooms "before" and "after" shows how easy it is to make any room more colorful and modern.

Miss Anne Stewart, who wrote "The Colorful Home", is a talented young decorator who has had extensive overseas experience—you'll be thrilled with her suggested color schemes! "The Colorful Home" has been published by Taubmans Limited, the makers of Dynamel, Dulsetta, Silvafras and Solpah Paving Paint, and will be sent to you free if you just fill in and post the coupon at right.

Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday: 2UW, 10.20 a.m.; 3AW, 11 a.m.; 4BK-AK, 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-MU-PL, 11.30 a.m.

TAUBMANS PAINTS

bring new life and Color Magic to Every Room in the House

GONE are the days of drab and dingy kitchens. The modern kitchen is cheery and bright—full of color. It's the easiest thing in the world to make your kitchen more colorful, too, or any room in your house. Just introduce them to Taubmans new Dulsetta and Dynamel, and see for yourself! Dulsetta is the exciting new semi-flat

enamel with the dull satiny finish for walls and woodwork. Dynamel, brilliant color finish for your furniture or metal work, dries to mirror smoothness in an hour, and never leaves any brushmarks. You'll always be successful using Dulsetta and Dynamel, and every room will respond like magic to this refreshing beauty treatment.

Practical experience proves it's easy to use
DULSETTA and DYNAMEL

"I can't believe my own eyes. Look—this Dynamel dries as smooth as a mirror," says Mrs. Abbott, of Denison Street.

Dynamel has a high gloss finish in 30 modern colors, black, white and clear.



"No more polishing for hours at this stove. I've found Silvafras keeps my metal surface permanently shining," says Mrs. E. Baines, of Terry Street. Silvafras can be used on pipes, copper, gates, fences—gives a gleaming, silvery finish to any metal work.



Send for this
FREE BOOK

Anne Stewart, Director,
Taubmans Home Decorating Service,
75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart,
Please send me my FREE copy of your book "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

November 13, 1937

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

Conducted By EVELYN

COIFFURES for Summer DAYS and NIGHTS

NEW hair styles...
sophisticated and
flattering... and ever so
cool for hot weather wear

THESE coiffures are ideal for smart
wear in hot summer weather.
They comply with the mode of the
moment in being well groomed with
sculptured curls and waves and every
hair in place. At the same time, they
feel delightfully cool to wear, and look it.



ABOVE: The "bunny" coiffure, a summer hair
arrangement simple to keep in order. The
hair is worn straight and the ends are curled
up and pinned in most becoming position over
the ears and round the nape of the neck.



ABOVE: A coiffure that is strikingly dif-
ferent. The hair is brushed and made
to lie flat against the crown of the head
and the ends are coaxed into soft, loose
rolls that frame the face.



SIMPLE BUT SMART hair style for day
or evening wear. The hair is slightly
waved, and kept very smooth. The ends
over the ears are rolled horizontally, and
those at the back are formed into vertical
curls across the nape of the neck.



ANOTHER EVENING COIFFURE worn by Rita
Casino, 20th Century-Fox player. The hair is parted
in the centre, kept straight, and brushed back off the face
and ears. Pieces at either side of the temples are formed
into wing-like rolls, and the hair at the back is finished in a
roll which is placed low on the neck. An ornamental head-
dress finishes the coiffure.

LONGER hair is essential for any one
of the new and flattering coiffures
shown in the pictures on this page. Loose
rolls and curls simply "eat-up" hair.

What inspiration they offer to young
lovelies who favor the page-boy style of
hair dressing! When occasion demands
smart sophistication they can adopt one
of these new coiffures and then, the next
day, revert to page-boy simplicity.



EVENING SOPHISTICATION. Jessie Matthews, British film
star, adopts a flattering coiffure for evening wear in which the hair
is brushed back off the face and ears, kept quite straight, and finished
with a neat fringe and a halo roll that extends across the top of the
head and down either side behind the ears.

"ARE YOU GOING
TO BE AN OLD
MAID, IRENE?"



Most Bad Breath Begins
with the Teeth

BE sure your breath does not offend! It's
so simple to be safe when you realize
that the most common cause of bad breath
is... improperly cleaned teeth!

Authorities say decaying food and acid
deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth,
are the most common source of unpleasant
mouth odours—and of much tooth decay.
Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special,
penetrating foam removes these odour-
breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning
methods fail to reach. And at the same
time, a soft, safe polishing agent gently, yet
thoroughly, cleans and brightens enamel—
makes teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance
to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with
Colgate's at least twice daily.

NO OTHER
TOOTH PASTE
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO BRIGHT
AND CLEAN!



LARGE SIZE

1/3

GIANT SIZE
TWICE THE
QUANTITY

2/-

9/307



IF YOU PREFER POWDER—
Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder
gives the same results. Its oxygen content
prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea.

"The Pleasure of Your Company"

A Beauty Code for both Guests and Hostesses during the Summer Holidays. How to be Prepared for Invitations to the Seaside or Country

By
EVELYN

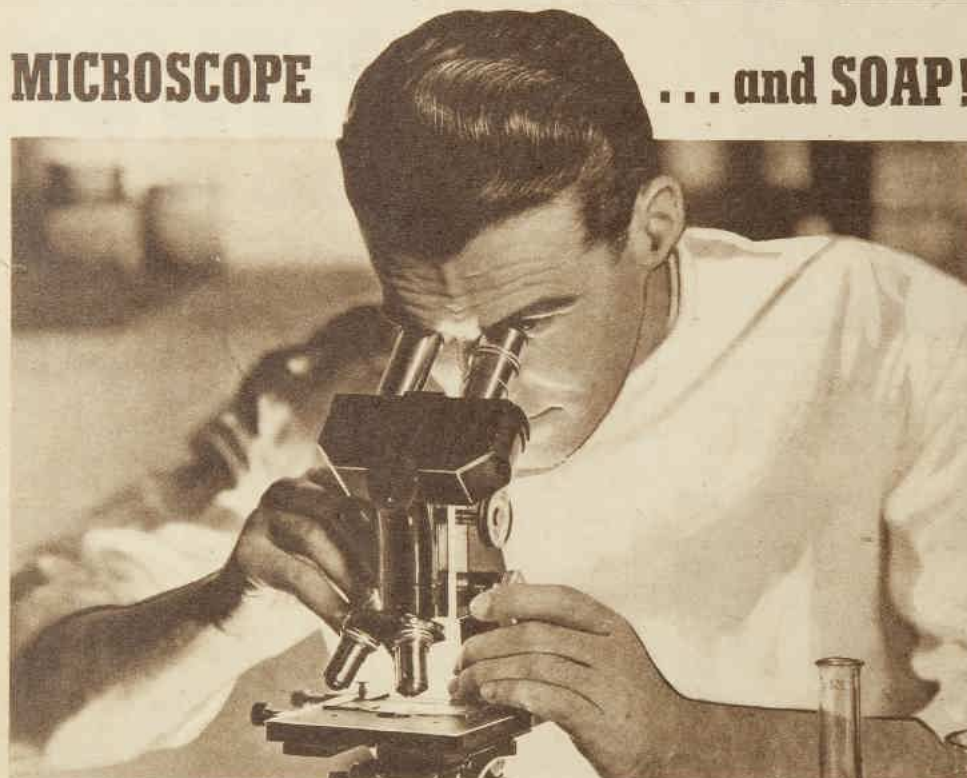
Get your figure into shape for the summer holidays if you want to look as attractive in shorts as Claire Trevor, 20th Century-Fox star, does here.



TO LOOK YOUR BEST in colorful swim suits, such as the one Dixie Dunbar, another Fox player, is wearing above, your skin must be satin-smooth.

MICROSCOPE

... and SOAP!



Your Doctor uses Soap to guard against the germs that the Microscope reveals!

Whether the microscope tells of germ infection or not, doctors and nurses take no chances. Sterilisation, rubber gloves, frequent washing with antiseptic soap are all part of their routine as a safeguard against possible infection. Do you take the same precautions? **PROTEX GERMICIDAL SOAP** should be used in your home as fully as it is used in hospitals and surgeries. It contains a powerful antiseptic that is

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC

yet non-irritant, to even the most delicate skin. Furthermore, Protex is a long-lasting, economical soap with an exceedingly pleasant aroma.

A COLGATE QUALITY SOAP

Recommended by the Medical Profession
(vide "The Medical Journal of Australia," 4/7/36)



HOLIDAYS ahead . . . an invitation to spend several glorious weeks at the seaside or country home of friends. Already you are thrilled with the thought of leaving the dusty city behind you . . . of spending hours in the fresh air, sunbathing and swimming, or roaming mountain tracks.

If you value your health and beauty you will "respond at once as requested."

Or, maybe, instead of a long holiday, you are looking forward to all sorts of exciting events—yachting parties, picnics, hikes, motor trips, weekends, dates for golf, tennis and swimming.

For beauty is always in demand.

Yes, beauty is demanded both by hostess and guest. The hostess cannot be blamed for favoring the beautiful rather than the ugly duckling type of guest; you cannot take her to task for that, but you can do something about it if you feel that you are in the latter bracket and likely to be neglected.

Begin now to make yourself as attractive as possible. Take stock of your physical appearance, as well as your health. As a matter of fact, it is easier to be attractive in the summer than it is in the winter; much less hard on your purse for one thing, as summer raiment need not cost the fortune that furs and beautiful fabrics demand.

Colorful sports wear and dainty fluffy evening frocks selected with care form a flattering background for youth and beauty.

FROM now until you take your first plunge in pool, river, or ocean, take particular care of the skin of your whole body. Hand-lotion is not so expensive that you cannot be generous in using it to massage the entire body after your daily bath. You will be surprised at the body's satiny condition after one week. Roughened elbows and "goose flesh" will disappear like magic when those surfaces are scrubbed vigorously with a handbrush, then massaged with hand-lotion.

If you neglected to get your figure in shape for winter dancing, if you failed to exercise and diet until the last disfiguring bulge disappeared, do begin now for the new bathing suits simply demand figure perfection.

Keep as your aim the streamline effect you wish to present. It will mean a firm determination to exercise half-an-hour a day and keep to a simple diet. Certainly, that is not too difficult, with vegetables and fruit so plentiful.

There are two simple ways to regulate the diet: either eat half of the food presented to you at each meal or cut out entirely the starch and fat

foods until you have touched the scales at the figure you know in your heart you should weigh.

Select exercises that will reduce those parts that keep your figure from presenting the streamline effect necessary to wear your new bathing suit with peace of mind.

Be prepared for any invitation. It takes so much time and energy and does destroy your serenity and peace of mind to have to scramble around for the necessary preparations for the care of your skin, good grooming and make-up.

Do purchase a beach bag, complete with all the preparations for either defeating the effects of sunshine or allowing your skin to tan painlessly. There are beach bags galore, at all prices, for you to choose from before your first swimming-party invitation arrives.

The Little Beauty Kit

KEEP another case in readiness for the first week-end invitation. It should contain cleanser, tissues, cotton pads for applying skin tonic, skin lubricant, after-the-bath lotion or dusting powder, everything necessary for day and evening make-up, necessities for the care of your hair and your teeth.

These should be in small containers which you can keep filled from your large-sized ones used every day. Small bottles and jars naturally are less weighty and more compact for the not-too-large week-end bag. Such a case always lodged in your week-end bag will leave you ample time to select and pack the needed clothes, and ever ready to accept an exciting invitation.

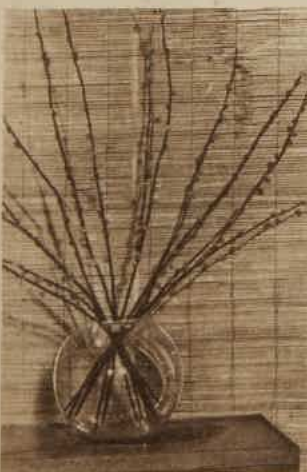
The other side of the picture, of course, is the reception of the beauty you have invited to be your house guest for the week-end. Is the guest-room ready for its occupant? Are you by any chance asking her to share a room with someone else? If that is the case, is there place for her clothes and toilet preparations? Can you picture yourself as a guest in your own guest-room?

It is all very well to rough it at camp, but, when a house guest is expected to look her loveliest to meet your friends, she should find everything available to help her in doing so and good light is a necessity!

Have a manicure set on the dressing-table, as she may have forgotten hers.

A tiny sewing kit will help her take care of an unexpected run or a loose button. There should be a box of assorted hairpins, small pins, and tiny safety pins.

A generous supply of tissues will save your guest towels and serve for forgotten handkerchiefs, to dust off shoes, and a thousand other purposes.



Gracious Touches

...Give Rooms
Their Appealing Charm!

IT'S the flowers and pictures, the china and glass, lovely draperies, and all those little treasures we collect that make a home seem friendly and inviting. That is, of course, if we make the most of them. Grace in arrangement or grouping is all that is required; beauty follows as if by magic.

ALL of us have at some time seen a home beautifully furnished that yet fails to attract us. It is correct, quite correct, as far as color combinations are concerned, yet its very formality almost freezes the soul.

Why? Simply because its rooms are bereft of grace and friendliness and so lack that "lived-in" air.

On the other hand, we have visited homes much less pretentious but infinitely more inviting, more charming. Here the personal touch is in evidence, artistic hand and brain have been at work, and the result is enchantment.

Again, we have visited homes filled to overflowing with furniture and "treasures," and its cluttered atmosphere weighs heavily upon our minds and our senses. There is no harmony in arrangement or grouping; no sense of balance, no invitation to rest.

Look around your own home. Study each room as if you were a visitor.

Is this or that room barren and uninviting, or cluttered up with odds and ends? Or are they as charming, as friendly and comfortable as your skilful hands and brain can make them?

Do you think that if only you had the means you could buy this or that for the living-room or your bedroom? Very probably you do—but don't fret!

Here Is Help

MAKE the most of what you have. Conjure with the scant material at your command; rearrange, "swing" the room round, and as sure as the sun sets and rises you will relieve dull monotony. Remember, there can be such magic in little things. Colorful cushions, gay, fragrant flowers carefully arranged in bowls and vases, glass polished till it sparkles, books and pictures, glowing brass and mirrors are among the simple treasures that will lighten and brighten your rooms.

Now study the ten little pictures on this page. They are full of variety and full of ideas for you.

In the picture, top left, you glimpse a table set for dinner. It looks elaborate, yet it derives its charm from the colored glass, glowing

candles, and hand-embroidered place-mats. A few lighted candles will make the most modest dinner party seem an occasion, and the colored glass, which can be purchased so cheaply to-day, harmonises beautifully with place-mats and polished wood.

In the next picture, note grouping of cabinet, easy chair, flowers and picture. Simple, but artistic.

Enterprising home-lovers will be interested in the little dressing-table with its pleated flounce showing in the centre of this row. It is simply tacked on to an oval top. Brass-headed tacks are used.

Next, you glimpse a fireside scene. Note the mirror above the fireplace. This makes the plain chimney come to life with warm, bright reflections. In the foreground, you see a low table upon which stands a bowl of charmingly-arranged flowers, cigarettes, and ash-trays. This is most conveniently placed beside a deep-seated chair.

Vivid Accents of Color

THOSE of you who have a leaning towards cane furniture will be interested in the artistic grouping of chairs, lamp, table and shelf shown in the top right picture. Cane furniture is quite the vogue in America. It's cheap, colorful, attractive. It should be more popular here. Over there, they love to decorate sun-room walls with gorgeously-patterned paper, the main colors of which harmonise with the bright colors of the cane.

Now, the second picture from the top (row at left), shows you an inviting corner in the living-room of a book-lover. These shelves painted to match the walls run the whole length of the wall. Flowers, photographs, and colorful objets d'art decorate the top shelf. Note the comfortable arm-chair with its long-cushioned seat. Designed for comfort, as you can see.

Below that again we glimpse a bed made enchanting with its double-flounced lacy cover and pillows. Topped by a heart-shaped cushion, also covered with the same lace, this represents a deft and artistic touch.

In the last picture but one we glimpse another fireplace—this in a summer-time setting. A large and beautifully-engraved brass tray hides the empty grate and its shimmering beauty catches and holds the eye. Bright cushions, flowers, and pictures add to the friendly atmosphere of this much-lived-in room.

Lovely, don't you agree, is the witch bowl with its "pussy willow" silhouetted against a light cane blind. This was "caught" in a sun-room—an instance of the very ordinary becoming simply charming.—E.E.G.

ALL for CHARM

THE problem of arranging furniture is not difficult when one understands the basic principle of good arrangement. This is simply fitting furniture into a room so that each piece will provide its full measure of service.

Do not concentrate too much upon balance—that is placing pieces at exact intervals around the walls. This method gives a stiff appearance to a room.

By OUR HOME
DECORATOR

EVERLOC (REGD)

THE FROCK THAT'S
Guaranteed
WON'T CRUSH
WON'T SHRINK
OR SAG
WON'T FADE
and
WILL WASH

Spectator (REGD)
SPORTSWEAR
created by
LUCAS

SOLD BY GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



THESE DAINTY teapot holders are obtainable in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen. Ready for embroidery. Price, 9d. each.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

Lazy Daisy or
Cutwork Teapot Holders
make Dainty Presents

WOULD you believe it, Christmas is less than six weeks away! Before we know where we are we will be racking our brains in an effort to solve the gift-giving problem. There are scores of little gifts to be made, Christmas cards to be sent—much to do.

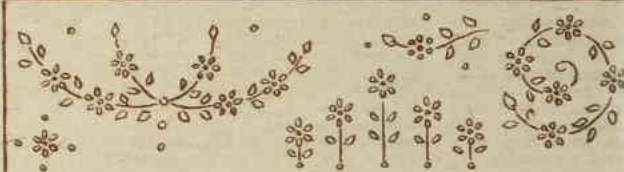
Needlework
Notions

Why not embroider some teapot holders? They make pretty as well as useful gifts, cost little, and are easy to work.

Measuring 6 inches by 4½ inches, they are designed ready for working in white, cream, blue, pink, yellow, or green linen. They cost 9d. each and are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Edges are spoke-stitched for crochet, which really makes a charming finish. Before crocheting the edge, place a piece of flannel or soft material between the two pieces of linen. This gives the necessary padding.

Embroider before this is done. Work the little holders in white or in colors to harmonise with your friends' china.



A CAPTIVATING SET of four garments—frock, coatee, bonnet and bib—for the youngest one, designed for filmy material such as crepe-de-chine, sheer linen or voile, with the daintiest embroidery in eyelet and satin-stitch. Patterns, also transfer design, may be had from our Pattern Department.



What a MEAL!

SERVE Heinz Baked Beans with the breakfast bacon. What a marvellous breakfast they make—how good, how delicious, how nourishing! And how "different" these Heinz baked beans are!—sweet as a nut, soaked through with the most delicious tomato sauce.

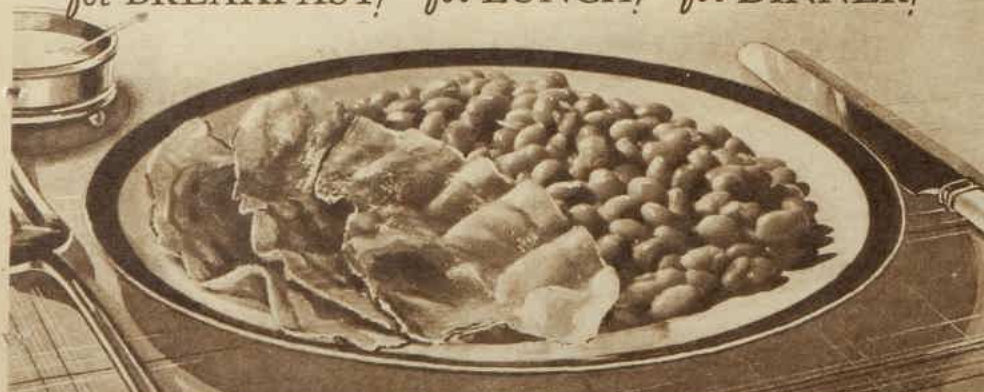
Oven-baked so that they almost crush on the tongue.

Two styles—with and without pork. Serve them often—for breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks.

RECIPE FOLDER—FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd. Melbourne, E.1.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

for BREAKFAST!—for LUNCH!—for DINNER!



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

MAKE These YOURSELF!

Some Adorable Garments Designed for the Baby's Wear

Patterns available for making this set, also the dainty transfer design for swift, lovely embroidery.

It is not the costly masses of lace and ribbons which make the best baby wear—your quick little needle and a piece of material will dress your treasure in royal style.

WHAT a charming gift this for the young babe! How easy to make, too, with the expertly-cut patterns and full, clear instructions for making, which are forwarded with the patterns.

Even the veriest amateur at sewing could manage the set and, with comparative ease, turn out the most entrancing little garments.

They are obtainable from our Pattern Department in sizes to fit the six, twelve, or eighteen-months-old babe. Remember, full cutting and making instructions are forwarded with the patterns.

The frock, bonnet, coatee, or bib patterns may be purchased at 9d. each, or the set of four for 2/-.

The embroidery transfer, which measures 8in. x 20in., costs 1/-.

There are twenty-two small motifs on the transfer. Before you cut them apart, ex-

amine the illustration on this page as a guide to the groups. They have been crowded on to the transfer sheet so that we can give you as much as possible for a very small cost, and when cutting them away it is necessary to see that all the extra eyelets and dots go with their proper groups.

How to Embroider

THE work which best expresses these beautiful little decorative patches is a slightly padded satin-stitch, with a tiny eyelet for the flower centres and odd dots. White embroidery is always perfect for this kind of work, but you may use all colors in delicate pastel shades, particularly on materials of pale hues. The padding required is merely an extra stitch running lengthwise on petal or leaf, with the satin-stitch smoothly placed over this foundation.

Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Snappy Styles for Your Holiday Wardrobe—for Beach, Spectator, or Any Smart Occasion

Patterns are Reliable, Prices Reasonable. Send in Now!

PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern, enclose 3d. stamp.



DAINTY FOR FLORAL
WW1915—Buttons and short shirred puff sleeves add to the smartness of this afternoon frock. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SPECTATOR SPORTS
WW1916—A very smart spectator sports frock for holiday wear. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

LINEN SUIT
WW1917—A new and very becoming linen suit. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 4 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



BEACH OUTFIT

WW1920—For the holiday you will find an outfit like this very useful. The ensemble comprises coat and suit. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 2 1/2 yards for coat, and 1 7/8 yards for suit, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Smart Vogues for Beach and Sports Wear

OUR three-in-one concession pattern for this week provides for the three snappy, unusual styles shown at left.

Patterns cost 3d. for each one size. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices.

No. 1 is a suit and coat—a short swagger in bright contrast. Material required, 36 inches wide: 2 1/8 yards for coat and 1 7/8 yards for suit.

No. 2, shorts and shirt—chic in spots, with contrast backgrounds—require 1 1/2 yards for shorts and 1 1/2 yards for shirt.

No. 3, the business-like overalls, amazingly useful for all sports occasions, requires 2 7/8 yards, 36 inches wide.



JACKET AND SKIRT

WW1918—An attractive outfit with chic contrast coat and box-pleated skirt—ideal for sports. Cut in sizes 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 5/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN 1/1.**

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE—Box 288A, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 409F, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 185, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 41, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 491G, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 4290Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA—Write to Melbourne office, address above.

NEW ZEALAND—Write to Sydney office.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on page 3.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Size Pattern Coupon, 13/11/37

GIRL'S FROCK

WW1921—An overall frock for the little girl 2-8 years. Material required: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

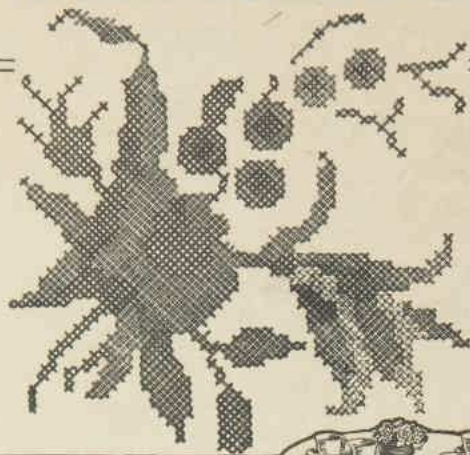
CHILD'S SUIT

WW1922—A charming sun suit for the little one, 1-6 years. Material required: 1 1/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**



*'Roses make the world so sweet'
greet your friends with..*

A TEA CLOTH WREATHED IN ROSES



Delightfully simple, distinctive, yet not obtrusive—such is "Roses in Cross-Stitch," the latest pattern specially designed for working in Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. And when you see it in color you'll want it to twinkle at you from cushion covers, bedspreads and curtains, besides tea cloths.

Ask at your needlework store for the color instruction leaflet, "Roses in Cross-Stitch," price 3d. complete with transfer, or use coupon.

Other attractive leaflets at your store include designs for pillow cases, tea cosies, table runners and dressing table sets.

CLARK'S ANCHOR
EMBROIDERY THREADS
STRANDED COTTON
PEARL COTTON
SOFT EMBROIDERY



-coupon-

To Box 16043, Melbourne.
Box 11487, Brisbane.
Box N1090, Perth.

Box 2573E, Sydney.
Box 184C, Adelaide.
Box 153, Te Ano, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose 3d. in stamps for one copy of "Roses in Cross-Stitch" leaflet, No. 14A.

Name _____

Address _____

13.11.37 ASC11K

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

How to Handle Baby

By MARY TRUBY KING

To a great many people a baby is an animated toy, born for the express amusement of its elders. It is daily subjected to a round of tickling, rocking, floor-walking, and back-patting—all of them calculated to over-stimulate the nervous system and upset the child's natural poise, progress, and contentment.

SOME mothers are specially prone to do this just after the baby is fed, which is the very worst time of all. Naturally, the baby is more inclined to be amiable and to delight one by his chuckles after a feed than before it; but unnecessary handling at this time is very liable to cause him to be sick.

As soon as baby is fed, he should be held upright against the mother's shoulder and allowed to "get his wind up," after which he should be "changed" and put quietly back to bed.

Once there, leave him to digest his meal in peace.

Some women develop a mechanical habit of patting a baby on the back whenever it cries or seems to be uncomfortable. They do not realise that in this way they may easily bring about serious indigestion.

Just Consider This!

ONE has only to think how easily the swaying of a motor car round bends or the roll of a steamer can upset an adult's digestion to realise what may happen to a baby's digestion on being joggled on the knee, swayed in the arms or continuously patted.

"Returning" of breast-milk after a feed is often attributed to the mother's milk being unsuitable, whereas, in reality, it is due to the simple fact that baby has been wrongly handled.

Sir Truby King writes: "If a mother's whole aim were to induce vomiting, she could not set about it more scientifically than when, picking up her baby and deftly balancing it face downwards with the stomach and chest supported on her open palm, she proceeds rapidly to pat its back with the other hand, thus subjecting its stomach to a series of direct concussions and squeezings while its head dangles over her wrist."

"Apart altogether from the manifest absurdity of this particular practice, every woman should realise that any form of jolting, swinging, rocking or concussion may induce giddiness in babies, just as it would in adults, and thus indirectly upset the stomach through the nervous system."

Do not place baby on his back in the cradle. After each feed, place him on his right side, and the next time you have occasion to pick him up, place him back on his left side. If no change is made from side to side, the skin-surface may become sore from continued lying on it, and baby's development may be hampered on that particular side of his body.

A certain amount of judicious handling is necessary. Babies who are allowed to lie all day without attention or change of position will become flabby and inert.

Each mother must learn the difference between reasonable handling and an undue amount of stimulation.

Stimulation becomes overdone when the mother picks the sleeping baby out of his cot to be shown to every visitor, instead of allowing the visitor to look at him while he is happily sleeping. Baby's hours of sleep should not be broken into because some admiring relative wishes to see how he can smile or to count how many teeth he has cut.

why every dog needs regular conditioning

Bob Martin

A dog's life today is really an unnatural one. Usually he spends most of his time confined in a house or garden instead of being free to roam; he eats prepared foods; and, above all, he cannot find for himself the vital blood correctives Nature has provided in certain wild grasses and herbage.

It is because Bob Martin's Condition Powders contain these natural blood correctives in their right proportion that they are so essential to your dog's health. By purifying his blood they will keep him free from all miserable blood disorders such as listlessness, sulky temper, loose coat, loss of appetite, eczema and swellings between the toes. What is more, they will raise the whole standard of his fitness, he'll be lively and healthy—a fitter companion with a lovely coat. Give your dog Bob Martin's regularly every day from now on. You can get them in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—full instructions enclosed.



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WHAT MY Patients ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of "heartburn"?

MANY of my readers seem to misunderstand what is meant by "heartburn." Some of them have thought it is unimportant and are alarmed at the mere suggestion it may be a symptom of something serious. The popular belief that it is always a trivial complaint is unfortunate because it leads to neglect.

Heartburn is produced by excessive gas formation in the stomach. This produces distension of the stomach, with pressure against the heart. There is an annoying and uncomfortable sensation of burning, with gulping up of food and gas.

Persons who are careless in their eating habits are the ones who suffer most from digestive disturbances, including heartburn. But sometimes this complaint is due to some organic disorder.

Avoid Hasty Eating

AVOIDING hasty eating and irregular hours of eating, and obtaining an adequate number of hours of rest and relaxation—these two simple rules will solve the problem in the majority of instances. If the complaint persists despite these precautions, undoubtedly it is due to some disturbance of consequence.

At times heartburn is confused with some real heart disorder. But pain around the heart, while it may be the result of some dietary indiscretion, may really be a demand for study. It is always wise to make sure there is no organic change in the heart. Neglect of this condition, if it exists, is a serious matter.



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LIGHT UP Dull CORNERS...

...in Garden and Home With the Coleus, and Other Colorful Plants

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

In the planting of our gardens for the summer display, many may be at a loss to know how to brighten up those shady, dull corners. In every garden there are always such places to consider.

LET us light up those dull corners with the coleus. Is there anything more gloriously colorful?

Consider, too, the Rex begonia and amaranthus. The Old Gardener tells you here the way to grow them to perfection.

Last season I had as many as 75 different colors in coleus. One can hardly believe that there could be such a number of different colors, but try this season for yourself! Buy a packet of seed, sow, and watch them grow. Then count the many different colors and you will be astounded at the variety you'll have.

What fun and interest there is in sowing the seed, watching and waiting for the tiny plants to come up, then pricking out, later on transplanting, and watching them grow. The whole work is most fascinating.

The coleus is easily raised from seed. Select a corner of the garden where they will receive a certain amount of morning sun, but will be well-shaded throughout the hotter part of the day. Dig over the little plot, being quite sure that the soil is broken up very fine. Soil with a fair amount of sand mixed is the ideal material. Make the surface perfectly level. It would be advisable to place boards around the plot so that the soil will be kept in place when watering.

After having prepared the bed thoroughly, scatter the seed over the surface, then cover very lightly. The best covering to use is well-decayed manure, broken up fine, then rubbed through a fine-mesh sieve. With this light covering, the tiny plants have no difficulty in pushing their way to the surface. Keep the bed moist always, but not too wet. When the plants make their appearance, be sure and water every day. On no account must the bed be allowed to become dry.

Care in Early Stages

IF the morning sun becomes too hot it would be advisable to cover the seed bed with some kind of artificial shade. Just a few sticks driven into each corner of the seed bed and a piece of old bag thrown over it will be sufficient.

When the plants have their third leaf, they can then be pricked out into boxes. Keep in a semi-shelter, water frequently, and in a few weeks they will be ready for transplanting to their permanent home.

The position to select for the transplanting should be in such a place where a couple of



A LOVELY SPECIMEN of the tuberous-rooted begonia. They are lovely potted, but if you live in a warm climate grow them en masse in the shady corners of your garden.

hours' morning sun will show through, or under trees where at some time through the day the sun will catch them.

They will grow quite well in the permanent shade, but the colors will not be so vivid. They just require a little sun to give you their best. After transplanting, keep the water well up to them. They love the nice, cool, damp places, but be sure that the bed is well-drained to keep the soil sweet.

Cuttings Grow Easily

COLEUS are easily grown from cuttings. Should you require to replenish your stock of plants, and keep true to type, grow cuttings. They also seed very freely, and with care the seed can be gathered, dried, and stored. Then when planting comes round again you will have plenty to start with.

Coleus seed can be sown at intervals up to December. They also make splendid pot plants for indoor decorations.

Another splendid plant to brighten dull corners is the Rex begonia. This little gem does well in perfectly-shaded places, where no sun penetrates whatever. They love the shady, cool places. They can also be grown with the coleus and the two varieties of plants grown in the same plot are certainly attractive.

The seed is sown in the same manner as the coleus, and requires just the same attention. The only difference in propagation is that the Rex begonia will strike readily from the leaf. The leaves are very large, having very prominent veins running through them. These leaves cut into pieces and firmed into sandy soil will grow rapidly. The Rex begonia has beautifully marked leaves, and also makes an attractive pot plant. The flowers are insignificant, so they are grown really for the attractive leaves.

The border begonia is another plant

that does well in the semi-shade. They are also grown from seed, but will grow from cuttings. There are several colors—the red and pink being most attractive. In addition to growing from seed and cuttings, they can be divided up each year. Now is the time to sow the basket begonia, and also the tuberous begonia. Both these varieties will grow to perfection out of doors—in the open along the coastal areas, as well as in Queensland and other warm climates.

For other positions well out in the open garden, where there is plenty of sun, amaranthus gives a wonderful show. These plants are grown only for their colored leaves, but they certainly make an attractive and dazzling show. A bed well out in the middle of the lawn is ideal, and will show them up to advantage. They also make splendid pot plants. They require the same treatment as the coleus and begonia, with reference to the raising of the plants.

A LESSON IN VALUES



Only young tender leaf-buds are picked for Bushells Blue Label Tea, and slow, careful curing imprisons the rich flavor.

The more sap-juice contained in the leaf the less tea is required to make a cup. That is why Bushells Tea makes more cups to the pound than ordinary tea, while it is cheaper to use, and you have the flavor as well.

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JACK AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt St., Sydney. Established 1903.



CHILDREN simply adore jellies. Just see what lovely melt-in-the-mouth desserts you can make for them with these jelly recipes!

IN this competition, readers are given the opportunity of exchanging their very best recipes as well as receiving cash remuneration for the small effort involved. Remember: All you have to do is to write clearly your recipe, drop it into an envelope, mark it "Best Recipe Competition," and address it to The Australian Women's Weekly.

£1 is given for the best recipe received each week, and consolation prizes of 2/6 are also awarded.

IDEAS WITH A PACKET OF JELLY CRYSTALS

A few packets of jelly in the store cupboard, and you will never be at a loss for a simple sweet. Even though you may not possess an ice-chest or refrigerator, a jelly may be set in 3 hours by making the jelly with only a small cup of hot water to dissolve the crystals, and then adding cold water to make up to the pint. Stand the mould in a basin containing half a gallon of cold water in which 4 tablespoons of common salt and 1 knob of blue have been dissolved. If white of egg is used in a jelly dish it will set even more quickly.

(1) Melt jelly according to instructions on the packet, using weak tea

or coffee instead of water. Serve in glasses. Decorate with whipped cream and nuts.

(2) Pour prepared jelly over sponge cake, either plain or prepared for trifle. Make a custard from 1 cup milk, 1 egg, and a teaspoon of sugar. Pour over jelly when set. Decorate as for trifle.

(3) Pour 1 pint prepared jelly in a shallow oblong dish. When almost set, dab alternately with slices of banana and walnut halves, 1 inch apart. When set, pour over remainder of jelly, and when this is set, cut into neat squares and pile into jelly glasses.

(4) Make jelly with 1 pint water only. Make also 1 pint of custard. When nearly cold, whisk the custard and jelly together till well blended. Turn into mould and when set decorate with jelly of a contrasting color. Serve with stewed or canned fruit.

(5) Prepare a jelly and when nearly set arrange bananas sliced in halves lengthwise in a dish, and pour over them the jelly mixture.

(6) Put crystals in a saucepan over low heat till melted. Remove from fire and cool, then slowly stir in enough warm milk to yield a pint. Turn into a glass dish.

(7) Make 1 pint red jelly, and pour over 1 cup cooked rice arranged in a dish.

(8) Dissolve packet of lemon jelly. When cool whisk in 2 egg-whites beaten to a froth. This dish sets quickly, and is like mock angel's food. First Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Burt, 16 King's Road, Subiaco, W.A.

FROZEN FRUIT PUDDING

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 3 eggs, 1 orange, 1 cup whipping cream, 1 cup nutmegs, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 1 cup dry breadcrumbs, 1 cup mixed seeded raisins, currants, citron and candied cherries.

Boil sugar and water five minutes. Pour over beaten egg-yolks, stirring constantly. Cook in double boiler till thick, add gelatine which has been soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water. Cool. Add breadcrumbs, fold in well-beaten egg-whites, then fruits and nuts, lastly folding in the whipped cream. Freeze before serving.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Sexty, Lake Woew Post Office, Wamberal, N.S.W.

PRALINE SOUFFLE

Two eggs, 1 dessertspoonful castor sugar, 2oz. crushed almond rock, 1½ gills whipped cream, 1oz. dissolved gelatine.

Beat yolks of eggs and sugar in a basin set over hot water until thick and creamy. Remove from heat, and beat until cold. Add crushed almond rock, cream and gelatine (dissolved in a little hot water). Fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs, and pour the mixture into a china souffle case, or greased mould around which a double band of kitchen paper has been tied, making the mould about two inches deeper. Leave until set, tear paper away carefully, and decorate to taste with whipped cream, chopped almonds and crystallised cherries. If preferred the souffle may be turned carefully into a glass dish before decorating.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. L. Davies, 20 Maysia St., Canterbury E7, Vic.

WALNUT AND CELERY SALAD

Shell, blanch and coarsely chop a pound of walnuts. Wash, crisp in ice-cold water and cut into small pieces the inner part of a head of celery. Toss them lightly in oil, vinegar, pepper and salt. Arrange in the centre

SEND a RECIPE — and WIN a CASH PRIZE!

Here are the Prizewinners in this Week's Best Recipe Contest

Wouldn't you like to be one of them? These enterprising housewives have each secured a cash prize simply by writing out their nicest recipe and sending it to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Send us yours to-day. It may win you the £1 prize.



THERE is a most delightful walnut and celery salad given on this page. Try it next time you give a luncheon party. Your friends should enjoy it very much.

©

of a dish and surround with lettuce. Garnish with a few halves of the nuts.

Serve with mayonnaise sauce made as follows: One or two raw eggs, the yolks only, olive oil, vinegar. Put the yolk into a bowl and beat it slightly. Add the oil, drop by drop, stirring continuously in one direction, working it well against the side of the bowl. When sauce becomes thick, the oil may be added more quickly. Continue adding oil until sufficient sauce has been made. Add vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. If sauce is made in a cool place, it should take about 15 minutes to make.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Cole, Fisher St., Manly E2, Qld.

"SEAWEED" SAVORY

One and a half ounces green vegetable macaroni, 3oz. finely-grated breadcrumbs, 3oz. cheese, 1 flat teaspoon salt, 1 flat teaspoon cayenne, 1½ cups milk, 1 egg, 1 eggspoon capers, or savories to taste.

Boil green macaroni 30 minutes and strain. Butter glass oven dish thickly. Mix crumbs, cheese, salt, cayenne together and put alternate layers of this and the macaroni until the dish is full. Add beaten egg to milk and pour over. Sift over golden dried breadcrumbs. Place pieces of butter all over crumbs and bake 20 minutes in hot oven. Garnish with strips of gherkins or—what looks better—small "fish" cut out of gherkins.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Collins, 11a Chelmsford Avenue, Croydon, N.S.W.

RICE PUFFTALOONS

Take one cup of plain flour, two cups of self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, two dessertspoons of sugar, well mixed into flour. Add quarter teaspoon carb. soda to half a cup of milk and stir till dissolved, add one beaten egg to milk. Now beat into the flour one cup of cold, boiled rice, and add the milk and egg until a light batter is made. Bring fat to boiling point in frying pan. Drop in the mixture a tablespoonful at a time. Delicious served hot with honey or golden syrup.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. M. Rae, 54 Kensington Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

PRINCESS CAKE

Six ounces butter, 6oz. castor sugar, 4 eggs, vanilla essence, 8oz. flour, 1 flat teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 flat teaspoon carb. soda, 1 pinch salt.

Beat together butter and sugar till soft and creamy. Add the yolks of the eggs one at a time, beating the mixture well. Now add the flavoring. Sift together three times the flour, salt, cream of tartar and carb. soda and fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Stir lightly till a smooth, soft batter is formed. Put into well-greased sandwich tins and bake at 325 deg. till done (about 30 minutes). When cold, join together with an orange filling. Mix two tablespoons of apricot jam with two tablespoons of boiling water and moisten the sides of

the cake with this mixture. The roll cake in coconut. Color the coconut with a little carmine or brown in a slow oven. Ice the top and decorate with angelica and crystallised cherries. The icing sugar should be mixed with a little orange juice and water and colored with a little carmine.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. R. Montz, 2 Carlton Parade, Torrensville, Adelaide.

APPLE TRIFLE

Place four or five sponge cakes into a glass dish. Soak in a little sherry with a cup of cream (milk will curdle). Stew some juicy, well-flavored apples with sugar, 1 lemon rind shredded, and the strained juice of one lemon. When reduced to pulp strain through sieve. Whisk the whites of 4 eggs to a stiff froth, and the apple pulp till it is frothy. Then whip both together. Add castor sugar if required. Pile on top of cakes and decorate with almonds.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. G. Brown, Victoria St., Ulverston, Tas.

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Took off 31 lbs. with Kruschen

Why continue to be fat? Why continue to be afraid to step on a weighing machine for fear of what it may show? Once you start on Kruschen, being weighed is no longer an ordeal, but a pleasure. Read how one woman is losing weight and gaining health by taking Kruschen Salts:

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The six salts in Kruschen assist the internal organs to throw off each day the wastage and poisons that encumber the system. Then, little by little, that ugly fat goes—slowly, yes, but surely.

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STARCH

and its Digestion



Many everyday foods contain "raw" or "unconverted" starch, which gives you that unpleasant feeling of stiffness and lassitude which is known as starch-heaviness.

Beware of starch-heaviness! It is Nature's warning that constipation, indigestion, and a bad complexion will follow, unless you alter your diet. Change to Peek Frean Vita-Weat, the sensible modern Crispbread. It's made from the same good wheat as ordinary bread, with all its precious vitamins and nourishment left in, and "unconverted" starch left out.

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RICE Can BE NICE!

Serve it in the new ways suggested here and win extra praise for your cleverness...

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The
Australian Women's
Weekly.



ABOVE YOU SEE crispy fresh rice biscuits cut in fancy shapes and, at right, a wholesome dessert called Rice Imperial.

SOME say that rice is worth eating only when served as an accompaniment to curry. Others associate it with prunes; others shake their heads with pity over the fact that this cereal is the chosen food of Orientals. These people, however, are ignorant of its delicious and palatable possibilities.

RICE, combined with tomatoes, meat, milk or cheese, has great nutritive value. Any dish containing rice as the basic ingredient should meet with high approval, provided it is well cooked and attractively served.

Even a rice pudding can rise to praiseworthy heights if carefully prepared and expertly cooked.

First of all, learn how to boil rice correctly, in order to serve (1) as an accompaniment to curry or stewed fruit, (2) as a vegetable, (3) as a breakfast food in place of porridge, (4) for rice custard, rice fritters or fried rice.

BOILED RICE

Rice, water, lemon.

Wash the rice. Put into a large saucepan of boiling water, with a little lemon juice. Boil rapidly for 13 minutes without the lid and do not stir it. Drain through a colander. Pour over a cupful of boiling water. This separates the grains. Keep in a warm place till required.

CREAM RICE

Three ounces rice, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg.
Wash the rice well. Put into a saucepan with the water, and cook slowly till all the water is absorbed. Add the milk, cook till of a creamy consistency. Add the sugar and yolk of egg. Cook for 1 minute longer, without boiling. Stir in the well-beaten white of egg. Pour into a glass dish and serve cold with stewed fruit.

RICE CREAM SOUP

Fillet of veal, 1 pint milk, small onion, 2 tablespoons rice, salt, cayenne.
Cut meat into small pieces. Put into a saucepan with onion, milk, well-washed rice, salt, and cayenne, and simmer very gently about 1½ hours. Strain through a fine strainer. Add seasoning if necessary. Serve very hot with sippets of toast. Suitable for invalids.

RICE FRITTERS

One tablespoon plain flour, yolk 1 egg, white 1 egg, ½ cup cold boiled rice, ½ cup milk.
Mix yolk of egg and flour well together till a smooth mass. Add milk gradually, beat well, then add rice, and lastly the stiffly-beaten white of egg. Grease a frying pan with butter, drop in about 1 dessertspoon at a time. Fry till a golden brown on both sides. Drain on paper. Serve by piling high on a hot dish. Sprinkle with sugar and serve with slices of lemon.

RICE PUFFS

One tablespoon rice, 3 cups milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, vanilla, white of 1 egg.

Cook rice and milk in a double saucepan until rice has almost absorbed the liquid, add sugar and flavoring, then the beaten white. Pour into glass dish and place in ice chest. Just before serving garnish with chopped red jelly.

RICE CROQUETTES

Two cups cooked rice, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon butter, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon chopped cooked onion, egg glazing, bread-crumbs, frying fat.

Add beaten egg to the rice with butter, onion, salt, cayenne. Form into balls, using a little flour on the hands. Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain. Serve on a hot dish with cheese sauce.

RICE AND CHEESE CROQUETTES

Half cup rice, ½ cup grated cheese, yolks 2 eggs, salt, cayenne, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Cook rice in plenty of fast boiling water for 13 minutes. Drain, add cheese, salt and cayenne. Bind together with yolks and sauce. Form into croquettes, using a little flour. Dip in egg glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve on paper d'oyiey.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchen.

RICE IMPERIAL

Three ounces rice, 1 pint milk, ½ pint cream, 3oz. sugar, rind ½ lemon, ½oz. gelatine, 1lb. prunes, 2 gills water, 6oz. sugar.

Wash rice. Put into boiling water and boil for 10 minutes. Add milk and cook slowly till milk is absorbed. Add sugar and dissolved gelatine. When cool, add cream and extra milk. Pour into wetted border mould and allow to set. Stew the prunes (after soaking for several hours) in water and sugar and lemon rind. Cook till tender. Turn rice mould on to a glass dish, fill centre with the cold stewed prunes. Decorate with cream.

RICE SHAPE

Quarter-pound rice, 1 pint milk, lemon rind, vanilla, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Wash rice. Cook in boiling water for 5 minutes; drain, add milk, and cook till tender and milk absorbed. Add sugar, lemon, and essence. Pour into mould. When set, turn out and decorate with heaps of jam.



COFFEE RICE CUSTARD, perfectly cooked, is not only attractive to eye and taste, but nutritious and satisfying.

COFFEE RICE CUSTARD

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cooked rice, 1 teaspoon butter, essence, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Blend cornflour with a little milk; boil the remainder, then pour onto cornflour. Return to saucepan and cook for 2 minutes, after it boils. Add sugar, essence, coffee essence, and rice, mixing in well. Pour into serving dish. Chill. Serve with stewed fruit, custard or cream.

RICE JUNKET

Cold cooked rice, 1 pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 dessertspoon sugar, vanilla.

Soak the junket tablet in 1 dessertspoon water for ½ hour. Warm milk

essence, and sugar, pour onto tablet, and mix well. Place rice, about 2 tablespoons, in a glass dish. Pour the milk over and leave till set. Sprinkle with powdered nutmeg before serving.



HOST HOLBROOK says:

"The modest 'White Horse Inn' in Kersey, Suffolk, is a pleasing example of a village ale-house, which has for centuries provided a simple and wholesome hospitality.

The House of Holbrook, which was founded in a little village in Worcestershire, has become famous throughout the world for the quality of its Sauces and Table Delicacies."

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"Depressed feeling"

Thousands once "Always Ill" NOW WELL AGAIN

With the permission of the individuals concerned, neighbours and friends were asked about the cases reported below. They were corroborated to the last degree, and it has been a privilege to set down here the sincere statements made by the people whose stories, photographs, names and addresses appear here.



WEPT WITH NERVES

Now New Woman

Interviewed in her cosy home, Miss Maise Carroll, of 315 Edgeware-road, Marriekville, N.S.W., told an amazing story of recovery from a serious breakdown.

Nothing else could be so convincing as Miss Carroll's own story, told in her own words:

"After an operation my nerves were in such a shocking state that I cried bitterly for no reason at all, and could not speak to the family as I was so irritable. I lost interest in everything, couldn't sleep, and lay awake at night worrying. I gave Bidomak a trial, and although less in price than other medicines I had been taking, even the first bottle made me well—removed heart pains, dizziness, and commenced building up my run-down body. I now eat well, sleep well, and feel a different woman in every way.

"Bidomak has done more for me in my illness than any medicine, and when I say 'Thanks to Bidomak,' all the words in the dictionary cannot express my sincere gratitude."

AGED COUPLE—ONCE ILL —NOW HIKE MILES

Interviewed recently, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, of 26 Millett St., Hurstville, gladly gave for publication the facts regarding their near-breakdown, and then their complete recovery to such health and good spirits that now they regularly hike as much as 10 miles in a day and finish their walks fresh and well.



"I was so worried about him," said Mrs. Phillips of her husband. "He was really run-down, just skin drawn over bones, if you know what I mean—he lost interest in everything, and could not eat or sleep. When we decided to try BIDOMAK, it was as a last hope—we had tried so many other things—but the effects were marvellous. Why, it was just no time before he was as well as ever—better than he'd been for years."

"Yes," chimed in Mr. Phillips himself. "I was pretty bad, and so was my wife. She was absolutely run-down herself and just wouldn't give in. But BIDOMAK made her well again—why, we walked 10 miles last Sunday."

"We just got a new lease of life." This wonderful experience is matched by thousands more. Everywhere folks who are run-down, tired, and nervy are being restored to the full bloom of health.

BIDOMAK must be the most wonderful tonic in Australia, so much good has it done for men, women and children.

Get BIDOMAK TO-DAY.



MRS. PHILLIPS

Perhaps you have heard someone say, "Nerves?—why, they're just imagination." If you have been a sufferer from nerves and depression, YOU KNOW how foolish such a statement is, and now Science confirms the truth of this knowledge which you possess from your own feelings.

Jittery Nerves, Brain Fog, and Depressed Feeling are due to Mineral Starvation.

Mineral Starvation is caused by the lack of certain vital food Minerals in the modern diet. This lack affects the working of every part of the body and causes numberless ailments, from a simple lack of "pep" and vigour, to serious chronic headaches and gastric disturbances.

"NERVES," therefore, are a symptom of a serious bodily upset. Fortunately, however, this upset can be easily put right with BIDOMAK.

BIDOMAK Provides Extra Minerals

and brings to the run-down system immediate release from strain and stress.

BIDOMAK Brings You Extra FERRUM

to build rich, red blood, and so carry extra oxygen to the tissues, thus drawing away anaemia, and chasing poisons and wastes from the system.

Extra CALCIUM

to build up bone and nerve tissues, as well as general bodily endurance.

14 Days' Trial on Genuine MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Sensational Offer by Discoverer of
"BIDOMAK"

The amazing reports on this page are just cause for the discoverer's complete confidence that BIDOMAK will benefit all who are nervy, suffering from that depressed feeling, worried, upset, constitutionally unwell or weak. Therefore, he offers to let you try BIDOMAK at no financial risk to yourself.

Simply go to your chemist or store and buy a bottle (it's a large size for 3/-) of BIDOMAK. Use it as directed. If you have not received real benefit in 14 days return the partly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., and your money will be refunded in full without question.

Extra SODIUM

to keep digestion keen, counter acidity, clear away depression and make you feel good.

Extra PHOSPHORUS

to prevent nervous breakdown and fatigue, and to help in creating new nerve, brain and red blood cells.

Extra POTASSIUM

to relieve nerve pains and prevent constipation.

Renewed

Glandular Activity

As a result, the activity of the glands is improved and increased; new life flows through the body. Nerviness and lassitude disappear. You are no longer burdened with "that depressed feeling."

Quick fatigue, low vitality, mental sluggishness and depression disappear. The activity of the glandular system is improved, and the cells and tissues of the body are gradually but permanently restored to their full health.

Bidomak is produced according to the very latest scientific formulae, and its restorative and stimulative qualities are provided without harm to even the most delicate system. It does not affect the heart. There is no fear of injury or enslavement to habit, and no reaction in later years. On the contrary, it builds up the system and provides future health and comfort.

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Thousands of men, women and children all over Australia have taken Bidomak, and are now permanently restored to the full bloom of health. So stop experimenting and start taking Bidomak to-day. You will soon regain your health and strength, and experience the thrill of renewed vigor and vitality. There is no substitute for Bidomak, which, in so many thousands of homes, has proved itself the one and only tonic which provides all its special benefits to all who take it. Try it yourself. Give it to all the members of your family who are run-down or out-of-sorts. Give it to the children. They love its pleasant flavour. Find out for yourself all the wonderful benefits which Bidomak will bring you—so safely, so surely, and at such low cost.



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FAVORITE WIFE

By
May Edginton

FREE SUPPLEMENT
TO THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY. MUST
NOT BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.



COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

FAVORITE WIFE

By MAY EDGINTON



AS Mrs. Randel went into her drawing-room before dinner on a night in May, she was not only thinking deeply—as far as she could think deeply—but she was hoping fervently.

There had been a lot of trouble about Doris. That, of course, was nothing new to the mother of a lovely young girl.

To Mrs. Randel there were few stable men these days; few rich, pleasant, steady and constructive probable husbands. Young people marrying now took risks, and loved them; lived in poky flats in Mews; kept no servants; drove fast cars—all engine except for the bits of scrap-iron they called bodies.

The matter of the boy called Terry Waters flitted in and out of her head, outweighed as he was by the prospect of her meeting with Jim Bellane. A dangerous boy—that was how she and her husband thought of him. Nothing wrong; just dangerous; full of allure, full of adventure, ready to take inexcusable risks. Doris had seemed like a stranger during the few weeks last winter when she had gone about with him so much—"we don't even know where," her father had exclaimed again and again.

So it had been wise and cunning to encourage the girl to spend such a lot of the spring in Paris, and then in Germany, with that family party of young friends whose antecedents were, at least, satisfactory.

And now it was almost unbelievable that Doris should be behaving so sensibly in the matter of Jim Bellane.

Those rather hectic weeks in Paris—to which she had alluded so scantily now and then when her parents' avidity for news demanded it—had somehow seemed to make her realise for the first time which things were hollow and which things were worthy of a girl's sustained attention.

Mrs. Randel brought out her most decorative piece of tapestry work, wishing that it were Doris who was doing it. That would have added a rather demure touch to a girl who was as modern as she could make herself.

Then her husband came in. He did not like the idea of not being alone to-night, because he was a particularly jaded man. Business still brought him its full load of worries, and he liked to be warned of impending guests before he set out in the morning.

"Is anyone coming for dinner?" "Not for dinner," said Mrs. Randel soothingly, "but someone may be coming in for a moment or two afterwards, and he is fetching Doris; so will you please dress, Charlie?"

"Why, Della," he asked, "if it is only for a minute?" For that was a habit into which he had never been lured, even with his moderately increasing prosperity. In neither of their own paternal homes had men

dressed for dinner every night; and Della, the daughter of a very poor colonel now dead, had never insisted on it for himself, the son of a very poor country doctor now dead. He liked to slump into his chair after he had washed his hands; to read his paper, talk a little, perhaps watch his wife play patience, grumble about Doris; and to be left alone.

"There's no fellow who is likely to fetch Doris for whom I need put myself out," he said. And then he grumbled: "Another of the usual sort, no doubt."

"I don't think so, dear," Mrs. Randel soothed him. "From what I've been told, it is a very, very different thing this time. She met him in Berlin, when she was with the Penningtons, who seemed to approve of him highly."

He conceded an ear to this. "It's the first time he has asked her out in London," said Mrs. Randel confidentially.

"It's too much to suppose that she told you his name?"

"Mr. James Bellane; they call him Jim," said Mrs. Randel.

"Oh," Randel exclaimed, "do you really mean it? . . . I'll change for dinner."

DORIS was dressing to go out with a man.

She often went out with men, for she amused herself unceasingly, loving life, and possessing beauty and vitality.

But this was an event. The whole house felt the event; and her mother, hovering from the quiet drawing-room to the half open door of her girl's bedroom and back again a dozen times, felt, with a rising excitement and anxiety, what impended.

Never, in the case of any other men whom Doris had gone out to meet, or who very casually, and sometimes defiantly, had come to the house to fetch her, had the atmosphere been thus charged. The very air tingled, electric.

"You ought to have had a sandwich, darling," smiled Mrs. Randel, "nine o'clock seems to me very late for dinner."

"No one dines before nine o'clock," said Doris dreamily, "except you and Charlie."

"You are very definite with your 'no ones,'" smiled Mrs. Randel.

Then Doris asked: "Did you happen to tell Charlie I was going out with Jim Bellane?"

"Yes, I did," Mrs. Randel owned. "He seemed agreeably surprised."

Doris did not turn from the glass. "Jim's written me several times since I met him in Berlin, and those flowers last week were from him. It's just too cross that he hadn't asked me to dine before. As a matter of fact, he explained it yesterday."

Laughter in her voice; but a quiver in the laughter.

"How did he explain it?" Mrs. Randel asked eagerly.

"Over the telephone, darling; I almost expected him to call for you," she laughed, "or on you. Wouldn't it have been funny if he had come on Sunday? When I guessed he was so archaic I did tell him you were always at home on Sunday afternoons."

"It suits me," Mrs. Randel protested, "and I don't see why it would be funny if he had called then."

"Who calls on the girl's mother nowadays?" Doris answered.

Then Mrs. Randel knew very certainly. So Doris was "the girl" for Jim Bellane, and she herself was "the girl's mother."

"Is that your new frock?" she murmured, knowing, of course, that it was.

"Yes. I telephoned for it this morning, after I had arranged."

"That makes your sixth evening frock."

"Too few, Mummy," Doris answered.

As if she had learned all she wanted, Mrs. Randel rose and went out, murmuring about Charlie having to be left alone. But as she went, she saw lying on the narrow gold bed—that fringed, sophisticated gold tinsel bedspread had been an object of dismay to herself when first she saw it—something that could not but take her breath away. It was a sable cape. Reverently she put her hand down into its softness.

"Doris!" Even Doris' voice expressed a little fear and a little awe as she replied: "I borrowed it."

"But it is new, dear. It has never been worn; I can see that by the lining."

"I know. I don't mean I borrowed it from a friend—what friend of mine could wear sables?—I borrowed it straight from Minka, the furrier in Audley Street."

"How on earth you do these things!" Mrs. Randel sighed, but enviously.

"There's his daughter, you see, Mums. The Penningtons know her, and after all, I knew her, too, at school."

"When I was a girl!"—Mrs. Randel began.

"Oh, yes, I know, Mums. When you were a girl trade was trade, the services were the services, the professions were the professions. Well, it's all a mixed bag now. Anyway, Jasmine got her father to let me wear the cape. She knew what it was for."

Mrs. Randel, pacified, ran smiling downstairs.

Then Doris stood in the doorway in her new frock, and the new cape of sable that was going to count as her father's wedding gift to her, if . . . When . . .

Not that any of the three had any doubt as to the outcome of this evening's dinner.

Her mother and she had already, in prospect, mulcted her father of the sables, because they knew—they hoped—that the expensive cape was not much in advance of a wedding day.

"Will you sit up for me?" she asked,

and in her voice—sure as it sounded—was the tremolo of a promise: "I shall have news for you. Wait and hear it." In spite of the clear-cut modern sureness, the young voice vibrated, as if naively asking: "Isn't it all beautiful and exciting?"

"We shall sit up for you," her mother nodded, smiling.

And the bell rang.

The curtain was about to rise on the evening.

All three knew who was ringing, whose Rolls Royce stood outside; and with a faint sigh of anticipation, the girl went to the fire and stretching her slender arms, put both her slender hands upon the mantelpiece, sunk her head a little, and looked at the flames. She had become, with that sound of the bell, separated from the older people; a stranger in the room; a passer-through to the life beyond it.

Her father looked at her with a sigh.

SHE was his only daughter, and he had the inherent antipathy of a father to the idea of her marriage—because she was beautiful and young. Had she been older and a little wilted, he would have felt very differently about it; just as twenty-five years ago old Colonel Cherry had felt when the promising young accountant took Della off his hands.

But Doris, so radiant in her new frock and with that appallingly expensive-looking fur thing over her shoulders—he must ask at once about that—was a very different proposition.

"Surely," his heart began, "there is plenty of time."

But his head knew that there was not plenty of time.

His eyebrows rose as he looked from the cape to his wife, but her eyes signalled back. "Yes, I know. We will talk about that later."

Meanwhile, that door bell had rung, and this might be the great night for the family.

He roused himself, and met Bellane hospitably, as the parlourmaid showed him in.

A fine, well-set-up, magnificent fellow. One should be proud if . . .

As Bellane greeted Randel and his wife, his eyes went straight past them to Doris, standing there with that little secret smile on her face.

But, as Mrs. Randel, with her matronly shrewdness, had conjectured, although his eyes seemed to go straight to Doris, they had, in the moment of greeting her parents, taken in the effects of the room. A nice room, spacious enough, and furnished by a nice woman who liked flowers; the sort of woman that a man would be lucky to have for a mother-in-law. At the same time, he realised her admirably suitable gown, and the soft brilliance of some tapestry work lying on the sofa. Domesticity! This was the sort of home that he had hoped Doris had to show—soft and intimate to its friends—who would be few and worth while—gracious and well managed.

He was gratified by his own perceptiveness in calling for Doris here in her own home, though never had he believed that she was quite like the other young women in whose company one sometimes found her.

There fell that little, significant, exigent pause between two people eager to be away and happy, and the others to whom they must first make their calm farewells. Mrs. Randel shortened even that short pause, so that he thought again what a dear mother-in-law she would make.

"Well . . ." she murmured, as one who cries "Farewell."

"Yes," Randel aided her, "you want to be off at once. Personally, I never know how people can wait so long for dinner, but I am told nine o'clock is the right time for you fashionable boys and girls." As he uttered the word "boys" the thought crossed his mind humorously: "The fellow's about my age after all."

"I think it is much too late," Bellane said heartily and approvingly, and then he was taking Mrs. Randel's very soft little hand, and apologising for this unseemly haste of arrival and departure; asking if he might call upon her . . .

And now he and Doris might go.

"You'll come in for a drink when you bring her home?" her father was asking, and he replied: "Thanks, I will, if it isn't keeping you up," with the deference of a young man to an elder.

Indeed, he felt youthful and gallant and gay as he took Doris away from her parents to-night; and tucked her under the luxurious fur laprobe into the right-hand corner of the Rolls.

So impatient as they both were to be gone! To be alone together!

As they started off, he was conscious of thinking: "Randel looks a bit old for his age. He can't be more than . . ." but the thought checked itself. Randel was—if one stupidly insisted on thinking of it—so near one's own age after all.

Nevertheless, he had a daughter whom one was going to marry.

But then Randel had grown old, as some men did.

Experience of life taught one to count not in mere years, except, of course, where women were concerned.

Women had just two intrinsic treasures: charm and youth.

Perhaps it was that half-formed, swiftly discarded thought about her father that made him turn at once to Doris, as they left the quiet precincts of Maida Vale and ran westward; caused him to make sure of things quickly; and to say to her:

"Doris, dear girl, tell me now, quite quietly, though I can't do more than kiss your hand—you are going to marry me?"

No equivocation about her! Oh, these lovely, straightforward modern young creatures!

"Yes," she said, "I am. You won't escape me."

How deliciously predatory she made it sound. "You won't escape me!" with a brazenness that was lovely; an honesty, a candor revealing her love.

"Nor you me," he answered in a low voice, and he found her hand under the fur laprobe, and lifted it and held it against his lips. He did not only kiss the hand, but felt for the third finger; slipped on a ring.

"I had it . . . in case . . ." he whispered.

"What is it?" she whispered back. "An emerald! . . . Oh! . . ." She could feel the size of the square-cut stone. "Oh!"

The sable-cape was safe.

She had had very little doubt about that, although, of course, one never knew exactly whether one's anticipations might not escape from the grasp after all.

WRAPPED in the emotions of delight and delicious expectation, they came to the chosen restaurant.

"They know you so well here," Doris commented.

It was simple to see that this pleased her.

"They ought to know me," he said easily; and he picked up the menu.

Now she looked askance at him under her long lashes, reading that sudden sophisticated smile on his set, good-looking face; and strangely gratified by it, in spite of the little spurt of jealousy which ran like quicksilver into her veins.

He was a man of experience, of knowledge, of fastidiousness. He knew his world and how to make the best of it always.

Every girl she knew envied her.

Giuseppe, the manager, came up to their table. He was older than this valued client. His hair was white, but his dark eyes brimmed full of the incorrigible youth and roguery of the true Mediterranean.

As he had crossed the room, he had reassessed Doris; she had come here before—for luncheon—with Bellane; but to-night Giuseppe significantly realised her sables, the perfection of her shell-pink frock, the huge emerald in the fragile setting of the engagement ring on her left hand.

So? It was like that.

And bowing, he took the menu back from Bellane, and in the most delighted and flattering of voices, he insisted that he should order for the lady a very special dinner.

"Go along," Bellane ordered; so Giuseppe went along.

Bellane looked round the room, and, superimposed on rapture, was a queer little feeling, at his heart, that was half amusement and half pain.

Ah! Memories!

The restaurant had altered a great deal in the last quarter of a century, since his purse had allowed him to entertain here.

And then, his wandering gaze idly invoking ghosts of the past, straight across the room he saw Helen Forrest, sitting with a very young man who could not have been much older than Doris herself.

A sharp pleasure and satisfaction rose in him. This could not have been bettered, if Helen had not had that very young man with her. Although, perhaps, he was a nephew, or some other relative, for she had no son.

Bellane's gaze focused, and swift and jealous to follow his every glance, Doris asked crisply: "Who is it?"

"A friend," he answered easily. "It is ages since I have seen her," and saw that Doris was not listening. She, herself, was staring across the room. Her mouth folded a little harder, her eyelids dropped half over the brilliance of her eyes; it might have occurred to him that she had been taken off her guard and was recovering it again; but it did not so occur.

She drew a long breath quiveringly, and said: "Why, it is Terry! Terry Waters!" And now she put her left hand, which had been playing with the vanity bag on her lap, on the table; her fingers played with the slim stem of her glass so that the big emerald could be seen right across the room.

"Terry Waters," Bellane echoed. "An admirer, of course?"

She moved a little closer so that her shoulder touched his for a moment.

"You can't mind that, Jim."

"I don't," he said ardently. "I shall welcome any tribute to my choice."

"He is nice looking," said Doris, "and quite a dear boy, only . . . He did not have a chance against you."

FAVORITE WIFE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Bellane smiled at what she was saying; it was what he liked to hear; and he had not looked very intently at the young man opposite. He had looked at Helen.

"Who's the woman?" Doris demanded.

"Her name is Helen Forrest."

"You know her, you say, dear?"

He told her: "Oh, yes; but I haven't seen for a while. Not since her husband's death nearly a year ago, anyway; she's been abroad, I think. And I have been abroad a good bit myself." They smiled together, remembering Berlin.

"Would you have seen her if you hadn't been abroad?" asked Doris swiftly.

"My dear, darling little Doris. Just as much as one does happen to see odd people."

"But you've known her for a long while, dear."

She looked at the other woman clearly and ruthlessly. "She's not the ageing kind," she said. "Compare her with mother . . . Tell me how long you've known her."

And Doris' jealousy delighted him. "Oh, years and years," he said. "Ever since she was a flapper. I used to meet her a great deal at the houses of friends after she 'came out.' A lot of young fellows were quite crazy about her."

"You, too, Jim? You?"

"Never, sweetheart. I so much preferred the older women then. Boys do. I remember I used to dislike what I thought of as raw girls." He nearly added: "In my time girls were raw," but checked the words.

"In my time—that had an elderly flavor."

She looked at him sideways.

"But now?" she demanded.

"Oh, now, I think I was a fool," Bellane smiled. "A man who knows anything looks for youth, Doris. A man eternally seeks young loveliness," and he looked at the girl's face so near to his own.

There was no urgency about introducing Doris to Helen. He would not do it to-night, anyway, for he rather thought that Doris had looked very askance across the room. Of course, he loved that! He was quite glad she was a little bit angry, jealous.

How good the band was! How excellently sprung the dancing floor! How that fellow Giuseppe understood!

"Liking it, my sweet?"

"Adoring it," Doris whispered right into his ear.

"I love you."

"I love you."

"YOU see?" Terry muttered wretchedly.

Helen Forrest nodded. "Yes, I see. But it is life, poor boy. You'll have to forget."

"I can't," he said desperately. "You've been tremendously decent to let me talk to you as much as I have done this last week. Oh, I haven't told you why I have been pursuing you so, have I?"

She bantered him very sweetly.

"It might be for my attractions."

"It ought to be," the young man said promptly, "only that there is no woman in the world for me except Doris. When I heard two weeks ago that she was likely to be engaged to this fellow Bellane, I wanted to find someone who knew him, so that I could know the sort of fellow I had to fight, and I raked about among my acquaintances, and I talked about him as much as possible, to see who knew him, and who didn't, and what they had to say about him; and one day your name was mentioned, and someone said: 'Helen's just back from Capri. She knows him

awfully well, or she used to,' so then I angled for an introduction to you, and when I got it—"

"You made up to me most flatteringly."

"I did make up to you. I made up to you so that you should ask me to tea—as you did; and ask me to some party where perhaps I'd see Bellane, and you did—only I didn't see Bellane; and then you accepted my invitation to dine to-night—knowing in your sweetness and goodness that all I wanted to do was to pour out my troubles to you. Other people's troubles can be so very boring. But now, here, to-night, unexpectedly, at last there is this Bellane."

"And there is your Doris," Helen said thoughtfully; and now she looked up at the man and the girl on the dance floor, just drifting by them; her eyes following them back to their table, where they sat down to become absorbed in each other again; and a funny little smile, which Terry Waters did not understand, curled her lips.

She was looking back—twenty years back, more than twenty years—and seeing herself younger than the girl opposite, at a quiet little week-end party in a country house.

Meeting Jim Bellane there, she had loved him. How terribly she had loved him!

The other men vanished as if they were so many phantoms. Only Jim was real. He was fairly well off; good chances and good prospects. There would not have been any opposition from parents. That week-end when she first met Jim Bellane stood out still as a high peak in her life; the first high peak, and the last, because no subsequent experience ever touched it.

Other week-ends had followed in the same house, prompted by the match-making pair who owned it; but there were also one or two other women there; much older, more experienced women than herself.

She had found herself silent before the wit and the audacity of the other women. Her frocks, few but so carefully chosen, were diminished hopelessly. She was conscious that she had no allure. In a brief, bitter moment, she realised that Jim Bellane's voice had only been tender, his eyes had only looked flatteringly, his attention had only been secured just at that first week-end because she faced no competition.

Youth and innocence bored young Jim Bellane then. He always wanted the best, the most amusing, the most thrilling, the most satisfying answer to every demand he made upon life.

Inevitably there came another man on the scene, older by far than the young men who had dissolved like wreaths in the air as soon as she had set eyes upon the only man she wanted. He was kind and nice and moderately moneyed; a widower with no children. Well, they hadn't been unhappy; but as Bellane glided by now—with still the same lissom movement to a superficial eye—with Doris in his arms, Helen had a strange little thought. It was that her own parents had welcomed and regarded Tom, her husband, in much the same way, and for the same reasons, that this girl's parents must welcome and accept Jim Bellane. Yes, viewed from the angle of the age question, it was just the same.

Under parental urgings, and urgings of her own sore pride, too, she had married her amiable stockbroker. Now, travelled and knowledgeable, comfortably provisioned and attractive, an outwardly serene and happy widow, she had come seeking Jim Bellane again, not faltering in her purpose; nor forgetting, though for years she had wanted to forget.

"It is life," she said to Terry Waters.

"What do you advise?" she heard him pleading.

Her mind smiled. He had come to talk to her. So, with that little smile in her mind, she gave her attention to Terry.

"Do tell me," he was insisting, "what do you advise?"

She turned her head and looked at him straightly.

"What can I advise?" she said. "Many people would tell you all the old fables; they would tell you to make your Doris jealous; they would tell you to fight the other man for possession; or they would tell you to work like a galley slave till you stood even with Jim Bellane as far as pocket goes. It would all be useless, my dear. Easy to preach; hard to practise. It would take you years to collect assets like his, just as it would take you years to understand all the thousands of little ways that he knows of appealing to a girl. Only the years do just that. The dice are loaded against you, Terry. I suppose some lucky chance might bring you together, but the lucky chance is one in a thousand, and there are no prescriptions for making a woman love you."

And she sighed: "There are so many ways of loving."

"BELLANE knows the prescription to make Doris love him."

"Does he?"

"Well, doesn't she love him?" he persisted stormily. "If I thought she didn't, I'd know what to do."

"She thinks she loves him very much," Helen answered quickly.

"Only thinks!"

"It is the same thing," said Helen quickly, "or it often develops into the same thing. After all, thought must come first, mustn't it?"

"It didn't come first the first time I met Doris!"

"I dare say," Helen thought, "he would like to tell me about that." So she said very quietly: "Tell me. Have you known her long?"

"Six months." He made the words sound like a lifetime.

"It is a long time," said Helen, "a long time, I know, when one is fretting."

"It's eternity."

"Where did you meet her, and how?" Helen murmured.

"It was at a rag in Chelsea," he said. "One of the best shows I ever remember."

"Of course."

That hardly raised a smile to his lips, however.

"It was in some sort of a studio. I don't know the people; I rather forget how I came to be invited, if I was invited. I don't think Doris knew them very well, but she goes to a lot of places that her people don't know about. Well, naturally, she does, doesn't she? Well, nowadays, one does realise that one can't have one's life curtailed by that sort of nonsense . . . Directly I saw Doris I knew. I hadn't changed for the party. I'd been playing cricket down in Hampshire; my boss had roped me in. So I was just rather mucky in flannels. I'd left my bag in the street in my old tin car."

He thought for a moment.

"Yes, that was it, I didn't know the people, I hadn't been asked, but I was driving along King's Road home and I saw there was some sort of beano, and I made for it. Doris had the loveliest kit you can imagine. Some sort of eastern affair, I don't know what. She looked a dream

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We talked to each other at once and drank a lot of beer together. I knew I had never seen such a divine girl. We danced all the time together—that is, all the time I was there. We talked oodles, of course. And then I said to her: 'Let's go. I've got a car down below.'

"So we went. We picked up a couple of bottles of beer and some sandwiches or something on the way out of the studio—I mean, they weren't the kind of people who minded anything—and she got into my car. The night was as hot as thunder.

"I had a glorious month," he said abruptly. "Glorious. I met her as often as I could. Then, quite suddenly—I was telephoning her—and she said she was going to Paris and then on to Germany with some friends who had invited her. For some musical festival, I think. Anyway, it was to be two months at the very least."

For a moment Helen's words poised, as it were, in silence. She wanted to say just the right thing, being very sorry for this dear boy. "I expect she was awfully sorry to go," she suggested.

"Well," he said rather huskily, and then clearing his throat, "she wasn't sorry. She hadn't taken things like I had, you see. I mean, she was excited at going away. I mean, of course, life with your parents is a pretty staid sort of affair, isn't it? One can't wonder that Doris jumps at any chance to get some fun. But it hit me awfully. She wouldn't promise to write to me, either. She seemed rather surprised. She said that, of course, we had been marvellous friends, and we would pick the friendship up again just where we left off. That was when I sold the old car."

Helen made a slight sound of sympathy.

"I WANTED to hit it up before she left," he said. "I was going to give her one gorgeous time anyway, to remember me by. The kind of time other fellows gave her. That fellow Bellane, to-night, he isn't putting up a better show than I put up. I got seven pounds for the old car, and it was more than she was worth, for Doris and I had just torn the heart out of her in the last month."

Helen said, from her infinite understanding: "I think it must have been a pretty good evening. Seven pounds is certainly plenty to spend"—just as she would have said if she had been told that Terry Waters, having only sevenpence, had spent it royally, "for," she always argued with herself, "all that any person has is a great sum." So that she let her eyes widen and smile, and dwell respectfully and ruefully upon Terry, as if they envisioned his splendid extravagance and were even a little shocked by it.

He said: "Oh, well, for one thing, I had to hire a dress suit, like I have to-night."

She sat quite still, and actually tears came into her eyes, so that she now veiled them.

"I am as poor as a rat," he said. "Of course, I'm fortunate in knowing a few people, and anything is good enough for a man on his own. My salary is under two hundred pounds a year, and I don't seem lucky."

"No," said Helen softly.

"So you see I'm pretty hard up. No sort of proposition for Doris."

"I do see," said Helen, letting a little decision into her voice now; for money mattered.

He looked into her eyes, and she saw that his own were hazy with trouble; and then he looked from her to the table across the room, where Bellane and Doris were sitting again.

"Money!" he echoed in a low voice. "It would take a lot for Doris, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," Helen answered very candidly.

The young man had been looking stubborn and ardent with all the fighting quality in him roused, but now, quite suddenly, he seemed to slump in his seat beside her. He sat back, and his fingers clenched on his wineglass, so that for a second she wondered if he would break the slim stem.

He heard a sudden sigh beside him, but youthfully was too far gone in despair to interpret it. Only his own emotions mattered in the world.

"Let us dance," said Helen.

She was a beautiful dancer. He was technically less perfect; but he had the verve, the thrill and the lissomness of youth in movement. He wanted a verve, a thrill, a lissomness to match his own, remembering occasions when Doris had been thus in his arms.

This dear, beautiful, calm, smiling woman was just a comforter; a wise companion.

But as they moved past the table where Bellane and Doris sat he held Helen tighter nevertheless, hoping that it would be observed. He looked into her eyes, spoke a few low words—what, he did not know—closely against her, because he was so near to Doris; and Helen responded with a smile, a provocative look, and an answer murmured closely to his ear. It would not have occurred to him that, in her turn, she was playing to Jim Bellane.

He had no learning, no experience, no mature intuition to enable him to guess that if Doris was a quick flame, Helen was a smouldering volcano.

It seemed to him, as it must do to all young people, that youth's predicament is the most tragic in the world, and that only youth has a right upon the stage when a love drama is in enactment.

And it seemed to him that any one of Helen's age, or Bellane's, should sit in the auditorium, worshipping and wondering faces turned upon the youthful players, and saying to themselves and to each other: "This is all so much more beautiful and fiery than it was in our time."

Across Helen's shoulder as they danced demurely he had watched that other table all the time, and he had found satisfaction in seeing that at any rate Doris watched him.

The old fellow—so Terry thought—the old fellow had not an idea that his sleek looks, his worldly advantages, the money in his pocket, could not exact from her one iota of what she would give to youth.

Bellane, indeed, did not give that graceful couple upon the dancing floor much consideration after he had said to himself that it was disgusting of Helen to begin playing with infants like many other silly women of forty.

He saw that Doris went on watching the couple upon the floor, and imagining that her eyes were only for the woman, and that jealousy regarding himself piqued her, he smiled secretly to himself. It was very gratifying.

Then Doris said quickly: "I don't care to see boys running after women nearly old enough to be their mothers."

Bellane returned: "I hate just as much to see women like that playing with boys." And then some people he knew came in, paused by their table, and looked at their happiness and the ring on Doris' finger, and soon their news had gone whispering round all the tables.

There was nothing wanting in this evening of triumph for the girl, and as Bellane looked at the faces of men of his own age, or older, whom he knew personally, or by sight, or by reputation, accompanied in many cases by women of nearly their own years, he knew that these were envying him his conquest of youth and beauty.

The parents effaced themselves, after all, when Doris let him into the Malda Vale house with her latch-key. There were the sandwiches, the drinks; the empty room in which to kiss good-night; and no hurry.

"Can we marry at once?" he whispered. She whispered back: "Yes."

BELLANE awoke to a very busy day. He had three separate big propositions in the City to put through, and directly he awoke, he saw, not a girl's lovely face, but these difficult deals; and while he bathed and shaved his mind was focused upon them.

His private secretary was already waiting in the library that looked on to the most charming of London squares, at nine o'clock, with a list of events for to-day. He had added something to the top of this usual kind of list. It was: Ring Miss Randel.

"You wish me to ring Miss Randel, sir?" Bellane smiled, "I will ring her myself," he said, and thrust aside his absorptions to speak again to Doris.

She was still in bed, she replied. It was lovely of him to remember to ring her, though it was a little later than he said it would be. He had said last night that he would call her at a quarter to nine, which was the hour at which she had told him that she would first open her eyes.

Bellane talked like a thrilled boy—or rather, like the thrilled middle-aged man that he was—over the wire to Doris, picturing her sitting up in bed breakfasting, or perhaps, since they had been late last night, still sleepy on her pillows.

Doris began to talk freshly and volubly as if there were all morning at their disposal. She had a thousand things to do. She and her mother were going together to buy clothes now that the wedding was so near. Her mother thought she was being rushed off her feet. "That's the middle-aged point of view, isn't it, darling?" She had been thinking again of the honeymoon plans they discussed last night going home. Should they meet him for luncheon? Here Bellane had to hesitate, while again the young secretary smiled cynically in the background; for this would mean calling off another luncheon engagement with a man in the City. It meant postponing rather undecisively a business talk.

But when he answered, his hesitation see Doris again, and his voice was acquiescent, while he still chose his words consideringly, and the young secretary in the background listened with that cynical smile.

To-day's business must just go hang if it must be so. But then, as he hung up, and settled down in his chair, still smiling, although his left hand went automatically to the already opened pile of correspondence on his desk, the young secretary

was beside him, insistent. The young secretary, sharp and practical, trained to veto any slipshod easiness on the part of an employer, laid before him ruthlessly a programme to which, for at least the next three hours, they must not only adhere, but which they must enlarge and condense and intensify and speed up in every detail, if he really was to be free to give two radiant women luncheon at the Ritz at 1.30.

It was after a morning of gruelling enterprise, gigantic endeavor, in which he put through two of those impending big deals, on which his luxury future with Doris so much depended; it was after that unpunctual luncheon with his girl and her mother at the Ritz—prolonged through meeting so many of her friends; after the visit to the jeweller's, where he must not hurry over the important business of resetting Mrs. Randel's sapphires; after a further onslaught in his office, that, at about five o'clock, his private telephone rang, and his office secretary told him: "There is a lady—a Mrs. Forrest—who would like to speak to you."

Helen!

FATE was charming to him, sending him at that very moment, when he most appreciated its refreshment, that cool voice of his old friend over the wire.

The next moment he was listening with the kind of pride that a man feels on being congratulated on a great achievement, to Helen charmingly saying: "Jim, I wished I could have got an opportunity to congratulate you last night, but I don't know your lovely lady, and I was afraid she would resent my intrusion. Now I wish you happiness with all my heart."

He answered very eagerly, dropping back into an old habit of seeking her appreciation, her sympathy, and even approval.

"I would rather you congratulated me in person, Helen, so that I could tell you convincingly how lucky I am."

And her voice answered: "Drop in for a cocktail on your way from the office."

"I am dining with her people."

"Of course you are," said the cool, kind voice at the other end of the wire. "But you could spare ten minutes to look in on me."

"I certainly will."

It was a long time since he had been to Helen's flat—two years, three years, perhaps; but he had—like many other people—a sensation of returning home as he rang the door bell.

The place was just as he remembered it, cool, quiet, airy, carpeted throughout with lilac leaf green, with white walls, red flowers and the rare glass of Helen's careful collection catching the sunlight of late spring afternoon.

He found some people just leaving; and young Terry Waters lingering in the drawing-room.

Many years of harsh and successful business had taught him how to get rid of young men, without a definite word, look or sign; but this did not happen so easily and promptly to-day. He met with a certain mulishness in the young man which made him look at him rather more closely. A handsome boy, according to the standards of the present day. One of those thin, hard, flying-looking young men. It was curious how impervious young Waters was to hints, staying obstinately for another ten minutes after the older man had come in.

He stood listening to Mrs. Forrest talking admiringly of Doris, wishing Jim happiness, and in her sympathetic way asking warmly and interestedly for their plans.

A wedding quite soon? A honeymoon in France and Italy? Ah, Florence would be divine if they did not leave it until the summer heat increased. She must show Jim some beautiful colored photographs which she herself had taken in Capri. And somehow she was saying: "Terry is quite a friend of Miss Randel's, aren't you, Terry?"

In a cool yet violent voice the young man assented. And he congratulated Bellane; hard eyed, hard lipped, pale, jaw thrust out. He conveyed the whole of his disappointment, his resentment, to the successful rival. Helen looked on.

When the young man left, she slipped her arm through his, went out with him into the hall, and her soothing voice drifted in to Bellane as he stood, cocktail in hand, alone in her sitting-room, looking from the wide windows at the spires of Westminster drawn against the sky.

"You should not vamp boys, Helen," he said easily, when she came back. Instantly she had foolish words on her lips; the truth, and unpalatable; so she pressed it back. She was about to answer: "I might give you similar advice," but her wisdom reminded her that men did not like criticism. Young girls like Doris, might criticise, and be forgiven for every slighting word they said; but she should and did know better.

So she laughed, but meekly. "No," he said, "but really"—and his eyes dwelt on her absently, and she knew bitterly how abstract his interest was—"you're still awfully good-looking, you know, Helen, and the boy may not realise—"

"My age?" she finished. "Well, exactly," said Bellane. "He is just at the time of life when he likes older women."

"Like you did," Helen murmured, but so agreeably, so softly, that the words held no sting.

"I?" said Bellane, frowning.

"Yes, you," she nodded.

"I adore youth," said Bellane. "I think it is the most precious thing in the world; youth and freshness, Helen; youth, innocence, and joy. Any man in his senses would know that it is the most precious thing in the world."

"In a woman, you mean, Jim?" said Helen. She moved forward with the cocktail shaker. "I was thinking of the old days, Jim, when I saw you last night; the old days when you despised girls."

"What uncomfortable memories you women have," he said, not altogether lightly.

She laughed.

"You don't like memory, Jim?"

"I prefer the future," he answered vigorously. "When a man can no longer look forward to the future, Helen, he is old. And a woman, too, for that matter." He looked at her gravely.

With steady white hands she filled his glass.

"Forget the past, Helen," he protested; "surely you still have a future."

"Oh, Jim! How reassuring of you to suggest it!"

Bellane stared.

"It is not like you to be cynical," he said disapprovingly.

"Inevitable at my age," she laughed, turning away to put the shaker down. She looked away from him, and, in her turn, surveyed, without seeing them, the spires of Westminster against the delicate mauves and greens of evening sky. Sun-

set was rather stormy over the river. She pictured Doris Randel as she had seen her last night. Yes, he had got the perfect thing.

"Men are lucky," she murmured.

"Men?" he countered.

She corrected herself then with a little inside smile that did not show. "Some men. You're lucky, Jim. I congratulate you again. I wanted to do it in person so that you should know how wholehearted I am about it. I expect quite a lot of women will be angry or sorry to see you married."

"Oh, rot," he protested; but he knew just as well as she did that it was true.

"I am not one of them," said Helen. "We've been friends for so long that your happiness means a great deal to me."

He was readily touched by an agreeable sentiment.

"You are a very dear friend, Helen. That is why I wanted to tell you about Doris and me."

"Yes, tell me."

She threw herself into a high-backed, winged chair opposite him, as he stood on the hearth, talking.

"I have only known her three months," he said. "I fell instantly. And with Doris, you know, Helen, I have had to go all out to get her. For the first time in my life I felt desperately anxious about a woman. I suppose it was because she is the woman."

He paused.

Helen thought: "It was your age that made you so desperately anxious," but again knew better than to utter unwelcome words. "There were a lot of young fools running after her, of course," he said. "That boy Waters was one of them, I think, although I never saw him until last night."

"He never saw you until last night," Helen remarked, and for a moment she was inclined to tell him that Terry had only sought her out because he knew her to be an old friend of Bellane's; that Terry was only here this afternoon because, in response to his appeal she had telephoned him that Bellane was coming.

BUT it would scarcely interest Jim in his mood of rapture. It might exalt him, or amuse him for a fraction of a minute. No more.

He was the lover triumphant. "Old Randel—do you know him?"

She shook her head.

"Old Randel was rather funny about it at first. We haven't had a definite talk yet, but he is feeling his way to it. I think he's been talking a good deal lately about disparity of age in various marriages he knows." She waited. "He is old for his age," Bellane told her confidentially.

She waited, soft and sympathetic. He argued: "As far as women are concerned, some men never age, and we know it. I don't mean to speak of myself, of course—"

She knew intimately and tenderly that he was speaking only of himself.

He went on: "I am not speaking of myself, because I am in actual fact still a young man, but old Randel and men of that type, who have let themselves run to seed early, never learn."

She sensed that he was a little aggrieved by her silence, for he stared at her and set his glass down decisively. "Well," he said, "I have got to go."

"To Doris?"

"To Doris."

Then she arose and smiled, murmured the sweetest things, and was holding his

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hand in both hers, repeating good wishes as Westward was shown into the room.

MATTHEW WESTWARD stood and gazed for a moment or two intently at the man and woman standing hand in hand. His lean Scotch face looked blank as a wall, except for the flash of fire in his granite colored eyes. The fire was in them as they rested on Helen Forrest, on her slimmness and femininity, and he was thinking how rapidly life went by; how she had been forty only last week.

He thought that, if she were not so brave and so gay, she would show herself the disillusioned woman that surely she must be. Then his eyes deliberated Bellane, a man only a year younger than himself, yet who looked lively with the fire of spring.

Westward's eyes were doctor's eyes, and he could assess the fire of spring for exactly what it was worth.

And even as these things passed through the doctor's mind, as he lingered just for that fractional moment on his way across the room, Bellane turned and saw him.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo," Westward nodded, with his eyes on Helen, and he said warmly, taking her from Bellane: "Home again then, Helen?"

"Home again."

"I am just off," said Bellane.

Westward did not watch Bellane out of the room as Helen did. He strode to the window, seeming to look in his turn at the roofs and spires in the sunset; and he did not turn back until he felt her friendly tweak at his sleeve. Then his face lighted as ardently as Bellane's face lighted for Doris.

They moved together to the pleasant wood fire.

"A good time?" he asked.

"I suppose so, Mat. I have been to Capri; and then I was with friends in Malta; and with other friends in Spain since my husband died. I have stayed in entrancing houses; people have been very good."

"You'll always have good friends, Helen."

"I ought to be grateful; and now I have come home to my dear old flat; and . . . here are you!"

"I don't count any more than I ever did, do I?"

"You always count," she evaded.

"As much as I can," he amended, "and not much."

She gave him a quick little look, and asked: "How is she?"

"Sometimes better, sometimes worse. It just goes on," Westward answered.

They had a moment's silence—his of resignation, hers of sympathy; for they had spoken of his wife, who, for fifteen years, had been in a private mental asylum.

"Bellane looks well," he said steadily, by and by.

"He is marrying at last," she smiled faintly.

"Yes," said Westward, "so he told me the other day when we had a long talk at the club."

"I can guess what he said to you," she said. "He talked a great deal about man's eternal youth, and woman's early ageing."

"Did he?" Westward answered, and again laughed his short little laugh, derisive and surly.

She was right. It was exactly what Jim Bellane had said to him.

"It will be a joy," Bellane said, "to form her mind."

It was Jim Bellane's wedding morning. For the last time—as he had mentioned to Westward—who was with him preparatory to performing the duties of best man—Jim Bellane was in his flat off St. James'; and very much the radiant bridegroom he looked as he stood on his bachelor hearth for the minutes to pass before it should be time for the car.

"Well," Westward thought, "Jim's a fine fellow, and I have never seen him in better fettle." Aloud he said: "You must be the joy of your tailor, Jim."

Bellane was laughing, looking straight ahead of him with shining eyes; and Westward knew that he was looking into the future, as he dreamed it would be.

"Just over fifteen years ago," Westward thought, "I was looking into the future much like that," but this was not a thought that he often allowed himself, and he dismissed it instantly. The tragic years of his bitterly mistaken marriage, the inhuman loneliness of his life, his long friendship, with but too few glimpses of her, with Helen Forrest, made a queerly patterned fabric which gave no nourishment.

He looked very well himself this morning in his wedding garments. He knew that Helen was to be at church and reception, and he knew also what she would be feeling.

At that moment the telephone rang, and a voice at the other end of the wire announced that the Rolls was below.

Bridegroom and best man went down together into the spring sunshine.

"After all, she is a lucky young woman," Westward thought as the car sped towards the fashionable church. But he did not voice it. He substituted instead, very properly: "You're a very lucky fellow, Jim," and when he saw the bride, Westward thought Jim Bellane very lucky indeed.

He had seen her only two or three times before, and to-day she was a revelation in her beauty. She was the bride of dreams, and she looked so soft, so radiant, so young, so thrilled, so shy, that he couldn't blame her bridegroom for his convictions as to her easy moulding into the pattern of life he should think best for them both.

The Randels were doing the thing extremely well, and Doris' wedding gown brought the light to the eyes of all the women guests, just as it had drawn sighs and exclamations of rapture from the curious little crowd that had assembled before the church.

There was a full choir; a bishop officiated; assisting Mrs. Randel's spiritual adviser, the worldly and rather fashionable Anglican priest, Father Stephen; a famous organist played.

A wedding inspired the imagination; probably half the men in church, and all the women, were seeing themselves in the chief roles either in retrospect, or in prospect, or only in a remote fond dream.

He glanced down the church, and saw Helen standing in a shaft of sunlight, adorable and brave in new clothes.

And then suddenly, so it seemed, the service ended.

The music triumphed. People moved in a shiver, a wave of color.

It was all over.

The bride and bridegroom were side by side in the Rolls. He was carrying her off! Nothing could intrude between them now. Nothing could hinder or defer his hopes.

Safe!

They would be in Paris for dinner. Then on to the south while it was still spring, before the first mimosas, the peach trees,

the magnollas, the heliotropes and lilacs had stopped blossoming.

"So this is marriage!" thought Doris, and sitting by her dressing-table, in one scanty garment—shell-pink lace—that was all the lingerie she and her generation ever wore under an evening frock—she tried to absorb herself with the careful study of her skin.

Like all modern, well-kept girls' skin, it was as nearly flawless as it could be.

On the many-mirrored table lay the articles of the toilet set Jim had given her as one of his wedding presents. Her initials were in thick gold on ivory. "Old-fashioned," she said to herself, touching them.

It was still Paris. The Tuileries Gardens were sweet with spring. Across the river the roofs on the left bank, looking curiously remote in the dim evening, seemed to dream.

To-morrow they were going south; to Bordighera and Naples. Perhaps, afterwards, on to Greece.

"Darling old Jimmy," she thought, brushing her fair hair.

There it was again; "Darling old Jimmy!" And he tapped and came in.

He looked happy, handsome, and his full forty-six years.

"How are you, my sweetheart? Rested? Not tired?"

"Tired?" she cried; but quickly amended it: "I've rested."

"Good girl."

"Get my frock, darling," she said, knowing it would please him; and he lifted it carefully over her sleek head, pulled it down over her long, supple figure.

"We'll be early to-night," he said questioningly, "if we're to make a start at ten to-morrow?"

Doris caught back her light, impatient protest that what to him was the best of reasons was to her the very worst.

She took his hand and guarded her voice carefully, although it really was tiresome, already, to have to be on guard; to have always to be crossing that breach between them which seemed so much wider than it had done only a week ago. It had occurred to her during this week that he never made the crossing. It was she who always had to hurry over the bridges, agreeing with him, suiting her rhythm of life to his.

BECAUSE it became already far too evident that the middle-aged do not run with the young, and that if company is to be kept, it is the young who must stay their steps beside the soberer feet.

Holding her husband's hand, she suggested: "I should be more inclined to make a regular night of it if we're leaving to-morrow, Jimmy."

"No, no, you're not to get tired," he said.

But she had a faint inkling of what to an older woman would have been a certainty, that her husband would rather have liked her to be more easily a little tired; that he might be faintly insulted by the comparison between their respective appetites for life and movement.

"I will go slow; I will be good," she promised herself.

He put his arm around her and they went down and out to the waiting car.

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SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Jim had brought the Rolls, with the chauffeur. The honeymoon was proceeding on spacious lines.

"I can't have you getting tired."

She twined her fingers in his, smiled at him, turned her head to look out of the window.

They weren't going far; to Prunier's in the Avenue Victor Hugo, for dinner; then to a dance place that she knew just outside the city, a place in a garden with flowers and fountains; and a devastating colored band, and a marvellous cuisine.

Tired?

She thought to herself: "Tired! Tired! I feel as if I'll never be tired! If only"—and names of young friends, youths and girls, ran through her head—"If only they were here, we'd have such a debauch!"

She did not mean debauch; it was just one of their terms, like "pre-war" adjectivally applied to date an old fogey. She meant just freedom, fun, extravagance, laughter, nonsense.

BUT then, as the car ran up the tree-lined avenue, she suddenly imagined herself with a gay young man as bridegroom.

Expertly intuitive, in the analytical manner of the modern girl, she re-assessed that frequent word "tired." When Jim said what he had said, he believed himself; but, subconsciously, what he really meant was that he wanted to take care of himself.

She had chosen Prunier's, and Bellane had checked the words: "I don't like it." His mind was at war in so far that, while assuredly saying to himself on all occasions that he was a young man, that in no possible sense could he be considered to lag behind the latest movements, at the same time it saved his vanity a little now and again to agree at least within himself that old fellows like his father-in-law were right, and that not only was this a very meretricious generation, but a feverish and tasteless one.

He wanted to dine at their own hotel, the Maurice, or at the Ritz. Giro's might have suited him, or even Foyot's—if Doris had cared for a perfect cuisine in an environment less gilded. He would willingly have taken to Prunier's Bar, with the high stools, and to one of the little tables alongside the bar, some gay female companion who was not his wife.

She was not just a gay companion.

She was his wife.

She had tossed her sable cape intimately to a waiter—who seemed to recognise her, whereas he did not recognise her escort; and the waiter had carried it away obsequiously and tenderly.

Bellane had the grace and the humor to smile slightly at himself.

"Happy, darling?" she asked, catching that smile.

"Couldn't be otherwise, darling," he replied.

She flicked her fingers at some acquaintances at the end of the room, theatrical-looking people.

For himself, he had loved taking out little actresses of the minor sort—must be young, of course. But that was over.

And now Doris was his wife.

"That girl made good in the new film at the Plaza. Jasmine Minka—remember? The boy with her is an American actor. They're the craziest things! Such fun! Shall we join up?"

"No," Bellane exclaimed. He explained: "Sweetheart, this is my honeymoon."

He would not always, of course, be able to make the honeymoon an excuse for avoiding two of "the craziest things."

Ah, but he'd make her forget all that when he had her rooted in the Surrey home.

Rather marvellous—Mayday House.

"Darling," said Doris, blushing; and congratulating herself on the achievement.

Every time he made her blush, Bellane presented himself with a mental bouquet.

And now, cocktails at last finished, they took their seats jammed behind a little table against the wall, people closely packed to left and right of them.

It was gay. Talk as light as wind drifted about, and made a laughing babel. Doris was part of it; he wasn't. Why? He was accustomed to being cavalier; convinced that he moved easily everywhere; ageless and cosmopolitan.

Very well. Why did he not feel a part of to-night's festa?

He shirked the answer, which would have been that usually he chose as companion some malleable woman who was in love with him.

Now he sat with the air-minded—"air-minded" was the word he thought of as generally applicable—young wife with whom he himself was deeply, helplessly, anxiously in love.

She loved him, too; only her manner of loving was less manageable, less reliable than other women's. Like the way she spoke, sometimes it was inclined to be clipped, swift, practical, there were edges that were too clear. She needed softening a great deal. "It will come," he told himself.

In the Surrey house it would come.

Words he had spoken to Westward three days ago recurred to him: "It will be a joy to form her mind."

Her mind was formed. It was clear and bright and intelligent—no blur of doubt in it.

Before they left Naples, Doris' father died suddenly.

How perfect was that little soft mother of Doris'. Not a word to her honeymooning daughter, but an excellent letter of sorrow and courage to her son-in-law. "Tell darling Doris," Mrs. Randel wrote, "when you think best, dear boy. There is nothing you or she can do." Then Mrs. Randel, in admirably succinct fashion, gave a few details of the sudden heart failure and the arrangements for the cremation and funeral. "You could not get back, you see," she wrote, "and I do not want you to come back. I fear I shall have to trouble you a little with my poor affairs when you come home by and by, dear boy—how nice it is to have a son-in-law to help and advise me—but that shall be by and by."

So Bellane's mind went on reassuring him more and more: "You will be very necessary in this little family now," said his mind, "being the generous fellow you are, you will do splendidly by your mother-in-law; being a business man you will straighten out her affairs in no time. Your wife will see what it means to be married to you." So before they left Naples he told Doris, very tenderly and very perfectly, about her loss, and he let her understand all this.

She was very brave, very practical, disconcertingly practical. In fact; she saw her mother's point; she wrote her mother a helpful letter, she agreed that it was of no use fussing.

THEY came home to-day," Helen said.

"They?"

"Jim and his Doris."

Westward had known, of course, whom she meant. He himself had been saying in his own mind: "They come home to-day." He answered Helen:

"Still enraptured, I hope."

It had been a quiet dinner—in her flat for the first time that month. The coffee tray was set on her low table; the latticed windows were open, looking out over the Westminster spires. The last ray of sunlight died in the grey gloaming over the river. Big bowls of white roses scented the room heavily. She wore a white dinner gown, and a single pearl in the lobe of each ear.

The worst of being a doctor was that one knew too much about the myth of personal happiness. For the blind attainment of personal happiness one needed anyway to be gullible, and to enjoy a lay ignorance. So Westward thought, looking at Helen.

To-day he diagnosed that her mood had reached crisis; that she was readier than he had even seen her to be swayed this way or that. Yet, although to-day he faced her as a free man this made him all the more stupidly sensitive about swaying her; for he was certain that, serene as she looked, she was a woman who did not know where to turn for oblivion. So she called silently for a man's chivalry.

Lucky woman, people said.

A sufficiently wealthy widow, of varied interests, with many friends, in great good looks.

Lucky woman.

"I ought to conquer myself," she thought, ashamed; "conquer all this fury of restlessness."

Mat Westward did not know how very definitely she had considered him now and again as a possible husband.

It wasn't often in his busy, disciplined life that he allowed himself as much time for pleasure as he had taken this last month. But there was that other pair away loving and wandering; here in London were himself and Helen. Dinners in intimate restaurants; an evening's dancing which made him a youth again; one Sunday afternoon at Ranelagh; now this quiet time in her flat; and "they" had come home.

THEY'VE gone straight down to Surrey?" he asked curtly.

"Yes."

"How did you know, Helen?"

"I telephoned the house this morning, and they were expected. I sent flowers to Doris—corn in Egypt."

"H'm."

"I've a headache, Mat."

"I know, Helen."

He was so quiet and sure and restful. A woman hadn't to dissemble, to flatter, or to coax him.

She asked candidly: "What shall I do? You are a doctor—though I'm apt to forget that in the friend, as one does. You're a very clever doctor, Mat; you must talk to a lot of women—"

"And men. We have our troubles, too."

"Talk to me."

"I love you too much, I think, Helen. I should be selfish. I should say to you: Trust your luck and marry me."

Actually he had not told her his great news.

Suddenly there happened to him that for which, humanly, he could not have

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helped longing these last fifteen years. His wife had died, without recovery of sanity. The immense release occurred without warning; instantaneously it was all over. Nothing remained to him of that ghastly entanglement. The sun would rise now on brighter days, set on serenely nights. And a beautiful month had passed. As far as Helen was concerned, the month had yielded him no hope except its own loneliness; but it had been supremely worth living.

"Marry you, dear Mat?" she echoed. "But—"

Then he said quite quietly: "My wife died the week after Jim's wedding."

"You never told me!"

"No," he said, "there was a lot to think about first. But now, my dear, trust your luck. Come to me. Trust me."

"I'm not too old at forty?"

"You're a girl. You're an eternal girl to me, Helen, because I love you." And in his own cause he choked back the words that followed to his lips:

"Just as Jim is an eternal boy to you—because you love him."

He saw her quickly thinking those words. "Forget," he said roughly.

Then he saw, for the first time, hopefully, that he had her in two moods. Actually she was considering what he said; actually she was conjuring up the idea of marriage with him; actually trying to wonder whether her friendly affection wasn't enough.

"Anything you had to give, dear, would be enough for me," he said humbly.

She cried: "Oh, no! You're too fine to be cheated, Mat!"

Exactly the same thing that he had been thinking about her. Too fine to be cheated by life, by futile yearnings, by Jim Bellane.

HE had been walking to and fro, looking out of that high, latticed window and back again into this dear room; and now he came and sat down beside her. They held hands. "You're trying to think—to feel, if you could love me," he said.

"I've had a year of being a widow, and I've been thinking a lot, Mat."

"You've had to think. Men have asked you!"

"Yes, men have asked me."

"Of course they have. We are not all fools," he said. "Helen, apart from the fact that I know they weren't good enough, why couldn't you marry one of them?"

"I'm almost shy of telling you, Mat."

"You needn't be," he said tenderly. "I know you for the romantic girl you are."

"Yes, I wanted romance," she confessed. "I missed it the first time. So I can't help thinking—perhaps all women think it—"

"All women think a lot," said Westward, "and I hear too much of it."

"Shall I stop telling you, then?"

He turned quickly and put a large hand over hers which were clasped on her knee. He gave his low growl that she found so endearing.

"Don't you dare to stop telling me."

"Well, then," she said, "I always imagine there is still such a lot to know."

"There is, for you."

"I imagine, you know, Mat, that there are simply glorious things to feel which no words could even begin to tell. I feel that there are mountain tops and I have only just stood in the foothills and looked meekly up at them; though of course I say to myself that I am a fool. Then I

think women of my age can't ever hope to capture something which they missed before. Yet still, you see, Mat, fool that I am, I go on hoping."

"Hope on. Let me have a chance."

"I don't want just the dregs; middle-aged marriage, Mat. I want glory."

"So did Jim," said Westward, very quietly and dryly.

"Differently," she protested.

"It's always different," said Westward.

"Failing what I wanted," she said, "I thought the next best thing must do."

"What's the next best thing?"

How patient he was!

"Freedom," she answered.

"Loneliness, my dear."

"Of course, loneliness, Mat. I've thought one must learn how to bear it gaily. To live alone mustn't incite people to pity. I've wondered if I seemed pitiable, Mat. I'd hate that. When the band really stops playing, when one's figure and hair and teeth and skin have all gone for good . . . Well, I don't want to hear my friends saying then, she should have married again. Poor thing!"

"What is this alternative programme, then, my dear?"

"To pull myself together, travel a bit, read a lot, pick up interests that I let drop while I was married, entertain . . ."

"Give and give and give," said Westward, "never getting."

She said: "Oh, well, there's a sort of blind trustfulness in one that won't die. One trusts that one day, by giving all one can to life, one will get something."

"It's as likely to be pinchbeck as gold."

"I know, but I've got to do it. I must go on"—she laughed—"running amiably to seed. So I'll move about; I won't rust. I might even find work to do. And yet, Mat, though I would like to pack my trunks again, though I know it is the best thing"—he listened sharply—"there is something rather too strong for me," she whispered.

His hand gripped over hers, and she suppressed a faint cry. He knew what she meant.

"I'd go abroad again to-morrow," said Helen, "if I could make myself."

"Go," said Westward instantly.

"Dear, dear Mat."

"I order you as your doctor to go away."

"You're not my doctor!"

"No more I am," he said ruefully.

His hand relaxed again to gentleness. She moved her cramped fingers about in his big grasp, and did not tell him how he had hurt them. For that violence had thrilled her, and she was surprised.

"We come to a time when we compromise a bit for what's left in life, dear," he said.

"My terms are not high. Yours are still up in the sky. Heaven bless you and long may you keep them there."

And then, startlingly, in the room that had become ardently still, the telephone rang.

"Damn!" Westward cried under his breath.

She was up in a moment, before he could make a motion of rising; and he sat back, watching her, his brows drawn down. As if she knew who would be at the other end of the wire, and was thrilled by the call, color whipped into her smooth cheeks, her mouth already curved into a smile. She looked over the telephone at Westward as she listened, but he knew she hardly saw him.

Time was flying—not only the seconds that went by as Helen stood there, receiver in hand, looking through him and past him into great spaces, but the years. The years

had begun to rush by. "Neither of us has time to play with," he thought.

And he heard her answer the assailing voice, breathlessly: "Oh, Jim!"

Her delight was transparent. "You! My flowers? . . . She liked them? . . . So glad . . . May I speak to her? . . . What? . . . Oh, Jim! . . . Oh! . . . But why? . . . I . . . I . . . don't quite know . . ." And her eyes came back from their star-gazing, found Mat Westward, rested on him. He sensed that her eyes appealed to him, and sat forward. "Oh, Jim . . . But . . . Not already? . . ."

THEY were home, bride and bridegroom, in the Surrey house that was exigently prepared for welcome. Doris had actually not seen the house before, she had asked for it to be kept "as a surprise." Now that she came to it she knew that her artless request had covered, even to herself, her boredom with all roots and belongings.

Doris Bellane came to it with an empty heart which, to do her justice, she tried to begin to fill at once with the prospect and possessions gathered by a man during before her, the prospect of these luxuries what now seemed to her privately a very long lifetime.

During that month she had definitely faced that, while, herself, she could have swum and ridden and explored all day, and danced all night, falling asleep exactly when tired, like a kitten, her husband had not such resilience.

It was his mind, she thought.

Marriage wasn't going to release her into a wider world, a limitless heaven. It was going to curb her, stifle instead of satisfy. It was going to fetter her feet.

Thus, exuberant and flaming and disquiet, Doris Bellane came home.

"It's good to be back!" Bellane thought, as he shut himself into his dressing-room to prepare for that epochal first dinner together in the Surrey house.

When he was dressed, he went into their adjoining room. She was dressed, too, standing by the dressing-table, reading a letter. A pile of correspondence, which had awaited her return, lay in confusion before her.

Refreshed by his half-hour's relaxation—and by his bath and shave—Bellane walked smilingly up behind her, caressed her bare arm, looked over her shoulder. He felt a recoil, instantly checked; she didn't like him looking over her shoulder, reading her letter. Her set let each other alone in some things—if not in others.

Yet the letter was only from her mother.

"Private, darling?"

"Not a bit, dear. Read on."

And she leaned a little back against him, pretty movement, caressing.

Mechanical movement. Not even suggesting, asking, nestling for affection, as she had done so short a while ago.

As soon as he had begun to assimilate the first page of the letter, and then the second, which she so readily turned for him, he knew that she was not pleased that he would read these particular words: ". . . lovely it all sounds, darling. I'm longing to see you again . . . don't think I quite agree with you, darling, about what Jim said. I suppose you'll have babies; your poor Daddy would have liked it. I advise two, since you've all you want in the material way to help you with the trials of maternity. And babies hold a man,

my pet. If Jim expects you to, I should have one at once. There are a lot of girls envying your luck, you know—and a bride should become a wife and look after her marital property!!! . . . For all the gaiety of those exclamation marks, Della Randel was writing seriously, and both knew it.

Silence between them.

He read right on to the last page, which she most deliberately turned for him, all the while leaning against him. Then she curled her lip.

"The last generation! . . . What an outlook!"

"It's the real outlook," he said profitably.

"To you—not to me. To you and Mother and poor old Daddy, of course. Not to us!"

One nervous, strong little hand dropped to the dressing-table, beat a tattoo on the letter lying there. The finger-tips paused, as if sensing what they rested upon—what particular message or greeting. But Bellane did not notice that. This problem, sharp and deep, weighted each of them.

But he knew that his weight was heavier than hers. She shook it off—obsolete old problem! Like the rest of her lot, she was, literally and metaphorically, air-minded. She dropped useless ballast, rose and flew on wings that he would fain keep folded.

Jim pictured Mrs. Randel penning that letter in a cushiony drawing-room, comforted even in her bereavement, because so secure about her daughter, giving advice as an elder matron to a young one.

He said: "Hardly the time to discuss it further, perhaps, angel."

"Angel, no time like the present. Let's have it out, put it behind us quickly."

"The child?" He tried to smile.

"The idea."

"Very well, darling."

She moved from him; as she went she swept up all the letters into a handful, and took them with her to the drawing-room.

Her husband was following her closely.

Drifting idly about the room—anything rather than keep still to meet his eyes, his questions, his touch—she began to fold up the letters meticulously one by one and to tuck them into the silk bag that matched her dinner frock.

The lady's maid—luxury that her husband provided for her—had, at her instructions, taken the smaller vanity trinkets from the blue morocco bag of honeymoon travels, and put them in here; the slim cigarette case and powder case of platinum with her initials in paste—Jim's gift. The lipstick . . . and incidentally a key.

About the key, to-night, this first night of coming home, Doris' fingers lingered.

The key of Jim's bachelor flat. Given into her keeping! Inside the bag, her fingers folded Terry Waters' letter round it. They had affinity, the letter and the key.

Terry had dared to write: ". . . So you are home, my dearest? I love you more! Do you see? by now, my sweet, that you have made a big mistake? Perhaps not yet, but when you see it, here I am . . ."

The door opened at the end of the long room.

"Dinner is served, madam," said the butler.

She went in to dinner, smiling, hand in hand with Jim, like a bride without a care.

While she sat close to him at the great round table, laughing and talking, sipping champagne, eating a melting-ripe melon, and sole, and baby chickens and his cook's own special ice pudding, so lovely and so gay, she was continuing with her hard,

clear, young analysis: "He's getting happy again. Poor sweet. He thinks I'm thrilled to death with sitting at my own table, with the mere fact of having a table. He thinks I'll be tamed by possessions; he really thinks my lot care about such things . . . How can he have forgotten? Or was it so different in his day?"

But somewhere in this analysis Doris was wrong. She was not the only dissembler under the proud, admiring eyes of the butler.

For Bellane was not happy.

And when he had peeled her peach, made her try his port, which was the pride of his considerable cellar, and seen her ready to rise and go, he said as he opened the door for her: "I'll join you in a few minutes, dear"—the first time he had lingered thus alone after dinner since their marriage.

But when she had left him, going her way out to the starlit terrace, he did not linger in the dining-room at all. He went quickly and quietly to the library, knowing urgently what he wanted to do. It had been a room of peace—now devastated by this strange, strong tempest of doubts and fears. He closed the door, went to his telephone, called up Helen Forrest. Anxiety loomed absurdly in his mind till he heard her soothing voice replying. He said: "Yes, we're home . . . Sweet of you about the flowers . . . No, I won't call my wife . . . Helen, I must talk to you . . . When? . . . Lunch to-morrow, not too far from the city, please. Please. But, Helen, listen . . ."

So Helen stood there, with Westward looking at her, sitting forward on the couch, elbows on knees, and looking at him, seeing him clearly, consciously—and ridiculously, as if for the first time—she was saying now: "No, Jim, I am sorry. No. Quite impossible. I go abroad early to-morrow for . . . I don't know how long. Good luck. And good-night."

She hung up the receiver, held out her hand.

Westward jumped up and took it.

"So, Helen! You run away from both of us?"

"Jim can't follow."

"What does that mean?" (Does it mean . . . I can? he thought.)

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Let me go," she said. "Good-night, dear Mat. Au'voir to you, too."

And just for a moment they stood thus, in a silence.

"Even Bellane finds you hard to forget, Helen," he said, and went out.

But he telephoned to her next morning to ask the order of her going; and, between patients, he managed to see to her comforts, and put flowers in her arms.

As Helen left London, Doris came into it, driven fast in the Rolls.

Her last night's "cri du coeur" to Terry—

which, while her husband lingered in his library, she had sent a servant out to post—

had brought his voice over her telephone wire early this morning as she still lay in bed.

Again her husband, fortunately, was not at her side. Business man, he was in his bath, going to catch his usual train, leaving her to think and to think.

Ah, but now here was Terry.

Over the wire his resilient voice came, fierce and firm.

"Doris, dear."

"Terry, dear."

"When can I see you?"

"At once," she said, very quietly.

The decision was sudden, calm and cool and irrevocable. A moment before she had not known that she could make it.

He urged: "I'm already at the office. I'm an early man—not like the nabobs. Nabob?"

He meant Jim.

"I know, my dear," she said quietly. "But what spare time have you during the day?"

"One hour for lunch." It was very definite.

Unnecessary even to think the question: "And what spare money?"

HE had no spare money at all. He was penniless—by Jim's standards—and young and impossible by her mother's standards; young and now gorgeously desirable by her own.

So she arranged to pick him up outside his office at one o'clock.

"Live! Live!" she kept thinking. "Live! Live! Live!"

And life for youth was an affair of sensations—of thrills, madness, laughter and glory. So much to be done before a girl should set her feet into the ordered paths beside a Jim Bellane. Mere material luxuries were redundant. Or, rather, they suffered hopelessly by comparison with the fine, grand laughing things to be grasped at and enjoyed first. Presently, when one was old, perhaps they would take first place. Presently! Presently! Presently!

Not now.

Her heart was full of what she was going to do during the next three hours; of Terry, whom she now knew so urgently she wanted to see again more than anyone in the world.

At the same time there ran in her a strong, subtle undercurrent of warning. She was not all reckless; she knew that she had to be careful. It was better—she did not say this deliberately to herself, but knew it with every sense and fibre of her being—that she should make a pretext of her mother.

That was so proper a gesture, so entirely good an explanation of her rushing up to town on the first morning after she, a bride, had come into her new home.

No sooner, in fact, had the car returned from the station, to which it had carried the master, than she had sent an order for it to await her.

But now it was all very natural, for in the morning post there had come from dear Mummy another letter yet, following on the one which she and Jim had read together last night. Here was Mummy extolling the generosity, the tact, and the executiveness of her new son-in-law, and so much longing to see her daughter again, and tell her all his goodness which, Mummy would be bound, he kept, all too modestly, secret.

Besides, Mrs. Randel was established already in her new flat, solely because her excellent son-in-law's excellent and expert solicitors instantly pulled a purchaser for the Maida Vale house from their pocket. Miraculously it had already been sold, lock, stock, and barrel, except for such furnishings as Mrs. Randel had chosen to take with her to this smaller home. So she must show to Doris, please!

The flat was not far removed from the pleasant avenue where they had lived before. She could deal with the same local tradespeople, go for the same walks, wake up and see the same roofs and spires about her, and the tree tops of gardens adjacent, anyway, to the gardens of neighbors over which she had been able to look for the last ten years.

"I shall be able to stay with them often in Surrey," Mrs. Randel had thought, as by

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request, a friend, wealthier than she, had driven her past Mayday House, on which she had looked with lively gratification. "They're on their honeymoon now," she had been able to say. "He's taken his car and chauffeur and they're having a divine time."

It had been lazy and silly of Doris not to explore the house from top to toe before marriage—mulcting her mother of the pleasure. But, then, that was the laconic way of the modern girl.

Yet, for uneasy reasons, it would be best to see her soon, very soon; and so Mrs. Randal was more than pleased when, at 11.30 on the summer morning after the honeymooners returned, a Rolls Royce car drew up below, and her radiant daughter stepped out.

She was not long with her mother, only just long enough to be able to say, across the dinner table to-night: "I ran up to town, Jim, to see Mother, and lunched with her."

Meanwhile . . .

Servants had to be considered. Suddenly she hated this scheming and lying, was ruthlessly impatient with it. It wasn't funny, not the kind of joke that one made and laughed about afterwards. Lies were light, amusing, trivial, blatant, shameless . . . a lie could be one of a dozen brands.

All this was just rather shameful duplicity. Double-dealing.

She took up the speaking tube, told the chauffeur to drive to her club, and call for her again there in three hours.

From the club presently she took a taxi-cab.

"AND how is marriage, Doris?"

"There aren't words to describe it, Terry."

"So bad as that?"

"So . . . little . . . so unimportant . . . as that."

"My dear!"

Looking at each other across the length of Bellane's fine Indian hearthrug, their eyes went on talking with a candor entirely of to-day. Their poise, as each waited there for some drastic word or movement from the other, was free, unaffected.

They had not shaken hands, or touched each other in any way, as she opened the door of her husband's abandoned bachelor flat to him, and led the way into that deserted sitting-room. The place was cleaned and polished by a good caretaker; otherwise it was clear and expressionless to receive them and the impression they might make upon it.

No aura of Jim Bellane remained.

It was just an empty, bachelor flat.

Terry's eyes shifted in a quick survey.

"What exactly is this dive?"

"There was no self-excuse in her voice:

"My husband's old flat. It's to let, of course; but it hasn't let yet. On our wedding day he gave me the key of it—partly as a joke."

"Joke?"

"I'd been . . . jealous. Not so much as he thought—but still . . . jealous."

She uttered the word at once cynically and naively, as if marvelling at it.

"Jealous?"

He repeated it cynically, too, marvelling, too; then he laughed.

"I don't wonder you laugh," she said. "I've laughed at myself since."

"Didn't you know that the boot would be entirely on the other leg?"

"Actually, Terry, fool that I was—temporarily besotted, demented fool—I didn't."

He seized quickly upon that, while, miraculously, they still stood the hearthrug's length apart.

"What's that you say? You were besotted, demented, foolish about an old man like Bellane?"

"He isn't old."

"Look at me," he commanded. "Is Bellane old?"

Her eye fell down Terry's splendid person, square young shoulders, lean thighs, winged feet; and rested again on his face, which was the face of life itself. She murmured: "He is old."

"Then go on, Doris, tell me; we'll have it out. What were you demented about? You were not in love with him? Go on, go on," he kept saying.

"I was in love with the whole of it," said Doris brusquely.

"The money," Terry said, "the Rolls Royce, the big house, the furs and things"—his eyes rested on the sable cape which hung open over her summer frock, and their gaze grew heavy.

She felt the weight of his look, which made the sable cape very heavy, too.

"You don't realise the half," she said;

"those are some of the things, they bring so many other things with them. There seemed no end to the luxuries and the pleasure and the fun; and Jim was part of it all. He is experienced, he knows the world, he seemed so lovely to go about with—so different, you know, Terry, so different—"

"So different from fellows like me, without a penny to spend, taking you out in Soho places, or having a bottle of beer and a sandwich on the roadside when we could get hold of any old rattletrap to run you out of London in. Fellows without even"—he paused—"a dress coat to their backs. You are not in love now, are you?"

Her sigh expressed resigned amazement.

"Tell me what you know."

"Waste of time, Terry," she answered; "it is plain, isn't it, that marriage must teach one a great many things if one hasn't the sense to learn them before?"

She went on: "It was in Berlin that I met Jim," Doris said irrevocably.

Terry nodded. "After you came back, of course, I heard about it. Jasmine Mirka told me a lot one day when I saw her having a sandwich in a bar off Charlotte Street; and then—somehow I was always inquiring, I seemed to hear such a lot—and at last I got hold of that Mrs. Forrest, and tried to meet Bellane through her, and there was that evening when I took her to dinner and there you were with him! Showing me your engagement ring!"

"Well, you didn't write," she murmured.

"Showing me your engagement ring, meaning to say, 'Look at that, you fellow who didn't write to me.'"

"Not quite like that," said Doris, almost humbly. "It went rather differently. I had forgotten—"

"Forgotten all the old times under the stars, walking over the pine needles, getting sixty an hour out of a car that couldn't do forty, driving along, singing in the wind, having our beer and our bread and cheese at any chance pub, and loving each other all the time, though we never said so, because it seemed as if we didn't have to say so—you forgot all that!"

"Because," she explained, "there was a new experience, a new adventure, Terry. It was such a new life; and Jim made love to me, and you didn't—at least, you didn't really. You didn't make me"—her voice

trailed off—"Jim seemed to make me," she finished.

They were a little nearer now; the whole length of the hearthrug was no longer between them.

He said quietly and quickly, as if uttering preliminaries that were better got over and put behind them: "You—a girl of twenty-two, marrying a man of forty-six . . .!"

"Forty-seven now."

"Forty-seven. You marrying a man of that age. Does he know you're in town to-day?"

"I shall mention that I saw Mother this morning."

"What about this key of yours, Doris?"

"He's forgotten it."

"Do you think so?"

"I CAN make him forget it, any time I choose."

His eyes met hers again, stormily understanding.

"That's nearer the truth!"

Still they stood apart.

"A rich man's bachelor quarters," Terry mused, and looked round him again.

His eyes came back to her; they could not leave her long.

They stood close together.

She trembled. "You wrote to me, Terry, too late; at last, you wrote."

"And you telephoned me, Doris."

"Yes. Why did you?"

"And why did you?"

He took her hands.

"Come, don't be afraid. We're not Edwardians."

"Edwardians weren't afraid. You're thinking of Victorians."

"Don't hedge. Why did you telephone me?"

"You tell me first why you wrote to me like that."

"Oh, how coy!" he scorned her hesitation ruthlessly. "That husband of yours is training you already to be the mealy-mouthed little matron . . . I wrote to you like that because I love you."

"I telephoned you because I—"

"Be quick. Say it."

There was a sound of doors opening, chink of china. It was a service flat. She had ordered luncheon. The blandest of waiters entered with a tray held aloft.

"Smoke?" Doris invited casually, opening a box on the mantelpiece with a steady hand.

Yes. There were cigarettes there—Jim's own expensive blend, fat ones, left over since—before the wedding.

What an age ago!

Terry lighted one for each of them. His hand, too, was quite steady.

The servant glanced at young Mrs. Bellane, whom he now saw for the first time.

"Cocktails, madam? Or a glass of sherry?"

"Cocktails. Is there anything here?"

"Not in the flat, madam. None left. I'll bring two. Martini, Bronx, Manhattan, Swedish Punch?"

"Very dry Martini."

"For me, too, please," said Terry, with the conventional smile of guest to hostess.

"Very good, madam. If you are going to use the flat again, madam, shall I order in the selection we generally have from Mr. Bellane's usual people?"

"No, thank you."

The servant left them, and again their eyes met. In them was the subtle, uneasy

acknowledgment that they owed this environment to Jim.

They heard another rattle of china.

"It's nice here," said Terry, once more in his slightly cynical, unconsciously resentful voice. "Comfortable. Convenient. I've never had quarters in the West End. I suppose your Rolls awaits you?"

"All that's nothing, Terry."

"You mean that, Doris?"

"I mean it, I think . . ."

What did she think? He finished for her: "You think! You think! Doris! You know we're too young to care—you and I—for all that!"

She looked at him, and for the first time in his knowledge of her, he saw her blue eyes wet with tears. It nearly unnerved him. He stammered: "We don't care for Rolls-Royces, West End flats; we're rich enough without."

"That's just what I was going to say I thought."

Her tears were gone, her lips laughed.

The servant returned.

She knew that what Terry said was true.

It had taken her marriage with Bellane to show her how to compare mere intrinsic values with the deeper, warmer, subtler values of the heart.

The waiter had brought a fine hock on his own initiative.

"This is a favorite with Mr. Bellane, madam."

How smooth he was! The smoothness of his service almost took the awkwardness from the words. Lunch proceeded. She didn't care for wine, but Terry drank it.

His enjoyment of it made her realise how frugally he probably lunched when alone. His pocket was, no doubt, as light to-day as other days. But little realisations like that meant nothing to her.

They were rich! Rich!

"There isn't a lot of time," he had to remind her, his eyes on the clock.

No, not much time.

He was what was called a wage slave. Gay Terry. Dear, hot-hearted Terry!

No matter.

"Not so many jobs going if you lose out on what you've got," he informed her.

HE observed her sharply, and saw that she did not care. Indeed, she was a new Doris.

The coffee arrived at that moment, and she ordered abruptly: "Leave it." The tray was placed before her, and again the servant went out.

Both of them watched the door closing, listened for the click of the latch. "He may have his ear to the keyhole," Terry said very low, and moved towards her. "But he can't see us, anyway."

They were in each other's arms.

"Now say it," he ordered.

She said it: "I love you."

"Now we don't want to talk any more," he whispered, his lips on hers.

She whispered back, with difficulty: "We must. We've said nothing yet."

"Nothing more to say. Nothing practical. I couldn't keep you, Doris."

"I'll be poor with you."

The look on his face showed her she did not know what she was talking about.

"If only I'd a bit of money, Doris! I know a fine junior partnership to be bought for a thousand pounds . . .! However, that's out of the question. Failing that—if only I'd just a little sum in hand! Just a balance at the bank! Something to tide us over . . ."

"What then, Terry?"

"Then you'd come to me at once. If you didn't, I'd fetch you."

"I've only a little money . . ." she began to think, too. "My allowance is paid quarterly. I nearly spent the first quarter's money abroad, buying presents to bring home."

"We've got to think it all out," he said quietly, desperately. "We've got to wait."

The clock had a soft chime, but it was startling, none the less. And he must go.

VERY properly Doris called for her husband in the City so that they could drive home together. He would have asked her to do that had he known that she was coming up to town, and some new wisdom born of her new necessity for caution told her so. So she gave the chauffeur the order, and was soon driving Citywards, outwardly serene and composed. She hoped that the chauffeur would misread, if he noticed, that glorification on her face. He might readily put it down to her pleasure at going to meet his magnificent master.

Doris came into the pleasant offices, this time, in the new importance of her rights there.

How delighted he was to-day at her unexpected appearance! How almost wistfully pleased by her rushed explanation.

"Darling, I had another letter from Mums this morning—I told you before you went out, but I hadn't read it then, and she seemed so eager to see me—"

"Good girl. I hope you found her happy."

"Oh, ever so happy, angel, and ever so grateful to you."

"Bosh!" said Bellane, and heard the nervous tone of his own voice. "Your mother's part of my job now, my sweet. Do you want me to come home early with you?"

"Oh, if you can, Jim."

"Of course I can," he almost stammered. "It still feels like honeymoon time to me, and I haven't settled down to work to-day at all."

He touched his bell. In came his secretary, with a smile of admiring propitiation for Mrs. Jim.

"Quite alarmed about me, aren't you, Miss Rogers?" Bellane smiled. Then he watched his wife shake hands with the secretary and heard with pleased surprise the amiable exchange of words.

Doris was so prettily right. She came into this office just as a nice wife should come in—if she came in at all. Oh, she would settle down! And in high good humor—his moods were astonishingly variable these days—he told the secretary that he was crying off. He sent for his hat and stick, and then, arm in arm with his lovely wife, he left.

"Well, this is jolly, dearest," he said, as they settled in their seats behind a quietly beaming chauffeur.

She would have liked to lean back in the corner of the suavely running car, seeing the hedges and trees flit by in silence, dreaming. So much of which to dream, to-day! But Bellane was there, gay and tender, talking to her, quite amusingly. He was a witty man.

Yes, he talked amusingly—only he did not use her language.

They were nearly at the house; the car was turning into the short drive through the grounds, when quite suddenly he startled her:

"Oh, sweetheart, by the way, do you remember my giving you a key?"

Her heart hardened at once—not against

him, except that it hardened in the cause of Terry and herself. Her heart was very ruthless. "I have to be ruthless," she thought.

While she pretended to forget, to hesitate, to remember the key, he went on:

"It doesn't matter if you've lost it . . ."

"I'm afraid I have," she said.

"Doesn't matter a bit. Keys are easily made. Only, I think the flat's let. You'll be glad to hear that."

The flat was let!

She stepped out of the car in silence, his hand under her elbow.

She sighed sharply.

"Tired, love?"

How he noticed every little mood, whim, tone, action, look! This had begun heavily to oppress her. There was no easy, casual freedom between them. All the time he noticed—noticed—noticed!

"Don't you know by now, Jim, that I can't be tired?"

"Oh, she's a smaller girl than she thinks," he said hopefully, "a much smaller girl."

She ground her teeth and smiled.

"Must dress," she said.

"Not yet. There's sherry for you on the terrace."

She wanted any excuse to leave him, to be alone, to think again. But going out with him to the terrace rather than argue, she sat beside him, looking out, how blindly he did not guess, over the blue distances of the summer hills.

"It's an evening to make one dream."

The words occurred to her and she spoke them. He was pleased at once, as he always was—she knew—at signs of softness or sentiment in her.

"Yes. Isn't it?" And he said hintingly: "This is going to be a very special evening, darling."

"Oh! Why?"

"Be a good little girl, and wait and see."

"It's all I can do, if you won't tell me," she smiled carefully.

"I made a packet in the city to-day," he observed.

His eyes gleamed.

"A packet?"

He smiled. "Yes. Had a good day."

"Oh, splendid!" she faltered. Her lips were extraordinarily dry.

"You shall think so, my sweet. Yes, you'll think it quite splendid soon."

She sprang up and hurried in, looking back to call something over her shoulder, anything to keep him out there, keep him from following her.

He had made a packet!

More money! More money! More money!

The wrong man had made a packet.

In the long, low bedroom, looking west into the sunset, her maid was waiting.

The bath—a private bathroom of her own—was ready, scented for her.

The black gown she was going to wear lay on the wide low bed, snake-like, soft, sophisticated.

The order of her dressing went easily thus, without effort, without thought.

The only thought, apart from Terry, which came to her definitely, was: "How Mums would enjoy this lotus life."

Yes. Her mother would have enjoyed it. Having everything fetched and carried. It was only a supple, restless girl who undervalued these benefits.

She sent her maid away.

When Bellane slipped in, smiling, pleased and more confident with life again, for she had been so very soft and sweet on the homeward drive—she was sitting idly with

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her hands before her on her lap. Her stillness struck him with a faint wonder.

He came up behind her, regarding her over her shoulder, in the mirror.

"I always like black," he said reflectively, and she thought: "Yes, men of his age always do."

It was her mother who had guided her to include as many as three black outfits in her trousseau. "You'll find Jim likes black . . . Men do."

Suddenly she wished to defy him in sharp, shouting colors.

It was hard to keep her heart disciplined and quiet.

"Besides, it will show off something I have here," he added.

There was a flat oblong parcel in his hand.

She turned on the long dressing stool with a little suitable cry of interest, and he sat down on the stool close against her to open the parcel. Unwrapped, it was revealed as a shallow jeweller's case.

"I told you I'd had a grand day," he said. His eyes smiled at her from his set, good-looking face, and she looked at the network of dry wrinkles at their corners. His voice softened. "Buying this for you was the grandest part of it."

Pearls!

A perfect row of them, linked at the back with a small emerald clasp. A beautifully graduated row.

"The emerald matches your engagement ring, sweet."

She was very still, her head bent, staring at the necklace. He could see the straight, white line of her hair parting, on either side of which the sleek waves rose thick, vital, young.

Ah! how he adored her youth!

Women with greying hair, women with greying hair disguised with tints—however cleverly—he didn't want them. He wanted a girl!

"Like it, darling?"

Her head was still bent. "How could I help it?"

"I wanted to give you pearls for your wedding day, you remember, but you chose a car."

"Yes."

"And, by the way, the car comes home to-morrow. It was only your exigencies about the bodywork that kept it back so long. You are an exigent young woman, aren't you?"

"To you I am," she thought.

But the only answer she gave him was to lift her head and smile. It was the strangest smile, in spite of her efforts to keep it natural.

"However, it's in time for you, isn't it?" he said. "You didn't want it on the honeymoon, and you've had the Rolls."

The phrase struck her subtly.

"Yes, Jim, dear. Of course it's in time." "It's licensed and insured to the hilt—or rather, to the hub," he smiled. "You've only got to drive it."

"Thank you, Jim."

The pearls were still between them. "Well," he said, "can I put these on? You're wearing your ring, aren't you?"

"No."

She had taken it off for the meeting with Terry.

"To please me," he coaxed.

She pulled her small jewel case to her—it was on the dressing-table, took out the ring and slipped it on her finger. Vividly she remembered the night she had first worn it—at Signor's. She had been happy,

triumphant; in love with this man beside her; in love with all she imagined he was and would be.

"What are you thinking of?" he questioned her a little flurriedly.

How could she tell him? She couldn't. "I was thinking you're too good—give me too much—these pearls—they must have cost the earth."

"Oh, well, never mind that." He made a little deprecatory gesture. "All the same, take care of 'em. Of course, they're insured, anyway . . ."

Oh, his cautions! His middle-age! And again she knew herself wrong. He was right to reckon, to calculate, to insure the precious things which his money had bought.

He told her: "They cost a thousand pounds."

A thousand pounds.

His young wife was suddenly, surprisingly, in floods of hysterical tears.

THERE was at least one resilient quality in Jim Bellane. Westward thought, after he had listened to him for a short while in his consulting room the next morning.

It was twelve-thirty. They had been sitting together for a quarter of an hour, Bellane doing most of the talking.

He had telephoned Westward late last night, after Doris had gone to bed in the most incalculable of humors—glittering hard and bright after her so surprising tears: "Must see you, Westward. Must. To-morrow at twelve?" And that morning he had had to rush his work in the city, to dash to the West End, and be in that consulting room at the appointed hour.

There had seemed a good deal to tell, puzzling to him, which, now that he was here, he disliked telling Westward.

"She—er—wants to fly, you know."

"She has good nerves. She'll make a fine pilot."

He looked at Mat Westward narrowly.

"You don't suppose I'm going to let her?"

"Why not? The danger? That's minimised these days. Is it the danger?"

But Westward knew it was not. It was the unpalatable idea of Doris doing something different, something more, than her husband had done. She wanted to leave him earthbound while she took the skies. He was feeling in his heart that she would always be flying out of reach. And he hated to see her youth craving for an adventure from which his middle-age shrank.

"Oh, well, Mat. There's surely things a young married woman might think about doing before learning to fly. I hope she sees that now."

"Does she? I remember you meant to form her mind."

Bellane looked at him narrowly again; no humor in him. He was in the touchiest of moods, like a shying horse.

"Mat, I must say I've no use for that sort of—joke, I suppose you consider it."

"What do you want, Jim?"

"Don't let's talk about me," Bellane fumed. "It's my wife I want to talk about."

"Ah! I hadn't gathered that."

"She's not very—very—well."

"I'm sorry."

"She can't be well. She was in tears last night."

Westward looked impassively at Bellane.

"What do you want me to tell you?"

Westward asked. "You want me to humor you with the usual lies; well, I'm not going to. I'm your friend. You want to tie your wife down, to anchor her somehow, to

make her captive, clip her wings. Don't do it. Stand up to what you've done and take your risks. She should have married a young man and you a woman nearer your own age."

Bellane said savagely: "A man keeps young . . ."

"Trash, and you know it. The bald-headed, slack-muscled old dodderers who come in here teasing me that men don't age would make me laugh, if I weren't so confoundedly sorry for 'em."

"I'm not bald-headed, nor slack-muscled. You can try me any time!"

But Mat Westward only smiled.

"You're having the devil of a job to keep up. You're like a woman fighting an extra hour every day to prevent her double chin, her crow's feet, her grey hair."

And then, quite suddenly, Jim Bellane's anger petered out. He cried: "How I'd like to go and talk it all over with Helen!"

Westward jumped up, too, a red glint in his eye.

"Helen's out of your reach—too far off for you to worry her."

"Where is she?" Bellane asked almost breathlessly.

"Dresden at the present moment."

"Her address? I'd like to write. She'd help."

"She would not. She is escaping at last, thank Heaven, from her delusions."

They looked at each other frankly and fiercely.

"You've heard of her?" Bellane demanded.

"Tell me."

Westward took a letter out of a pigeon-hole of his great desk very deliberately.

"You can read it."

"She writes to you?"

"She writes to me."

Bellane took the letter.

" . . . This place enchants me again,"

Helen wrote. "I'm staying at that lovely hotel looking over the Elbe. There are people I know here . . . You were so right, dear Mat, to tell me to go right away to regain myself. I am regained! I've been gazing for hours at the Botticellis and the Raphaels and the Canalettos. There's a lovely Vecchia I could look at for days . . . The river is full of bronzed gods and goddesses any age from eight to eighteen, diving, swimming, clambering on the lovely barges that go drifting along to the far off sea. I'm going to Italy, I think, next. I'm going to paint again. To Monte Carlo for September, perhaps—a nice time to be there, though most of you don't think so. I'm joining old friends . . . the world is full again, Mat dear. I've been a fool . . . I was in need of your wise, drastic orders. I live, I enjoy every moment . . . Better than that, I've laughed at myself. How I've laughed . . ."

Helen had changed.

And for an astonishing moment the work seemed to Bellane to rock.

She, the unchangeable, the faithful, had changed.

Then he said: "She used to write wonderful letters when she was a girl—to me."

"And now to me," Westward answered.

"It's my turn."

And Bellane felt an unjustified sickness at his heart as he said briefly: "You want to marry Helen, Mat?"

And Westward answered roughly: "Many men do. But what's that to you—who adore your wife?"

"Yes, I adore my wife," Bellane said thickly. He went away then, without a

handgrip, too sore and too shaken out of his lifelong confidence.

So Mat wanted to marry her?

"Many men do," whispered a voice in his ear.

He walked very slowly, fagged and worried.

Helen had laughed at herself, had she?

Laughed because of her long-lived affection for himself?

Of course, he had known that she loved him. He knew so much about women . . . so much.

And so little?

So he went home. In those fancifully restored beliefs in the infallible efficacy of gifts, of cars, of luxury, of pearls, and of himself, he came back to Mayday House just before sunset on another perfect evening.

THE cocktail tray waited on the terrace; the butler followed his master thither with the shaker.

"Mrs. Bellane?"

He still liked saying "Mrs. Bellane." That showed the boyishness in him—and he was conscious of it every time. He wasn't old! Middle-age was as yet only a phantom to be scared away.

"Madam left in her new car this morning, sir, driving herself, leaving a note. No other message."

For a moment the noise of the ice rattled in the shaker was the only sound in the air. Then: "Bring the note," Bellane said in a quiet, fallen voice, and with a quiet, fallen face he took it when it came.

He seemed to hear himself again declaiming to Westward: "I adore my wife!" Oh, he adored her. He adored her. And suddenly he shivered, in the heat of the summer evening.

The servant hurried away from what, instinctively, he feared was tragedy.

The letter sheet looked to Bellane as enduring as a tablet of stone in his hand, its contents indestructibly unforgettable.

"I've gone," wrote Doris, "to Terry Waters. We love each other. The car, as you said, was just in time. And you said it was mine—without conditions—like the pearls. I'm taking the pearls back to the place where you bought them. I telephoned the people this morning, and they're buying them back, less the profit they had from you, I suppose. There will be nearly a thousand for Terry and me. If we hadn't both been so poor I know now that we should have married before I met you. Now I know I'd rather be poor than . . ." Of the following words he thought blindly, scarified: "How can she write them?" not guessing, not able to see that, now, she hated him with a positive hatred, hated him for his power of purchase, for his acts of purchase, for his beliefs that any woman could be purchased.

She wrote on: "We'll let your lawyers now where we are. Please divorce me."

And she wrote in her high-handed young fashion:

"For any sake, please don't make a fuss and a furor of it. It's the simplest thing to my lot. I assure you. You won't dress it up in Edwardian frills, will you, much as you would like to? Don't dramatise it and yourself."

"I suppose you've been kind. If so, I thank you . . ."

The letter dropped from his hand, fluttered to the cocktail tray.

"Kind," he repeated to himself.

She thought of his overwhelming infatuation, his love, as "kindness."

Well, it was not her brand of love.

He sighed dazedly. She preceded her thanks for all he had done, all he had given her, with the word "if." "If" the thanks were due!

So there must be a divorce?

He suffered. His male pride was like a living organ of his body, and it was stabbed. It was in definite agony.

He had got up more stiffly than he had ever moved before, as if the mere realisation had aged him, as if some sap had drained out of him, and went indoors.

Twice he had shut himself carefully alone into the library to telephone—once to Helen, then to Westward. Now he called the doctor's number again. He was in.

"Mat, Jim speaking. Sorry I was such a fool this morning."

He heard his own voice, little more than a bleat of fear.

"What's up, Jim? How's your wife?"

"I'm alone."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

He shouted it without knowing that he shouted.

"Tell me straight away," said Westward. Bellane was terribly heated, and mopped sweat from his brow.

"My wife has left me. Irrevocably."

"Irrevocably is a long word," said Westward dryly.

"I ought to go off to my lawyers, Mat? Do what is called the right thing?"

"That's for you to say."

Bellane pricked up his ears, and said: "So it is. It is!"

IN the following morning he did not go to his lawyers. He recovered a great fighting weapon, his splendid vanity. Not for him the premature publishing of such humiliation; not for him the relinquishing of a boasted prize, at least, not so soon in the day.

He was shocked, hurt, outraged to the core of him, and yet, the part of him that most clamored to be saved was his vanity.

Bellane drove straight to his mother-in-law.

Mrs. Randel was arranging flowers.

It was clear at the first glance that she knew nothing of what had happened, was feeling serene, content, had readjusted her conditions of living, was looking forward to a future more or less unimpaired by recent loss. For a moment this disconcerted Bellane. It meant that he would have to break the appalling news to her himself—so soon.

Because, as a family woman, she was immensely clever, Della Randel sensed instantly that there was trouble. Not little troubles, but something big that walked with her son-in-law into her pleasing room.

"My dear boy!" She held her hands out with a small sound of pleasure, cooing, and received his kiss on her cheek.

But he wouldn't have kissed her—he was too shaken, and she felt it before their hands touched—had her gesture of affection not invited, insisted upon his.

And the kiss, gentle and kind and familiar, helped him.

He looked at her with dazed eyes, and with dazed eyes about the room. Again, as in the Maida Vale house, just such a room as he would like his wife's mother to have; cosy and feminine and intimate and restful.

And yet . . . and yet . . .

This woman, with her pleasing, harmonious, modest rooms, had bred Doris.

"You've come alone?" she said.

So he answered quickly: "I am alone."

This made a small silence between them, and enabled them, when the silence ended, to break swiftly into his tragedy.

"Where's Doris, dear Jim?"

Again he could reply in quick, concise revealing words.

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"We're only just home," he said, "and yet she has left me."

Mrs. Randel paled. She put one of her small hands on her breast in an appealing gesture. In her widow's gown, with its touches of white, she appealed then, as some one infinitely lonely, to be protected.

Into Bellane's mind stole the thought that, instead of hastily breaking the bad news of the dreadful injury Doris had done him, and going harshly away, Della Randel and he could comfort and help each other.

There was no outcry of: "But why?" or "I don't believe you!" or anything of the sort; only just that hand caught to a pained maternal breast.

"Sit down, dear boy," she said wisely and gently.

"It's hard to tell you," he said.

"It mustn't be hard to tell me, Jim," she answered, and with that answer established herself as one with a prior reason and claim in his life, unalterable by such vagaries as they were to discuss. She kept, with that soft answer, her position as mother-in-law, to whom, quite rightly, he should come first with any tale of marital distress.

So soon he was telling her, with a fluency of which he would not have believed himself capable in such an hour, more than he knew he told.

To say that Mrs. Randel was shocked, outraged, surprised, is a mild description of her feeling and her temper; but she kept her wits, she kept her voice soft, and her hands still, folded in her lap, on that pathetic black frock.

From any point of worldly wisdom naturally she would be his ally; but she showed that her heart was with him, too.

When his voice ceased she was ready to talk, and to talk to some effect.

YOU say, dear Jim, that you had thought of putting this into the hands of your lawyers?"

"Isn't that right?" he muttered reluctantly. "Don't you think that would be fair to Doris?"

"Most unfair, dear boy. She loves you."

"Loves me?"

"I want you to let me convince you," said Mrs. Randel, steadying her pretty voice, "first of all, and at once, that Doris isn't in love with this young man Waters. Exactly why she has made this dreadful mistake, I can't tell you. I saw her only for a short while the day before yesterday, and that was our first little chat together since the wedding. But you, Jim dear, you have grown to know her so well, can't you think of anything that happened—perhaps on your honeymoon—honeymoons aren't always the easiest things to manage—some little episode that might have hurt a silly, sensitive girl very much?"

Mrs. Randel felt Bellane's hand start slightly under hers. So there was something that he could remember, which she could perhaps make a peg, however insecure, on which to hang some cause for Doris' misdoings. She kept her eyes on his face.

"There's no doubt of it," said Mrs. Randel. "It was not your fault a bit, my dear, but one of those mysterious, distress-

ing little misunderstandings which occur on so many honeymoons." She would give most of the blame to Doris, and then carefully qualify it.

"I'm afraid, Jim, they have to be allowed their tragic mistakes. This is a very, very big mistake that your silly wife has made, and she will soon know it."

"You think—?"

"I don't only think, I know," said Mrs. Randel. "She has an idea that you don't really care for her enough, and she is madly in love with you. She is jealous of you, and everything you do and say."

He was conscious of a breathless pleasure as he listened.

"She has made this silly gesture of running away from you with a boy with whom she has simply nothing in common. The car and the necklace—ah, that is very dreadful, Jim, but girls in love do dreadful things when they want to hurt someone."

"I must have blundered," he said slowly, and with pleasure, already ineffably comforted.

"I can't tell you," Mrs. Randel went on pleasantly, "how much I admire your splendid attitude, Jim."

He had taken no attitude as yet.

"My attitude?" he repeated.

"Inaction," she said emphatically. "It is masterly; it takes a big man to bear it."

He sat down beside her again.

"It is a most wonderful decision," she said, continuing the decision and sequence of events for him. "To go on just as you did before. To wait with perfect dignity, knowing that there is hardly a man on earth who could seriously rival you. To leave her rooms untouched, her things kept ready for her—ah, it is very clever of you, Jim. Very few men would understand what to do."

"But that is what I shall do," he said.

"There is just one little way I might help you, dear," said Mrs. Randel, for an unjustifiable but charming thought had come to her. "Do you think they have gone abroad?"

"I don't know," he said. "I believe the fellow has some position in the City."

"Ah," Mrs. Randel answered, "I can tell you that. I remember Doris once said he is with the firm of Canberry and Canberry, shippers and importers or something."

Indeed, she had always carefully tabulated Doris' young men.

He was on it like a flash. "I do a good bit of business with them."

"You have influence with them, then, Jim?"

"A good deal."

"Since, if the young man is settled there," said Mrs. Randel, "they will unfortunately get to know about this anyway, I would suggest, dear Jim, that it would do no harm if you had a private word with one of the heads of the firm. Of course, I don't know much about these things."

And she looked at him like a very humble little woman indeed.

Bellane said rather huskily: "Old Canberry is a Puritan of Puritans."

"Well, then? And I do think the young man ought to be punished."

"I shall see Canberry this morning," said Bellane, getting up. "I shall ask him to honor my confidence, of course."

"Terry Waters should be dismissed," said Mrs. Randel.

And then she went on, her words those of a very simple woman, but her mind that of a very anxious female Machiavelli: "If Terry Waters lost his job, and if they have

this dreadfully large sum of money in hand, from what I know of them both, I am sure they will go abroad and spend it."

He said abruptly: "I expect you are right, unless she comes back to me first."

"Pride will keep her away from you for just a little time," Mrs. Randel answered quickly.

She went on: "Looking ahead as I am trying to do, dear Jim, I should suggest that if they go abroad—and I feel they will—I should also disappear for a little while. I will willingly go somewhere, to one of the little places on the Riviera, and it can be understood that I have had a breakdown, and you have been brave enough to spare Doris to go with me for a while."

Seeing a look of dignity coming over Bellane's face, and reading it for what it was, the reflection of an offended feeling that he should have to stoop to all these subterfuges for himself, she added: "It would be just like your superb generosity to arrange things somehow like that for Doris. It is very good of you to save her like this, my dear."

"She is my wife," he said. "I shall save her all I can."

"I will count up my pennies, and I am sure I can manage to go off to one of the little quiet places in the South—or even not so far—as soon as you give the word."

"My dear mother-in-law, you must let that be my affair."

She said: "You are wonderful, Jim. Some day Doris will appreciate you as she ought to do."

When he had left her Mrs. Randel cried a little from sheer trepidation.

Bellane went into the City, saw old Canberry, and knew that mid-day would find Terry Waters without a job.

After this he himself somehow accomplished a mighty day's work, and going back to Mayday House he informed his butler: "I fear we shan't expect Mrs. Bellane back for a few weeks. This illness of her mother's is keeping her away."

"I am extremely sorry to hear it, sir," the servant said, perfectly aware that his master's pride was thus handed to his safe keeping.

DORIS went proudly and gloriously to Terry's place in Hammer-smith. She'd never seen its like! "Darling, how exceptionally terrible," she cried in a fresh voice, the voice of one casting off all inhibitions, and went straight into his arms. She had been rash, splendid, reckless, ruthless. All for Terry. He was hard put to it not to fall down and worship her for what she had done, in the medieval way of one's forefathers. How she'd laugh. Bless her!

The following morning Doris put on her good, incongruous clothes, though not the sable cape—that lay in her dressing-bag—and went out to the garage where she had left the new car the evening before.

She drove into the West End, and went straight to the jewellers where Bellane had bought the pearls.

"Yes, I know my husband only bought them the day before yesterday; but I've his permission to bring them back, and have the money instead. I telephoned about it to you yesterday."

Clear-eyed, she lied, for Terry—and herself.

It was because of the respect in which they held their old client Bellane that they returned her the full thousand pounds without further question.

She drove back, after banking the money for the pearls, and, garaging the car, went

distastefully to Terry's room. She carried an armful of flowers to help matters.

Terry had been faintly surprised by her frank horror at first sight of the room the night before, and so she had swiftly camouflaged it. She didn't want to hurt his feelings, nor to let him think her a poor sport.

She ran up the stairs with her extravagant flowers.

Terry stood at the open window of the room, staring out, rigid, silent, his back to the door.

"Darling!" she cried. "You've come all the way back to lunch with me!"

A bitter voice said: "Yes."

She rushed to him and flung a joyful arm about his shoulders, and he turned and looked at her sombrely, with fear.

She had never seen fear in Terry's eyes before.

"Darling?"

"Listen," he said, standing quite still, actually unmoved by her nearness and dearness. "I've lost my job. Sacked, with a week's pay"—he pulled out one of the hands that were thrust deep into his trousers pockets, and showed her three crumpled one pound notes, a ten shilling note, and two half-crowns. She stared down at them, then took the hand and held it in both hers, while she counted the money: "Three pounds fifteen! Is that a week's pay?"

Suddenly he flamed up at her astonishment.

"Why! What do you think I should get? A lot of fellows my age can't make a couple of pounds a week."

"I never thought—"

He flamed up. "No, you don't think, I know that."

"Terry!" she exclaimed furiously.

And then something in his face breaking through its bitter anger, something infinitely wistful, and naive, and loving, went straight to that new protectiveness welling up in her heart. She hadn't exclaimed in horror-struck sympathy about his losing this trifling but seemingly all-important job. How could she be so callous!

"My poor pet, I'm so terribly sorry. Are you going to tell me why?"

"Old Canberry heard about you and me—dunno how. I haven't been careless," he said despairingly.

"Oh, Terry, my precious!" Doris pulled his head down, kissed him, and felt his quick melting. "You'll get another job."

"You don't know what you're talking about, Doris."

"Is it so hard, dearest?"

"Terribly hard," he groaned. "You see, I've never had a chance to specialise, and perhaps I haven't the brain either."

"You've a packet of brains."

"No," he said in a strange, quiet voice. "I haven't. I've brains for life—but that isn't brains for business. I'm dud at things. Old Canberry gave me the job just as a favor—went to school with an uncle of mine or something. I've got no one much belonging to me. You know that."

"All that doesn't matter."

"All that matters a lot when a fellow, like me, isn't anything out of the ordinary."

"You are out of the ordinary, my pet."

"No," he said. "And you don't understand. I was out of work a year after I left school—that uncle sent me to a public school—decent of him. You don't know

what it's like to tramp round asking for work, applying and applying. 'I'm willing to do anything.' 'Well, a lot of 'em will answer you, that means nothing.' And when one hasn't any experience or credentials—

"You have now!"

"Five years' clerking experience. Clerks are two a penny. First, two years with a little firm in Aldersgate; and then six months more out of work . . . Ever been hungry, Doris?"

"No, love," she whispered.

"Thought not. Well, and then three years with old Canberry, and what with me trying my best, and then being a useful left-hand bowler—you know, the night we first met, I'd been down in the country playing cricket for his village—well, what with it all, I kept on his right side. But now . . ."

"Who told him?" she cried in passion.

"You never know. . . . Oh, I dunno. Does it matter? It makes no odds, anyway, I'm sunk."

"You're not! You're not!"

Staring at her lover with new eyes, she saw now the imprint of old experiences and fears and anxieties on his young face. Resilient, he had buoyantly recovered from the first humbling of his boyish heart, five years ago; and again three years ago.

Three years ago. A long time. What had he done with the three years? Humbly he had kept his place, thankful for it, not succeeding in stepping out of it.

Twining her fingers in his, she leaned against him. "Anyway, I sold the pearls back. They gave me the thousand pounds without a question."

"A thousand pounds!" And they both thought perhaps of that "good little junior partnership" he had quoted to her. But there was only one thousand pounds, and besides, they mightn't accept him as a partner in a firm. And besides—his thought—it was her money.

"Terry!"

"What?"

"Luncheon; and a good one. Come on. And then—let's go abroad for a month, take the car, and then—look for a job for you, while Jim divorces me."

"Doris, you're the queen of sports."

Arm tucked in arm, walking clingly, they went out into the sunshine and lunched.

They came back and packed, their aeroplane travel tickets in their pockets. Next day, Terry's passport formalities hurried through, they were driving along the roads of France, to the delectable spot which boasted Doris' favorite golf course, she said. She drove fast and well, and while she drove, Terry plucked at the strings of his mandolin—which he had thrust into the car with the other scant luggage—and sang to her. As he had never been out of England before, and was unaccustomed to the Continental rules of the road, she drove most of the way. Hatless, their hair blowing in enchanted breezes, roof of the car folded back for the sun and air, faces already tanning and glowing.

As time passed by—so swiftly and entrancingly—Doris thought to herself that, desirable as was this life in gay hiding-places, it was surely best to know what her husband intended to do in the matter of their marriage.

They were still in France, trying out every golf course in Brittany and Normandy, and wondering whether to go south or whether to return to London and look

for a job for Terry, when Doris wrote to Bellane.

She wrote very frankly and freely, in a friendly, kindly fashion; and Terry looked over her shoulder. And as she sealed up the letter she remembered: "The last time I wrote to Jim, it was a pretty plain letter, you know, Terry. Spades were called spades, and no mistake. There's no knowing . . ."

And Bellane wrote back as kindly, frankly, as his errant wife had written to him.

It was the letter, the address, for which he had been waiting very patiently indeed.

Doris' mother had helped him to that patience. Removing herself, as she had offered, to a modest pension at Dinard, she, too, awaited Doris' address when her son-in-law should receive and send it to her.

She knew just how it all went, how, at Mayday House, the trousseau clothes still hung in their appointed places; how the bridal rooms—as Mrs. Randel called them—were kept ready for a return; and how tactfully inquisitive servants put flowers for Doris in her rooms, and on her dressing-table, every day.

"Back any time; as soon as her mother turns the corner," Bellane was saying now and again, as necessary. And when, once or twice, someone remarked: "Ah, well, it's not much these days for you to pop over to the Continent and see her," he held up his head and answered: "Nothing to fuss about. I'm trying to run over next week-end."

Now, out of the torturing silence, whose tortures were more those of imagination and vision than negation, came Doris' first letter since her abandonment of him.

It fell like a shock on his heart—finding it lying on the table in his hall, when he came home at the end of a day of torrid heat and business successes. He both read and answered it out on the terrace, as the evening dimmed, and the hot distances cooled and grew blue; and the scents from his garden pleasantly assailed the senses.

So Doris received her answer, and read—and with dismay believed—what her husband was going to do.

"My dear," he wrote, and judging him too lightly, as she did, from her inexperience, there was revealed to her no iota of the pain and the stress under his measured sentences. "Thank you for your brief letter. It is convenient to know your whereabouts. I know you too well to take any steps towards divorcing you. I care for you too much. You have acted out of pique, anger, resentment at something which did not please you in our life together, and I am sorry for it, Doris. Very, very sorry indeed. But you will come back, because you love me."

"Your rooms are ready, your maid is taking care of your pretty clothes, the garden looks wonderful."

"People believe that you are abroad with your mother on account of her health, and that you will return as soon as possible."

"Your mother, to foster this idea, has gone to Dinard. It will, of course, do her good after the troublous times she has had, and I shall see that she is very comfortable."

"You have done what she is bound to think a very terrible thing. But she, too, knows that you will come back, because you love me. Your very affectionate—JIM."

They were hot, and they were cold, Doris and Terry, over that letter.

At white heat, Terry cried: "The beast!"

At white heat Doris cried back: "It's the foulest thing that he could do to me!"

"That's why he's doing it."

"I'll write back and tell him exactly what he is," she flamed.

"I'll write."

"Not you, angel; it had better be me."

So hours went by in battle, and in love, and play and laughter, and the letter was still unwritten by nightfall, when another letter, one from Mrs. Randel, greeted their return from a moonlight swim.

Bellane had wired her daughter's address to her.

From her pension at Dinard she wrote a long letter: ". . . for my sake, darling Doris, go back to the most marvellous husband in the world. I'm alone now; and had been looking on him as the man of the family. And I'm delicate, you know that, dear . . ."

"Your mother's simply cheating," Terry said hotly.

"No. She is delicate. Chest," Doris answered briefly.

". . . Your father took such care of me," wrote Mrs. Randel. "But I'm not going to play on your feelings for my own sake . . ."

"She's done it!"

"Shut up, Terry, my pet!"

". . . It's for yourself, Doris, that I beg you with all my heart to go back while Jim is still willing to receive you . . ."

Terry tore the letter up, in a rage; but it was a lover's rage, splendid to behold—nothing of the disciplinarian or tyrant about it.

IT was three weeks later when they left the golf courses of Northern France, and went for a month to the Tyrol to climb.

Late August found them back in London.

"We must have a home now," Doris said. Somehow, immediately he set foot again in London, Terry's old fears and cautions—which, never having experienced them, she hadn't yet understood—came back.

A thousand pounds does not last so very long. It had melted, and would melt, like the tan from a man's skin and the courage from his heart.

Doris, having left most of her clothes at Mayday House, had had to buy a thing or two. "Must get a thing or two," she had supposed. But such things! Of such perfect finish and workmanship! And Terry having no spare clothes at all, had most certainly needed tweeds and golf shoes; and those evening "tails," the necessity of which they had affected to despise before, but which, after all, were found to be necessary. One couldn't, with most of a thousand pounds in one's pocket, be always thinking and saying: "Ah, well, we can't dine there . . . or dance there . . . because . . ."

And they had given each other presents.

So, London and work. A hundred pounds remained to them, and was prudently banked.

"We can't furnish—that's plain," Terry said.

"A very cheap, very little ready-furnished flat," Doris suggested.

"For three months only; and I'll find it."

So Terry found the cheapest, shabbiest, most ill-equipped little furnished flat imaginable, in a thoroughly unfashionable street. But even the rent of that was three guineas a week, payable always in advance.

"We'll have to do the work ourselves," he said.

"Oh, shall we?" Doris thought, and dismay crept through her mind, akin to the dismay which had assailed her when, nearly three months ago, she had first seen his room in Hammersmith.

They disposed of their new personal possessions about the flat, and settled in.

And the next morning Terry started out on his new search for work; and Doris, after she had washed up the oddments of crockery from which they had eaten the very unappetising breakfast she had managed to cook, said to herself: "Hanged if I spend another minute at this sink. I'll try Minka."

Off she went, too.

MINKA, the elegant furrier, was in his little silver-colored office behind his sumptuous salon, when Doris went in and asked for him. She had the light, assured manner of one exercising natural privileges, and Minka was fetched at once. But his ready smile, his flattering glance, stayed and froze somewhat when he saw his visitor.

He knew perfectly well that she came as a visitor and not as a client to-day.

Mrs. James Bellane—"what a fool!" his daughter Jasmine had exclaimed to him.

"Well, Mrs. Bellane," said Minka, "you look very ravishing; more charming than ever. I hope you remained pleased with your sable cape? Ah, you couldn't fail to do so. And what can I do for you to-day?"

Doris said in her crisp, cool, modern voice: "Two things. Give me a nice job here, and Jasmine's married address."

"Ah, you girls," said Minka lightly, but suspiciously. "How you do come to the point."

"Shattering, I know," Doris remarked.

"It's the way now, I find," he smiled, "for you fashionable young married ladies to work for your amusement, but—"

Certainly Doris came to the point then. "I'll be perfectly straight with you. Such a waste of time to beat about the bush. I've left my husband, and I'm as poor as a rat. I need the job."

Minka's face was a study as he looked at her mildly, flatteringly. "Ah! I feared . . . I had heard . . . My dear lady, under the circumstances, I could not possibly risk you."

She looked at him, startled.

"Risk?"

Minka spoke more brusquely and more familiarly: "Risk, my dear. My clients are women of standing. They wouldn't like your personal story if they knew it. And they'd know it! These women! La, la! They bring their husbands in, or son. They would disapprove of you." There was a long pause. He indicated that time passed, glancing up ostentatiously at the spreading rays of the gilt French clock on the wall above their heads.

His look turned Doris mulish. She was angry, in the first place, that Minka, who had bowed obsequiously before her so short a while ago, now, with that look, practically ordered her out of his salon.

"I have to get work," she stated crisply. "Ah!" His voice was almost bored, certainly non-committal. "I hope you will be successful. I think I heard that you have suffered a bereavement lately and I was so sorry to hear it."

"Do they know everything?" she thought. And then she recalled that fashionable tradesmen have to be astute, that Minka had probably tabulated all her affairs and doings as far as he could gather them.

"Very kind of you," she murmured frigidly.

"Your mother," proceeded Minka blandly, "is she well?"

"I don't know."

She hardly guessed how this modern non-

chalance stung even Minka to a certain anger; for he had suffered with his own daughter.

He gave Doris, therefore, a steady, censorious look, and under that look, suddenly humbler than she had ever been in her life—for had she not come here to fight for Terry's sake more than for her own?—Doris hastened with a little explanation: "My mother is abroad."

"Ah!" commented Minka briefly.

By now already they were moving towards the door.

She lingered on the threshold of the salon, humiliating as all this was.

"Could you give me an introduction anywhere?"

"I fear not."

She wondered if it would be any good to approach hard-boiled little Jasmine.

"Where is Jasmine now?"

"That's neither here nor there," said Minka, almost crudely, "but I will tell you if it interests you. Mrs. Bellane, that I am sending her, and that silly husband she has got, abroad, on business for me—"

"You see," Doris cried urgently, "that you can make jobs for people if you want to."

He was staring straight into her eyes. "For my own family, if I must, I cannot afford, Mrs. Bellane, to be charitable to strangers." After a slight pause he added: "Surely, it would be easier to approach your own friends and relations, Mrs. Bellane."

She knew perfectly well that Minka must deduce her sudden poverty in the matter of friends and relations.

But she tried to put a nonchalant face on it, as she looked back into Minka's brown pebbles of eyes. "Oh, my dear man, relations . . ."

She shrugged her shoulders, sketched a little gesture.

"Quite," said Minka expressively, and then he had closed the door upon her.

SHE went back to the flat. Horrible, sordid little place—yet still it was far too expensive. She threw off her things, in the one cramped bedroom, and returned to the more cramped kitchen. Oh, they simply couldn't dine at home! "While there's life, there's hope," she uttered aloud, meaning, "While there's money, let's burn it." Anyway, there was no food in the flat. But while she still stood in the kitchen lost in thought, or, rather, lost in the chaos of a thousand thoughts, she heard the front door open and slam noisily. Terry had come home. She ran out, and they embraced; their arms tight about each other, they went into the sitting-room.

She was going to fling at him some irrelevant challenge that sprang naturally to her lips, when the sheer feel of him checked her; he felt cold and dead and fearful. Ah, she must ask him at once, if he had been lucky—knowing by the feel of him that he had not. "Tell me your news, darling."

"News?" he echoed. "What news do you expect me to bring home?" He slumped into a corner of the sofa, and she sank beside him, snuggling beside him as closely as she could, her arm through his. "Have a drink anyway, darling."

There were cocktails in the flat. Abstemious as both were, after the fashion of their generation. Now Doris jumped up, and, seeing that Terry would not move, concocted a double ration from a new and potent recipe of their own. She brought the shaker and glasses on a little tray, and set the tray on a little table, which she

pulled up to the sofa, and still Terry did not move.

"We'll dine out, my pet," she said.

Curiously, that roused him.

"I'm darned if we do," he answered ferociously. "Well dine in." She did not laugh at him, nor slam back with some refusal, as she would have done a little while ago. She only urged reasonably: "My pet, there's nothing in the flat."

"There is," he said, looking up at her under dark brows. "I threw a good piece of steak on the bench in the hall as I came through. I brought it in. Can't you cook it?"

"Of course I can cook it, Terry."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, cook, then," he said. "I'm starved."

"Where did you lunch?"

"I didn't lunch."

"Why on earth not, you fool?" she cried lovingly and angrily.

"See here," he said briefly, looking up at her again in that same dark way. "I'm going to begin as I mean to go on, now, Doris. We had some breakfast; we're going to have a good steak for dinner; and that's enough. Where did you lunch?"

"At the Ladies' Regimental."

"Did you really?" he laughed, but the laugh was not for the Ladies' Regimental Club; it was for the thought of Doris, heartily lunching while he went without.

Doris understood the laugh, and it confused and nettled her. "Terry," she said, "what sort of a life is this going to be?"

"What we can make it," he answered grimly.

And then, after a short silence, caressing her hand, he asked more gently: "And what do you think we shall make, Doris?"

Doris was growing so fast in wisdom that none of the old scornful optimisms rose to her tongue. She only set her shoulder more closely against his, murmuring loving, consoling nothings. But she was shaken.

He told her suddenly and abruptly: "I've been to fifty places hunting jobs today!"

"Fifty?"

"Yes. You see now why I want that steak?"

"You shall have it," she said quickly.

The cocktail was warming Terry a little; he relaxed again and spoke more fluently: "No hurry," he said. "It's nice here in front of the fire with you."

"Beastly gas-fire," said Doris.

A quick little frown puckered his brow, and she smoothed it teasingly out again, with her forefinger.

"It's not at all beastly," he said. "Be thankful for any fire. I don't know that we ought to have lighted it at all this evening. However, you want your luxuries. Doris, sweetheart, tell me: I have been to fifty places looking for a job to-day; how many have you been to?"

She answered hastily and faintly: "One. I tried Minka. But I'll hunt up some more to-morrow."

"Why, wasn't Minka any good?"

She told him all about it, and he listened, unsurprised.

Indeed, every time they talked thus it was increasingly curious to her to find how experienced he was in this seamy side of life—her gay, dashing, gallant playmate, Terry.

"You'll have a job to get something," he said. "But it will be nothing like the job I'll have. As I told you, my sort are two a penny. Well, we've still got the car."

"We'll have to sell it?" she asked reluctantly.

"That's mere arithmetic," he said. "It

FAVORITE WIFE

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

costs too much to garage, and anyway, in two months' time, before Christmas, Doris, how much shall we have left in the bank?" He took the stub of a pencil and an old envelope out of his pocket, and showed her, swiftly, his dismaying calculation, set out irrevocably on paper. Figures don't lie," he said, and then again he gave her his queer, dark, desperate look. "You'll be sorry you did it before we're through," he said. "And I didn't mean you to do it like this, Doris. I'd no idea of you burning your boats, really."

"What did you mean us to do, then, Terry?"

"I didn't mean you to do things so irrevocably, anyway," he murmured.

"But, Terry—" Then she asked swiftly: "You don't mean you think I was wrong to leave Jim for you?"

Her gay, vital heart seemed to faint in her breast as she listened to him.

"Oh, wrong! Wrong!" he said. "What a word! It's just that it's all mad—dangerous—hopeless—it's ruin for you, Doris."

"And what is it for you, Terry?"

"Well, it's being out of a job," he said.

"But—" She paused: "Is being out of a job the worst thing that can happen?"

"Wait and see!"

Somehow, Terry's words struck Doris with appalling conviction, a conviction so complete that it took her breath away.

As suddenly and vehemently as he had spoken, she spoke.

"Terry, tell me here and now, didn't you even mean me to come to you?"

He shook his head. "No."

She began then, furtively, retracing their steps, their thoughts, their motives. "But a year ago, Terry, when we first met, darling, and when we ran about together and had such fun . . . you've told me since that you loved me then. What did you think we should do—if—when—"

"I didn't think!" he cried impatiently. "I couldn't ever get near enough to you. Remember how you were always flying off. I dare say if I had thought, it would have seemed as if, supposing we'd got married and taken your people by surprise—well, they would have hated it, but your father would have seen us through somehow, perhaps."

"Yes, I see, Terry," said Doris, in a tender, indulgent voice, as if she were speaking to a child.

For though Terry, the man, might surprise and disappoint her, astonishingly enough, there remained to her, more lovable than ever, Terry the child.

"It's the devil to live, you know, Doris," he said. "Especially when you've got no brains, like me."

"I never think of you like that," she protested.

He answered painstakingly: "When I ran about with your crowd, Doris, we were always just fooling around, having the best time we could, doing anything that amused us, as far as we could. They weren't my crowd, you know—if you think back you'll remember that; but they were all terribly nice to me, because you see, after all, when a lot of people are just fooling around, they may just as well be terribly nice to each other as not."

His voice failed and rose again. "All that little lot were more or less gilded in some way or other, or they just happened not to have to bother, and so they didn't face up to any responsibilities; but though they never troubled to notice it,

I was rather different. I have no gilt on me; I've nothing."

His voice dropped again into silence.

"Darling," said Doris bravely, "am I a liability?"

"You are," he said, as bravely, "but so am I. You're far likelier to have to keep me than the other way about."

"I never thought of your keeping me, Terry," she whispered.

"What did you think then? Now you can tell me."

She confessed: "I didn't think. It was just all too glorious."

NEITHER Doris nor Terry, nor Mrs. Randel herself, felt the outrageousness of the circumstances as sharply and woundingly as did Jim Bellane. A house swept and garnished for a bride; a heart swept and garnished for marriage; the prize won; good health, good fortune; a summer and autumn of jewel-like days, in which to enjoy all these things—and no enjoyment. No happiness, no triumph. The first time in his successful life—no success!

"I'm lucky in my friends," Jim Bellane said to himself, as he sat on his terrace in the July evenings and the August evenings, and then in the September evenings, while his excellent butler brought him his aperitif, and while behind him Mayday House seemed, rather smugly, to remark upon the continued absence of its new chateleine. "I'm lucky in my friends," he soliloquised. Then a thought, which was more instinctive knowledge than a deliberate thought, came to him, that possibly he had no friends. He had always been a man of many acquaintances. But friends?

On the evening when that doubt came to him he thought of Westward and Helen, neither of whom had he seen or spoken with since the debacle of last June.

He knew—to his frequent regret during those confused months—that Helen was still away.

He knew—to his inexplicable resentment—that Mat Westward wanted to marry her.

It was in December that Bellane was saying to his acquaintances—when obliged to say anything: he was now noticeably avoiding society—"I'm running down to Monaco for Christmas, to join my wife and her mother; at last I can get away. Yes, I hope to bring them both back."

So Mrs. Randel was relieved and glad to hear from her son-in-law that he really intended to come to Monaco for Christmas, for no number of tactful letters were worth a tactful conversation, she knew. She was now ensconced there in a particularly pretty small villa which, with the amazing facility for bargains enjoyed by many soft, unbusinesslike little women, she had rented very cheaply. Retaining—also cheaply—the excellent *bonne a toute faire*, she was confident that she could make poor, dear Jim very comfortable.

Besides, it was not only her wish to make him comfortable, in return for all the very substantial benefits he still generously conferred upon her, which actuated Mrs. Randel. It was inevitable that she should grow more anxious, as time wore on, as to his patience, his credibility, and even his vanity.

She thought very long and carefully over what she would tell him about Doris, since she had precisely nothing to tell; not one of her pleading letters, since the first, having been answered.

But, after all Mrs. Randel's preparations,

when Bellane came south, the week before Christmas, he did not stay with his mother-in-law as it was arranged that he should do. For, as he was actually driving from the station, his plan disappeared in a gust of emotion, surprise and joy, which took him fairly by the throat. He saw Helen Forrest walking by herself, away from one of the smaller hotels in the Condamine.

She appeared suddenly, and as suddenly, it seemed, had gone, turning into a shop, her hairdresser's, perhaps, a patisserie perhaps—never mind where. He did not notice anything save herself. He drove straight to the big hotel opposite the Casino and booked himself there.

He had had no idea that Helen was in Monaco.

She was like the answer to a long night of prayer. July—August—September—red October—haunted November—all one long, long, inarticulate, unconfessed prayer.

Had Mrs. Randel been in any way an ill-tempered woman, she would have been greatly put out when her son-in-law telephoned from his hotel suite, apologising for change of plans, but very properly asking her to dinner. She had taken thought and trouble for his comfort and entertainment, but she was nothing if not a philosopher, and she reflected that, after all, the money spent thereon was largely his, and that she would very much enjoy dining at the big hotel, in her one good evening frock, dancing with a good-looking man—although he was a justifiably disgruntled son-in-law—instead of sitting quietly in her villa with him, listening to and marvelling at morbid and futile explanations of his marital defeat at the hands of her only child.

So she replied engagingly and cheerfully, prepared to wait upon his mood, and looking more like thirty than fifty when she arrived to dinner. "I look much more suited to be Jim's wife than Doris does," had been her thought, when she approved herself in the mirror; but little gratifying reflections of that kind banished themselves instantly when Mrs. Randel heard what he had to say.

"Have you heard of Doris?" he asked at once.

"I'm sorry to say, Jim dear, I have not," she said, sighing.

"Nor I."

"Doris will wreck herself, her whole life and her love for you on her pride," Mrs. Randel sighed. "But she will never wreck you, Jim, you're too big a man," she added.

It didn't go down quite as before.

"You don't know where she is?" he asked.

"He's restless," she thought, alarmed.

"I think," she answered sorrowfully, "that she's still abroad."

"Is she coming back to me?" he asked abruptly.

"You know she is coming back, Jim," his mother-in-law said.

But all the same he uttered the words which she had been fearing she might hear:—

"I shan't wait for ever," he said. "The fact is, that, much as I adore Doris, and happy as I hoped to be with her, I married because, like men do, I decided it was time to settle down, and ready as I am to forgive her, you must see that if she is not coming back—" his gesture finished the sentence for him.

She did not know yet that he was thinking

of Helen Forrest, because she had not seen Helen walking out of the little hotel in the Condamine; neither did she really know the large part that she had played in Bellane's life, or, with her acute reading of men and women, she would have been more alarmed than ever.

"I know, Jim, I know," she said. "You have been sweet and patient, and far kinder than Doris has deserved, but can't you—for both your sakes—be patient a little longer? She loves you so. Poor, silly child, she loves you so!"

"I know she loves me," Bellane replied, and for a moment Della Randel saw the complacency return—the precious complacency without which, she had always averred, no man can be happily himself.

"It was such a wonderful romance, Jim," she went on quickly, "but she didn't know how to handle it. Be kind. You're the strongest man I've ever met. Be kind, too."

It was disconcerting that he wasn't very closely listening. All at once, he said: "Mrs. Forrest—you remember her?—is in Monaco. Do you know where she is staying?"

"So it's Mrs. Forrest?" his mother-in-law thought. "No, dear Jim, that's news," she answered amiably. "Delightful news, I'm sure. I shall certainly find out, and call upon her. Lovely creature. And so sweet!"

"Lovely," he nodded. "And sweet."

The evening—except for their talk about Doris, and the disconcerting moment about Helen—went much as Mrs. Randel had anticipated. Her son-in-law was all kindness and courtesy, responding to her overtures, assuring her of his ready help at all times, promising to lunch with her the next day at the villa, and later dancing with her, as she had hoped he would do—for she still loved dancing, and now had no partners—and driving her home at midnight.

After those first few sentences of question and answer, however, he had shown himself unwilling to discuss his wife any more. And that shining of his eyes was far too anticipatory for a deserted man. So that it was a rueful little woman who closed her front door upon him, and thought of the many pleasant trifles and securities she might be going to lose.

"IT isn't even so bad for Doris," she thought, "for she is young. When one is young," Della said to herself, "especially to-day, there are so many, many chances. One good marriage isn't everything," she thought, "for it may only be the first good marriage; a girl can make another."

"But I'm a little too old for risks," she said to herself, sitting down at her dressing-table. "I'd rather have safety and comfort," and she cried just a little for all the things Bellane could give her, and which, as a mere matter of good manners, she might have to relinquish. Very reasonably, her tears were for herself instead of for Doris, because Doris was not pitiable. "But she must come back to Jim," Della thought desperately. "She must! She must!"

She had not meant to write to Doris at all for Christmas. Guessing that silence at a time of festivity might count, even with a hardboiled generation, she had intended to be silent. Half a dozen pleading letters she had already written; now, quite suddenly, she had decided to herself: "I will stop. She isn't feeling isolated enough yet."

But some sort of crisis appeared to have been reached. Other women! Other women!

Crystallising definitely with that Mrs. Forrest. She couldn't sleep until a Christmas letter was written to Doris, urging her to come back. "For my sake," Doris' mother wrote over and over again.

She had the acumen to know that her daughter could hardly yet desire to come back for her own.

HELEN had been all summer in Dresden, at the hotel with the dreaming garden high up over the Elbe, from which she had written uncertainly to Mat Westward, first encouraging him to come and see her, and then forbidding him, and then deciding that matter by suddenly, erratically, moving on.

And then, hurrying on, she had done just as she had told Westward she would do: picked up her old friends here and there. Florence saw her; and Capri; and there was a month in the Austrian Tyrol, in perfect September weather. She had climbed, and danced, and talked and laughed; heard music, dreamed over pictures, wanted more than once to throw it all up and hasten back to the flat in Westminster—knowing what had happened to Bellane. Christmas found her in Monaco because a friend was staying there and asked for her company.

She had not seen Jim Bellane leaning out of his taxicab as he passed her, but the next day, quite early in the morning, as she sipped her tea and read her mail, she heard his voice over the telephone: "Helen, it's I, Jim. I'm in Monaco for Christmas, wanting to see you." And the voice stuttered, saying: "H-h-how soon?"

"Give me your number, Jim," she answered calmly, "and I'll call you when I am sure of my arrangements." And then, without a pause, mastering herself and her surprise and her excitement, and—yes—her longing to see him without delay, she telephoned a wire to Mat in London.

"If you like to come for Christmas," she wired, "I would like to see you, Helen."

His reply came back sooner than it seemed possible: "I'm coming, Mat."

Then she felt calm again, and called up Bellane, and told him equably: "My dear, I'm driving out to Cap Ferrat to-day; I'm lunching and dining out; but to-morrow—Christmas Eve—Jim, I'd love to see you. Won't you call on me here, and we'll make plans . . . And tell me your news. I'll love to hear."

"Must I wait?" he called back impatiently. And he said volubly: "My mother-in-law's here . . . no, not Doris. She—my mother-in-law—wants to call on you. Helen, Helen, dear, do you know I tried every hotel that's open before I got you?"

"Am I so important?" she laughed. He answered: "Aren't you always terribly, terribly important?"

Now Helen knew, as surely as she would ever know anything, that the question which for twenty years she had been longing all her life to hear was going to be asked. She knew beyond doubt that Jim Bellane was going to ask her to be his wife. He was going to divorce his lovely girl and take her, if she would take him.

Yet she put him off till to-morrow. She drove reasonlessly to Cap Ferrat, scratched up a lunch party, made a dinner engagement—all to postpone that wonderful encounter with Bellane.

For she said to herself: "I must try to resist it, if I can ever resist it. I must be terribly, terribly sure. And so I'll see Mat first."

Strangely enough, Helen had contrived

to remain so humble-minded a woman that it was a thrill next midday to see Mat walk into the vestibule of her modest hotel.

Great, tall man, weather-beaten ogre of a man, in his rough travelling coat, cap in hand, eyes finding her at the very moment of his entrance, and looking there—after neither right nor left—ah, he was a thrill! She looked back at him very steadily for a few seconds, trying to realise herself and him, and then she came forward, cool and calm. But her eyes shone, big and bright.

And suddenly, and with nearly unbearable joy, Mat Westward saw that she was glad.

"Oh, Mat!"

He had her two hands grasped in his, while she changed color like a shy girl.

"Helen! You see, your wire tempted me out. I recognised it for the song of the siren."

"This is lovely. Lovely to see you. How . . . did you come?"

"Fast as I could within an hour of getting your telegram. I left my practice in good charge, booked my seat in the three o'clock plane, and was in Paris last night. I flew on here."

"Night flying?"

"Some," he said.

They were still holding hands.

"When a doctor takes a stolen holiday, he can't lose time," he said.

"What'll you tell your patients?" she smiled, her eyes like stars.

"Called over for urgent case—old patient on the Riviera," he answered.

"Where are you staying, Mat?"

"Here," he said.

And then he asked urgently: "You are alone?"

"As near as makes no difference . . . just a most unobtrusive friend whom you don't know."

"Not expecting any other friends?"

"No one, Mat."

"I just heard," he said. "I just heard . . ."

"You heard Jim is here?"

"I heard that. Have you seen him?"

"No," she said. "You're hours ahead of him."

"Ah, Helen," he said softly at that.

And then: "Give me some of your time, my dear."

"All of it, perhaps," she said.

"We're lunching together?"

"Of course," she laughed.

"Then . . . it's a grand day. A drive somewhere in an open car?"

"Yes, that," she nodded.

"Listen," he said, "a doctor can't waste time."

"It shan't be wasted, Mat," she said slowly.

She took his arm—his heart leaped at the gesture—and they went into the covered Palm Court, ordered cocktails, sat down.

They looked at each other.

"You're a new Mat," she said curiously.

"You've never sampled me at my best before, my dear."

"No, never on holiday. Have I? How queer—the years we've known each other!"

"And the years I've loved you,"—he thought.

"I've always known you . . ."

She checked the words.

"Under a cloud," he finished.

And they both remembered that secret burden of his life—so lately lifted.

They went in to dinner rather late. The dining-room was quiet—half-a-dozen people besides themselves.

"The new Helen," he marvelled, looking

at her. And under his breath he said: "So, after all, I am just in time."

He began to order dinner with the care of every man on such an occasion, and quietly she watched him.

As always, she was very exquisite, with her sleeked, black hair, her pale, fine skin, her slightness and her dignity, set off by her moulded gown in pastel colors. Over the back of her chair she had dropped her black velvet cloak. He lifted his eyes, thrusting the wine list back at an understanding waiter, and sought romance in every line of her, every color and movement.

"The new Helen," he said aloud.

"And the new Mat," she answered.

A new Mat! In his rugged Scotch face there was the old strength and there were also the new freedom and a dream. His granite eyes were alight. He smiled for her as for no one else in the world.

He looked at her hands, wanting to kiss them.

"Wonderful, Helen! We're both free. You are free, aren't you, Helen?"

"Free of Jim Bellane? I tried to tell you so in my rambling letters," she said. "I believe I am free."

He said rather huskily: "But . . . if Jim walked in now?"

"That's what I don't quite know, Mat—yet."

"The devil you don't!" Westward thought, and his blood was up.

"But you've changed, dearest," he said.

"Yes, I've changed."

"Will you marry me now?"

"That I can't quite tell," she said. "Forgive me for what I'm doing."

"If he walked in you could tell then?"

He knew from her acquiescing silence that, although she was letting him love her, he was right.

Then Jim Bellane walked in. He came like a man on a quest, and with a right, his eyes watching intently for this woman in the black velvet cloak, with the black hair.

But at once he saw Mat.

Mat had eyes only for Helen's troubled, excited smile, but he rose, and it was he who spoke first.

"Hallo, Jim!"

And Helen said tremulously: "How are you, Jim?"

Bellane knew, now, just like they did, how time raced, how the years went by, and every minute seemed to him ineffably precious. He hardly knew himself. And he was so eager to forestall Mat, to speak to Helen, that he hardly cared that the other man was there. "Helen," he said, standing straight and tall beside her, looking his most magnificent, "I hoped to find you alone. But if you're not alone it doesn't matter, Mat's our old friend . . ." What possessed him that his prudent tongue raced on? He didn't know. "Helen, I want to talk to you—tell you at once—to-night—"

She had her swift, slender hand on his arm. She checked him.

"Darling Jim, you shall talk and talk—in a minute. But our news first. It's important to us, at least. Mat and I are getting married as soon as ever we can, and that's too long to wait."

"That's much too long to wait," Westward repeated, and he put his hand down to give Helen's hand a little squeeze. And he knew that now she knew her mind and her heart.

He could have cursed poor old Jim for his presence—cursed the waiter, the pages,

everyone in sight. But though time raced, he was a very patient man. Though time might hurry, now it belonged to him. "Wish us luck," he said gruffly.

Then Helen went on, one hand in Mat's, the other still on Jim's arm, controlling him, checking him.

"And now all your news," she said, looking at him, smiling her charming smile.

"We're all old friends. You can tell us all. Sit down, Jim dear. We'll have coffee in the Palm Lounge in a minute. We've been lingering over dinner. Sit down, my dear, sit down." Her friendly tug at his sleeve urged him into a chair beside her.

He felt dreadfully bleak, yet devastatingly relieved at his intact dignity. "I wanted to tell you I'm still alone," he said. "I wanted to tell you what my mother-in-law says—and that I'm still decided not to divorce Doris."

"My dear," Helen answered, and he was now able to face her candid eyes, "we know that you never entertained that idea for a moment."

"Never, Helen," said Bellane. "Never that," he repeated.

TERRY told the bitter truth about life as he saw it, in no half-hearted fashion, day in, day out. But he could not bear the truth on Doris' lips, for, just as he had prophesied, it became apparent, during November, that it was far more likely that Doris would have to keep him than he would be able, at least at present, to keep her. Wherefore she must not carelessly speak the truth to him, unless it were palatable; she must count her words and looks and gestures, nervously editing them. Indeed, it had been far easier to deal with middle-aged Jim, impervious in his wealth, than it was now to deal with Terry in their dilemma.

About the middle of November they sold the car.

Such a handsome, high-powered car could only be garaged at a maximum charge, therefore her husband's wedding gift had depleted their little bank balance drastically, with nothing in the way of necessities to show for it.

From the very fact that, in her spoiled days, she had asked for a special body for her car, had chosen unusual fittings, and ordered this and that departure from standard pattern, without considering the effect of a second-hand price, the car was not an easy seller. It had a high petrol consumption—that hadn't mattered when her husband gave it to her, but every day now it seemed to matter more.

"She isn't everybody's car, Madam," salesmen said, "and though she's young yet, she's not getting any younger, is she? Perhaps you'd do just as well not to keep her till next season, if you are really obliged to get rid of her."

By then they were behind-hand with the rent of the flat. Short as their tenancy had been, yet they had fallen in arrears after the first month; they owed now nearly twenty pounds, and Doris became maternally alive to the further distressing fact that Terry had no winter overcoat.

"But what did you do last winter, darling?"

"Oh," he said irritably, "I wore that old raincoat of mine, which you told me to lose when we were in France. When a fellow is

in a job, it doesn't matter if he's a bit out-at-elbows, so to say; it's when he's out of a job that everything matters. Everything!" he repeated fiercely.

After they had bought the overcoat—a good one, seeing that there was a very shabby business suit to be covered up—they put the rest of the money carefully in the bank, to their joint account.

Terry was immensely pleased with his overcoat, after all. She was touched almost to tears at his pleasure. Almost he forgot his anxiety and his fears. "Gosh," he said, "I've never had a coat like this before!"

"Haven't you really, darling?"

"Of course not," he expostulated. "How could I? You know I was always shabby. You remember how I hired a dress suit to take you out the first time?"

Thus November passed away.

"It will soon be Christmas," said Doris suddenly one day; and dissolved into tears.

This was the first time she had cried; she was a stranger to tears, and her crying roused Terry, but it did not rouse him to sympathy or remorse, it roused him to resentment.

Doris had been so strong, so comforting; if not the instigator, she had at least been the leader of this forlorn expedition into love. And, over and over again, in his blackest moments, he had been able to put his head on her shoulder and be comforted and teased, and cheered into happy spirits again. He wanted this comforting and cheering; he needed it all the time. Now she wept, because Christmas was near.

And if he came down to analysis, he could not even yet refrain from looking on Doris as a girl born to fortune. She had been so lucky in her life! She had background—yes, she still had the great possession of a background, although every time her mother, or that interfering priest, wrote their selfish, impudent letters, trying to take her from him, he seized them from her hands and tore them up or burned them in a jealous rage.

These first tears of hers injured and affronted him.

"What have you to cry for?" he blazed. "If you have left your husband, you've still got your mother."

"Mother is as poor as a rat," said Doris, controlling herself.

"Poor!" he stormed. "You don't know yet what poor is."

But then, because no anger between them could possibly last for long, they had a great and wonderful reconciliation.

Every morning after breakfast, which they cooked together, they parted—still reluctantly; Doris to go her way in search of work, and Terry to go to his.

He introduced her to the assistance of the reading rooms of the public libraries. "You can read all the papers there," he explained, impatient of her ignorance, "and make a list of all the jobs going."

"I'll buy every daily paper and bring them home," she offered eagerly.

But when he replied, "Are you mad?" she was contrite and ashamed. "I don't think, Terry," she murmured.

"Then think," he ordered.

Doris wanted Terry to order her about, to be able to order her about, and to show in all things wisdom and courage superior to her own.

And when he cried, "Then think!" she answered, hastily and docilely: "Darling, I'll try."

When they met in the evening, after she

had first spent the morning in the reading-room of the nearest public library, foolishly she described the experience to him as a joke.

"It's no joke," he said very quietly, and she could not even try to laugh at it again.

The next day she alluded to it, over their cold supper, as an adventure, but he would have none of that.

"It's no adventure," he emphasised, "it's just daily doings."

He kept saying to her: "Come right down to earth, my dear."

And he said other things: "This word 'freedom' you use so often, Doris... there's no such thing as freedom for poor people—I'm going to be chained to a desk—if I'm lucky. You've got to help me if..."

"If what, Terry?"

"If we're to stay together."

If... If... They rushed together then into each other's arms.

Doris did not tell Terry in detail about the jobs of which she made a list, because the subject began at once to be such a sore one between them. This wasn't logical, but so it was. Yet before Christmas, shocked and sobered, she had seen for herself that one of them must bring in regular weekly money soon, or they would be destitute. And if that one must be herself, Terry mustn't mind. He mustn't. She would love him so much that love should keep his own flag flying.

Then, actually, in December, she found herself anxiously waiting her turn for an interview at a Domestic Employment Agency.

There seemed to be too many young women after the softer and more desirable jobs—few as the jobs were—which required no special training.

Investigations here sent her out burning with chagrin. "What are your qualifications?" asked a brisk, spectacled woman behind a desk.

"I SUPPOSE," Doris stammered, "I could cook a variety of things if I had more practice..."

"Are you a good houseworker?"

"Oh, yes," Doris stammered, regardless of the dinginess of the flat she had just left, a dinginess which all her amateur efforts were unable really to relieve.

"Have you ever held a domestic service post?"

"Not exactly," she must confess.

The eyes behind the spectacles seemed to see all there was, and—impossibly—more.

"Then you have no references?"

"I'm afraid not, but one always has to begin, hasn't one?"

"You should have begun some time ago, if you are twenty-two," said the woman at the desk pontifically.

With returning spirit, Doris challenged: "You seem to look on me as a person without a character."

"From our point of view," said the brisk woman, still pontifically, "you are a person without a character. A character is something that has to be earned by merit and experience."

So, burning hot, Doris went out.

When all life was a big, economic problem, made up of a dozen small, economic problems, it became fretful, petty, restless; at the same time stagnant, drear and dull. As Terry said, it held no freedom, such as she had accustomed herself to believe was a sheer necessity for every person. Now she and Terry could not go out together for

fun in the evenings after the long days apart.

Only, before Christmas, a bomb dropped. The post brought a letter, a formidable-looking letter, for Terry, and he wilted when he saw it. Over their breakfast coffee and butterless rolls, he sat staring at nothing, the letter crumpled into a clenched fist. She jumped up, ruffled his hair, and called him endearing names that were an echo of the beautiful black night which had only just merged into another disappointing day. At last he looked up at her, and his eyes were appealing, childish, defeated. So with the new resolution, born of her new life, she seized his clenched hand and pulled out the fingers one by one, and took the letter. While she read it he sat very still.

The horrible letter changed the horizon, and the sky, as far as the spring and beyond, was murky with storm. She heard herself say: "Good Heavens!"

"I know," Terry nodded unhappily, "I know."

She stared at what she held in her hand. It was, she supposed, some precursor to a writ, a summons, or whatever those things were called. It put them both in further jeopardy anyway. Terry owed someone thirty pounds.

He told her very briefly. "It's for rooms I had early last spring. I took two rooms in Bayswater. It was just before you went abroad. I imagined things. I sort of saw you coming to have tea with me—all that"—his voice trailed off—"then you went away to Germany. You may remember, Doris, how we went out and spent all I had."

"We must have spent a lot," she said quietly; "of course, I didn't realise it at the time."

"I couldn't pay my rent, it was too high. I'd never been such a fool before," he said. "Part of the bill is for my landlady repapering the sitting-room for me. I imagined it being nice for you, though after all I don't suppose you'd have thought it nice. I simply took my bag one night, after you went abroad, and I quit. I left her a letter, promising to pay what I could, when I could. I suppose she managed to find me. They do somehow. A chap still at the office—I met him the other day and told him where I was, in case he should hear of something for me. He may have told her—or something."

"You should have asked me, dear," said Doris, "when we had the thousand pounds to go to France with."

"I clean forgot," he said.

But even Doris in the abysmal ignorance that still handicapped her guessed that a young man did not "clean forget" a debt like this. And she fixed very clear eyes on him.

He argued hurriedly: "That is to say, I forgot from time to time, and whenever I remembered, we were spending your money."

Doris thought of herself and Terry in France.

"It must be paid at once," she said.

"Certainly not," he contradicted, "it will do quite well if we pay off a bit at a time. As long as you pay off a bit at a time they can't sue you, unless they can prove you have means to pay."

"It will all be paid off to-day," Doris said mechanically. "Though I quite understand, my poor pet, I quite understand how things can happen."

Terry rose very slowly, gave her a bitter look that had all humiliation in it, took his hat and put on the grand new overcoat, and tramped out.

Thus, one week before Christmas, there

was quite literally nothing left of the gross sum of ninety pounds which the purchaser had paid for the car.

"Well," said Terry, as if in his anger he wanted to tumble their whole world about them, "what about glory now?"

AT last—and it was only just a few days before Christmas, too—Doris found a job, which all her old crowd would have voted no end of a rag. But it wasn't a rag; and she went to it very tired and humbled, and helplessly surprised. The advent of Christmas was the cause of this job—an extra dishwashing hand was needed in a small restaurant with a large clientele just over the festive season. The pay was as much as thirty shillings a week, and some food. Somehow she obtained the work; somehow scores of eager applicants missed it, and she, Doris Bellane, had won. What a battle it all seemed! She went straight at the dishwashing, more than readily.

"It will be marvellous experience," she laughed defiantly to Terry when, on the first morning, she kissed him good-bye before going out.

Every night, for three of the nights that remained before Christmas, Terry called at the restaurant's kitchen entrance, in an odorous dark alley, to fetch his Doris home.

She had become what he had prophesied, the wage-earner. He had the grace to know that he should bless her for her continuing laughter, and he blessed her and he loved her the more. Only...

They both were proud, they were prouder than ever; they held their heads up and scorned the world.

And they never spoke of her work. She saw that Terry could hardly bear to speak of it. But the bitterness of their silence kept her anxious.

He was proud. What if he grew too proud to eat or drink at her expense? Supposing thus he made himself ill? Supposing... Supposing.

It was on Christmas Eve when, damp with perspiration, sickened with the reek and the grease, she came out of the kitchen entrance of the Beau Geste restaurant into the malodorous alley, and the thing had happened.

Terry was not there!

Her alarm at not seeing Terry outside waiting for her, rose into a sheer ecstasy of terror, so that she forgot her weary feet, she forgot her unwontedly weary limbs, and began to run towards home, finding it is a very long way.

Indeed, it was quite a long way for a London walk; it was the best part of a mile; but she and Terry always footed it, to save the omnibus fare.

To-night—a little later than usual, owing to the festive increase of custom—the last omnibus had gone, the streets were growing quiet. They seemed dark. She went on, nearly running all the time, into Bloomsbury.

The old caretaker of the flats—which had been converted from an inconvenient house—had gone to bed in his basement room. The long, uncarpeted stairs were dark as she stumbled up, feeling here and there for a light switch, but not pausing to find one. She knew the way to Terry!

And then, just as Doris, with her two hands pressed hard over her heart, had summoned courage to go and look into the bedroom, and, if needs be, then into the bathroom, the front door opened very quietly, and, as it were, wearily, and just as quietly and wearily closed again. She stepped

shiveringly out into the tiny corridor, and there was Terry, in his grand coat, and his old hat, with a roughly tied parcel under his arm.

She rushed to him, babbling many words, but he did not fling the parcel down on the nearby bench to seize her, he kept it limply in one arm, while just as limply he put his other arm around her, and they kissed.

She pulled him into the sitting-room. "My dear . . . you didn't . . . I haven't missed you outside . . .?"

He shook his head. "Sorry, sweetheart, I didn't go to meet you at that pothouse to-night, I wasn't near enough. Sorry."

"Oh, my dear, that's all right then."

Her voice was one of relief, but her silly heart sank, for it meant a great deal to her that Terry should meet her every night. It was more than a mere gesture; it was an extra communion, this tramping together, arm closely in arm, through streets growing deserted.

"SIT down," she said gaily. "I lighted the beastly little fire, and we will make coffee. Have you had dinner, dear?"

He did not answer, but tossed the parcel down on one end of the couch, and cast his overcoat and hat on the other. He sketched a gesture towards the parcel.

But Doris had already glanced at the parcel and seen protruding from its careless wrapping something which arrested all that torrent of fears, which had been hardly yet superseded by her relief.

"Terry! What's that?"

"That cape of yours," he answered querulously.

"My sable cape?"

Terry cast himself into their one armchair. The chair was always big enough for two, but Doris paused; she did not cast herself beside him, fitting into the little space left, slim and lithe.

"Terry," she said quickly, "what on earth were you doing with my cape?"

Terry did not look up at her, but leaned forward and stretched cold hands to the warmth.

She repeated her question. "My dear," he said then, "it's so darn silly that you should keep a four-hundred-guinea cape when we're practically down-and-out."

There was a silence between them, which, in an instant, grew tremendous.

And suddenly through Doris rushed a torrent of rage. She had feared so much, suffered so much in the last half-hour; her emotions seemed to be all running up and down an illimitable gamut; they had passed from her control.

"You're not to touch my cape," she said, the only quiet thing about her being her voice. "It's mine."

"I thought you always liked to use the word ours, my dear?"

"That cape is mine," Doris repeated. "It means a lot to me; it was my father's wedding present to me."

Terry stopped her with a roughened laugh.

"Don't tell me you think much of any present for that wedding; don't you pull sentimental stuff over that, Doris; and don't you pretend that you ever thought anything of your poor wretched father. Come down to brass tacks. You're washing dishes in a restaurant, and you keep a sable cape!"

He snapped his fingers as if conclusively. Somehow Doris managed to put all that

aside for the moment. "Tell me exactly what you were doing with my cape, Terry."

"I was trying to pawn it," he said deliberately. "When I came in, after tramping the streets for hours, going hat in hand, after every job I could hear of, and begging for it, and not getting it, I don't know why, but I thought of your sable cape. We've pawned my things, but not that. And I took it out of the drawer, and went out to see what I could do about it."

"Go on," said Doris, nodding.

"Well, there are two or three pawn-brokers who know me, but they're not near here, and they close at seven. But there are two more," he went on deliberately. "In the Tottenham Court Road, who stay open pretty late. I took the cape around to both of them. One wouldn't offer anything; he said it wasn't in his line. It quite frightened him. And the other—he paused, as if deliberating further.

"Go on," said Doris, nodding.

"Well, the other didn't quite seem to know how I could have come by a cape like that. Of course, it did look fishy. He said, 'Come back after Christmas, if you have still got it, and I may make you an offer.' He said he might find a customer—he knew some publican's wife who would be crazy about it."

"Go on," said Doris.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear, don't stand there saying 'Go on, go on!' I'm going on. I dare say the chap will probably ask Scotland Yard about it, but as it is your property we needn't bother about that. As I went out I told him that if I had still got the cape I'd come back after Christmas and bring my wife with me to prove ownership."

"You will do no such thing," said Doris in a low voice, and she snatched at the cape, snatched it out of its loose wrapping, but Terry shot out a strong hand and pulled it back. They both pulled at the cape, and there was a ripping sound.

"You're ruining it!" Doris gasped.

"Let go at once," said Terry, in a voice of command which she had loved to hear.

She did not love it now. She heard herself give a faint little scream of rage—she, Doris Bellane. They tore at the cape—all humor gone, all laughter vanished. Sheer mad rage informed every nerve and fibre of Doris' body, and Terry, springing up, was informed with a mad rage, too. There was the lovely cape for a tug-of-war between them, ripping and ripping; and then there was Terry holding and twisting her wrists; and the cape was flung into the hearth anyhow, and the two of them were fighting round the room like wildcats.

They had been sparring for a bitter quarrel, a real quarrel, a quarrel which could be the life or death of love-life—not the little happy quarrels that can be enjoyed and savored.

But neither had known it.

Extraordinary and dreadful scene. Incredible event!

Through their rage there came suddenly to each of them the smell of burning. They paused, in each other's hold. The sables hung practically over the gas stove, fire licked over them; and breaking away somehow from the hold which Terry had fastened upon her so that he could shake her as if to death, Doris jumped towards the fireplace.

She caught her foot in a torn rug, grasped a flimsy, muslin window-curtain to steady herself, fell forward, bringing down with her the pair of flimsy curtains that flew

like banners across the room in her hand. She was trying to save her burning cape, regardless of the burning curtains, which, tossed from her, lay anyhow over the mantelpiece and stove.

But the long curtains had not draped themselves pell-mell only over the mantelpiece and stove, because they were so mixed up with Terry and herself, that they trailed across him, as he also leaned down to snatch the cape from the fire. The curtains were old and dry and thin and brittle; only for a few seconds they enveloped Terry, but they blazed like tissue paper. Close to her Doris heard a sudden cry, and looking up from where she knelt on the floor, beating the fire out of the cape with a snatched up cushion, she saw Terry pulling wildly at the curtains, shaking the charred remnants from his head and neck, and staggering back, with his burned hands over his burned eyes.

And the great fight was over.

Doris got up and ran to Terry and pushed him into a chair, while he muffled his cries and groans into silence.

"Oil," he kept saying hoarsely.

There wasn't any oil.

"Flour," he cried hoarsely.

There wasn't any flour. There was nothing. There were no remedies.

"Oh, Terry, Terry! Oh, My darling!" she kept crying, stupidly and helplessly. And then, staring about her for help, her glance went across the room through the denuded window, and just over on the other side of the street she saw a red-lighted sign, "Surgery." The little sign seemed to come into the room and to approach Terry and Doris as if it were a saviour. She ran to the window and threw it up and leaned into the cold air, and cried out to a single stray passer-by in the street below: "Call that doctor here; call that doctor here at once, please."

So in came the doctor.

He had returned very late from his urgent cases and had not yet gone to bed, and he was very soon across the street to help them. His quick professional eye did not know quite how to place the white, distraught girl who had rushed down to let him in. That quick professional eye, as he followed her up the stairs, realised her good shoes as well as the slim ankles above them; assessed her old flannel suit as the remains of a masterpiece; noted at once the beauty and roughness of her hands—for he was a hard-worked man with a large poor practice, and he could never lose time in summing-up new patients.

This white-faced girl ran before him into the tumbled flat, into a room full of the smell of burning, where a magnificent specimen of young manhood huddled in agony in a chair.

Cold winter wind blew into the room.

The doctor took one look, opened his bag, applied with a faint shrug of the shoulders and shake of the head some temporary remedy. Terry could not speak coherently, he was in too much pain, and his face looked shocking; and the doctor asked him no questions, and spoke only to Doris.

It was evident to him that they had little money, and no resources.

He said to her:

"A hospital case! Ring up for an ambulance, City 0011."

And, moving in a nightmare, Doris sobbed the number into the telephone; she sobbed

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out the instruction, the address; she sat helpless beside the telephone watching the doctor.

"It will be easier," the doctor said in a low voice, still addressing her and not Terry. "I'm making him just a little easier for the moment, Mrs. —"

She said "Bellane" automatically, forgetting that she passed here under Terry's name.

"Shut that window," he said, and with shaking hands she shut it. As she turned from the window she saw Terry violently shivering.

"Have you any restoratives in the flat, any sal volatile, any brandy?"

She whispered, "Nothing."

"I want blankets," the doctor said, "to wrap him up until the ambulance comes with some."

She brought two lamentably dingy blankets from the bedroom.

She rose and looked out of the window, and saw the long white shape of the ambulance drawing up below. Oh! how quick, how merciful they were!

The doctor turned his head. "Run down and let the men in, there's a good girl."

As soon as they were all in the room, the two ambulance men, with a stretcher to carry Terry down and the nurse in white with them, with a steady eye for the patient, and quick, steady hands, folding over him, as he lay on the stretcher, the cleanest of blankets.

Never taking her eyes off Terry, Doris found an arm about her, and knew that she was leaning against the doctor.

"Can't he walk?" she whispered.

The doctor gave her a quiet, cautious look. "No," he said, "he can't walk down. It's the shock, you know."

"I must go with him," she said.

THE doctor explained: "That's impossible; but you can see him to-morrow morning at the hospital. And as for to-night . . ." He hesitated. The ambulance men, with the stretcher and the nurse, were on their way down the stairs.

"I have got to go," he said, "but I will come back later and let you know that he is settled in."

Then he went out.

It was half-an-hour before the doctor returned, as he had promised. She was hanging out of the window, into the cold wintry air, waiting for him, and again she rushed down to the street door. The doctor came into the hall, but no farther; he looked tired and he looked sorry. "Well," he said, "he's settled in. Ward C, the Midland Hospital. You can telephone for news of him to-morrow morning, as early as you like."

He paused for a moment. "I should telephone, my dear, very early, if I were you." He put his arm about her again. "In the ordinary way you would not be allowed to visit him until the regular hours in the afternoon, but I think perhaps an exception will be made for your—husband?" he said questioningly.

"No," Doris whispered.

The doctor nodded. "He was just able to give us his name in the ambulance, 'Mr. Terence Waters.' And your name is Bellane? Good-night."

So, early in the morning, earlier than of late she and Terry had been wont to awaken, Doris telephoned the Midland Hospital and asked quivering as to the welfare of the case that came in last night, named Waters, Ward C. And could she see him?

The practised, official voice came back briskly: "Mr. Waters is very poorly indeed,

very poorly." She had not the slightest idea what that would mean exactly, being all unlessoned in such trials. The brisk voice added: "The patient can be visited at any time by his closest relative, or his wife." Still Doris had no idea of what that signified.

When she went into the hospital, through the long, clean corridors, down the long, clean length of Ward C, an hour later, she carried flowers, which had used up absolutely the last penny in her pocket.

A nurse looked round the screen, touched her arm and whispered: "Don't talk to him," so Doris just gave a little tender pressure with her hand upon his chest.

"Doris, old pet," endeavored Terry, in a weak, wheezy voice, "was the cape insured?"

"Oh!" Doris gasped. Tears sprang to her eyes, that Terry should ask such a question at such a time.

Poor love!

"What shall I do for him?" she thought frantically.

Then he seemed to tear from his lungs breath enough to whisper: "I suppose not. Good . . . Heavens!"

The nurse beckoned Doris out then, taking the flowers from her, and looking at them rather ruefully. Didn't this slender, white-faced girl with the frightened eyes realise that the young man in the bed would never see flowers again? "I suppose not," the nurse thought, "and either way it won't make any difference."

Then Doris went to the Beau Geste restaurant, for now, more than ever, she must not risk losing work of any kind. It was Christmas Day, and the Beau Geste was one of the few restaurants open in that vicinity.

Later she went back to the flat, allowing herself the extravagance of taking one of the few omnibuses running that day, and hurried upstairs to telephone the hospital to inquire for Terry, since there wasn't time to go all the way to see him again, but no sooner had she reached the top of the stairs than the door bell recalled her. She rushed down. There stood her friend the doctor. He looked at her closely. "Not a very happy Christmas, Mrs. Bellane," he said. "I saw you from my surgery window, running home much too fast, and I came across at once. I will come up with you, if I may?"

In the fateful sitting-room, he said: "Sit on that sofa, put your feet up, rest while you can. What have you been doing to-day, since you paid that visit to the hospital, of which I have heard?"

And still unaccustomed to all such business, Doris did not realise this doctor's kindness in inquiring at the hospital about the patient he had sent in last night. She did not realise that his interest, his kindness, were generous and unusual. For the moment these things passed her by; and she answered him: "I have been at work. I have got a job as a dishwasher at a place called the Beau Geste restaurant."

"Good heavens!" he said, but he was inured to surprises, to griefs, to tragedies. He took a turn about the small room, looking now and again at Doris, obediently lying upon the sofa as if she were glad to lie down. "I can't lie here long," she protested. "I must telephone again, even if I can't see him again to-day."

The doctor came abruptly over to her then, and pulled up a chair beside her. "Don't telephone. I was looking out for you this afternoon, thinking if I got a glimpse of you it would save you the effort of inquiring about your—husband. I had already tried your door bell." Then he took

her hand and held it. "Be brave," he adjured her. When he said "Be brave," at last the shocking truth began to dawn on Doris. The words seemed to echo all around the room: "Be brave! Be brave! Be brave!" and yet to recede from her in the strangest way; her breath came with difficulty and objects about her grew dim.

"Your husband," said the doctor, holding her hand with a finger on the pulse, "died at three o'clock."

Deep clouds fell heavily, and Doris fainted.

THIS doctor, hard worked, unspectacular, whom Doris was never to see again after his one brief incursion into her life, took her into quiet, resistless hands, ordered her whole procedure.

It was the next day that he spared two of his hours to sit with her and talk with her. Even now she did not know how precious an hour was, how hardly won a possession, how wistfully anticipated. She did not know what a gift was the doctor's time. Her lessons had not gone thus far, and he knew it. But that made him the sorrier for her.

The night of the day on which Terry had died, she had gone back to the Beau Geste restaurant and worked full time, full strength.

"Yes, perhaps you owe it to them," the doctor, who was for ever nameless to her, had said drily. As he spoke he observed her, he weighed her up, he took her measure. "We must all pay our debts," he added, as drily.

BUT she did not work there again. The doctor, who was for ever to be nameless to her, saw to that.

She had many things to ask him when he spared her the two priceless hours the next day.

Numb in her grief: "Why did he die?"

The doctor explained to her technically: Terry had been evidently under-nourished physically, over-strained mentally, for at least the last two months. "Not a very long time, but with his type," here the doctor paused, as if envisioning the physical splendor of Terry, "deterioration is rapid; he hadn't the stamina that laypeople would imagine him to have; and I think he already had a bad chill on him when the accident occurred. Bad burning gives the subject a tremendous shock; rapid double pneumonia succeeded that shock; he was dying fast when you saw him in hospital the next morning." The doctor did not beat about the bush with Doris. Terry Waters had died, but she lived, and she had her own big problem ahead of her, although she did not know it yet.

He thought her one of the most exquisite samples of young womanhood who had ever come his rather dreary way; and in the way of a man he wanted to help her because of her exquisiteness, he wanted to help her from sheer masculine reluctance to see any irreparable spoliation of a beautiful thing.

And she asked him, bewilderedly, drenched in her grief: "Doctor, what do very poor people do? How do they—?"

He could finish her sentence for her. "How do they bury their dead? They don't, my dear, all that is done for them."

The doctor let Doris weep and weep at the distressful thought; but while she wept, he explained to her clearly and concisely the procedure in such affairs, and he saw to it that his words penetrated into her

consciousness. Then he said patiently: "Now, my dear, we have yourself to think of."

"What do I matter?" she mourned.

AND then, as he expected she would do, as any young woman so situated would do, she leaned on him; she listened to him, he swayed her in the direction that he knew was best. You have left your husband? Is he waiting for you? Would he take you back?

She murmured "Yes" almost inaudibly.

He said: "I see a great deal of trouble, my dear. My life is made up of other people's troubles, it sometimes seems to me. And when great sorrows and useless ruin can be avoided, at whatever cost of what seems to be the truth, I tell people to avoid them. Do you hate your husband?"

She thought, with great difficulty, and slowly, about Jim, and at length answered: "One couldn't hate him."

"Is he rich?"

She answered: "Yes," in a harder voice; but then again her hardness melted away, because this doctor played most scientifically upon the chords of the human heart, and soon she was telling him all, withholding nothing. And she was astonished, in her secret heart, to hear how, shorn of its pictorial trappings of passion and exultation, it became a poor story.

The doctor said: "You must go back to your husband to-morrow, my dear, not a day's delay!"

"Yes," she whispered, "I realise all that."

It was nearly the end of the priceless two hours which he had given her when the doctor gave his last advice. "Don't ever tell your husband you came back to him only because you had to; there is hardly a man living who could truly forgive that."

"I know," Doris said, and, indeed, now she knew.

She did two things directly the doctor had left her. She telephoned a telegram to her mother, and a telegram to Father Stephen, because she must begin to rally her supporting forces round her.

She dressed herself as trimly and with what dignity she could, and she took her dressing-case in her hand and went out of the flat; went out of her first divine and dreadful home with Terry, took a train into Surrey.

She was so quiet and resolute that she could think of everything that mattered: how the term for the flat was nearly up, how, through some discreet lawyer she could settle the arrears; how she could cover efficiently her tracks and Terry's.

Not a moment to be lost!

The small Surrey station looked prosperous and orderly, peaceful and clean. She walked steadily and lightly out of it, her depleted dressing-bag not too heavy in her hand, and steadily and lightly she walked through the orderly, prosperous roads of that attractive suburb, until she came to the wrought-iron gates of Mayday House. She slipped through the gates unobserved. No gardener was working in the wintry garden in front of the house; formal and empty and serene the terraces rose to the french windows of the drawing-room that she so vividly remembered. She did not attack the front door, but finding these french windows unlatched, she stepped through into the drawing-room. It was ready for her. A generous fire burned. Flowers were abundant.

It expected her!

She remembered how she had been told that all was kept ready for her repentance and return.

The warm, spacious house was decorously quiet.

"Well, it is afternoon," she thought, "let me see; the servants will have finished luncheon; Jim is in the City; the butler is having his nap; they will all be at leisure . . . until suddenly I ring for tea."

It would require bravado to ring suddenly for tea. No. No bravado at all.

The warm, beflowered house still acclaimed her as mistress.

All the same, it was with timidity that she ventured into the hall, and through it, and up the silent stairs to her room.

This room, too, was staged for her. A fire burned, her couch, with plumped cushions, was drawn up to it; a low table beside the couch carried a bowl of violets. She caught her breath hungrily—and yet suffered a headache for all that was over—at the grateful luxury of it all. She opened the cupboards and saw, arrayed there, her lovely things which she had so gallantly left behind. She crept over to the wide dressing-table, and touched the gold and ivory brushes of the lavish toilet set that she hadn't taken with her because it was "old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned!"

She opened the mirrored door of her bathroom; it was warm there, too; her bath salts, essences and dusting powder were orderly upon the wide glass shelf; an extravagance of fine, clean towels hung ready.

Then everything she did became eager and swift. She turned on the taps, slipped out of her clothes, poured in essence, and let herself down in the scented water. She stepped out of the bath at last, and dried herself with the fine towels, and returned to her bedroom, and chose her most fragile lingerie and a slender gold tea-gown.

She was not crying any more. As if her tears dried to her order, she was calm and strong and clever.

The French timepiece on the mantel above the red fire pointed to five-thirty.

She had been rather longer than she meant to be in her bath; perhaps it was too late to ring for tea now. She would ring and ask quietly, in a matter-of-fact voice: "Bring me a glass of sherry, please. And how are you?" she would say, as the gracious mistress of a house, who has been long absent, should say to her servant. She left her bedroom, and the glow of the lights that had now been switched on in the hall shone softly up the staircase.

Unobserved, she went back to her drawing-room, and in one corner a tall lamp had been lighted to help the glow from the recently replenished fire. The butler must have wakened from his nap, and gone about his duties; and slipped, soft-footed, away again.

How excellent all this was!

She went over to the fireplace and leaned her elbow on the mantelpiece and looked into the old Venetian mirror above it. Hardly a mark upon her face! Hardly a mark of what she had endured, thought, suffered, exulted in all those months. Her eyes carried only a dark, deep secret that was concerned entirely with the future. She put her finger upon the bell.

The butler came hurrying—he must think it was Jim—very early . . .

— She faced him serenely.

Not for a second did the servant hesitate.

"Madam, we did not expect you. It is a very nice surprise for all of us. Have you found everything in order, Madam? Your maid is in the servants' hall . . ."

"I dare say," she said, smiling; "but I did not ring for her. And how are you? Very well, I hope. Will you please bring me a glass of sherry?"

Both the butler and she, at that very moment, heard the sharp ringing of the front door bell. The servant went out quickly and returned again with two telegrams upon his salver.

"For you, Madam," he said.

And:

"Of course," he thought to himself, "she was evidently expected back, after all."

She read: "My darling, overjoyed, you have done it for my sake. Thank you. Mother."

And she read: "My child, I am deeply thankful that you have returned, because it is right. Father Stephen."

She said to the butler: "No answer."

He went out and returned with her sherry and went out again, leaving her beside the fire, watching the two telegrams crumble in the flames.

She knew exactly what she was going to do; what she was going to say.

Time went by quickly; there was no strain of waiting at all, before she heard the sweep of the car driving up to the front door; the car which had been to the station to meet her husband and had brought him back to her. She stood on the hearth waiting, her mind a blank. She knew that the butler must be meeting his master in the hall with the news of her return.

Then Jim came in.

He was the same as ever, untouched, unmarked like herself, extremely handsome—only rather breathless, miraculously and gladly surprised, and trying, just as Jim must, to hide it.

NOT a moment's hesitation, though! He came straight to her, and took her in his arms, a perfect gesture. "You have come back," he said in a deep voice. She put up her hand in a caress she used to use to him, and which came back familiarly now, stroking his sleek hair with a teasing forefinger.

"I have come back," she said.

He held her very tightly. Hungrily he had longed for her, and yet, paramount, there was suspicion in him, rooted deep in male jealousy, which must be lulled. Still holding her in his arm: "Doris," he said furiously, "I must know at once. Where is he?"

"I left him, Jim. Two months ago. I wanted you."

He said—and it was still that instinct in him like other men's instincts which, in spite of the longing of his vanity to be appeased, must first be satisfied: "You are going to live with me, Doris, settle down, be my wife?"

"Be your wife," she said, "be the mother of your children, Jim."

"Thank Heaven," he said huskily, "thank Heaven, my darling, you have come back to me because you love me."

"I have come back," she said, "because I love you."

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 159-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.